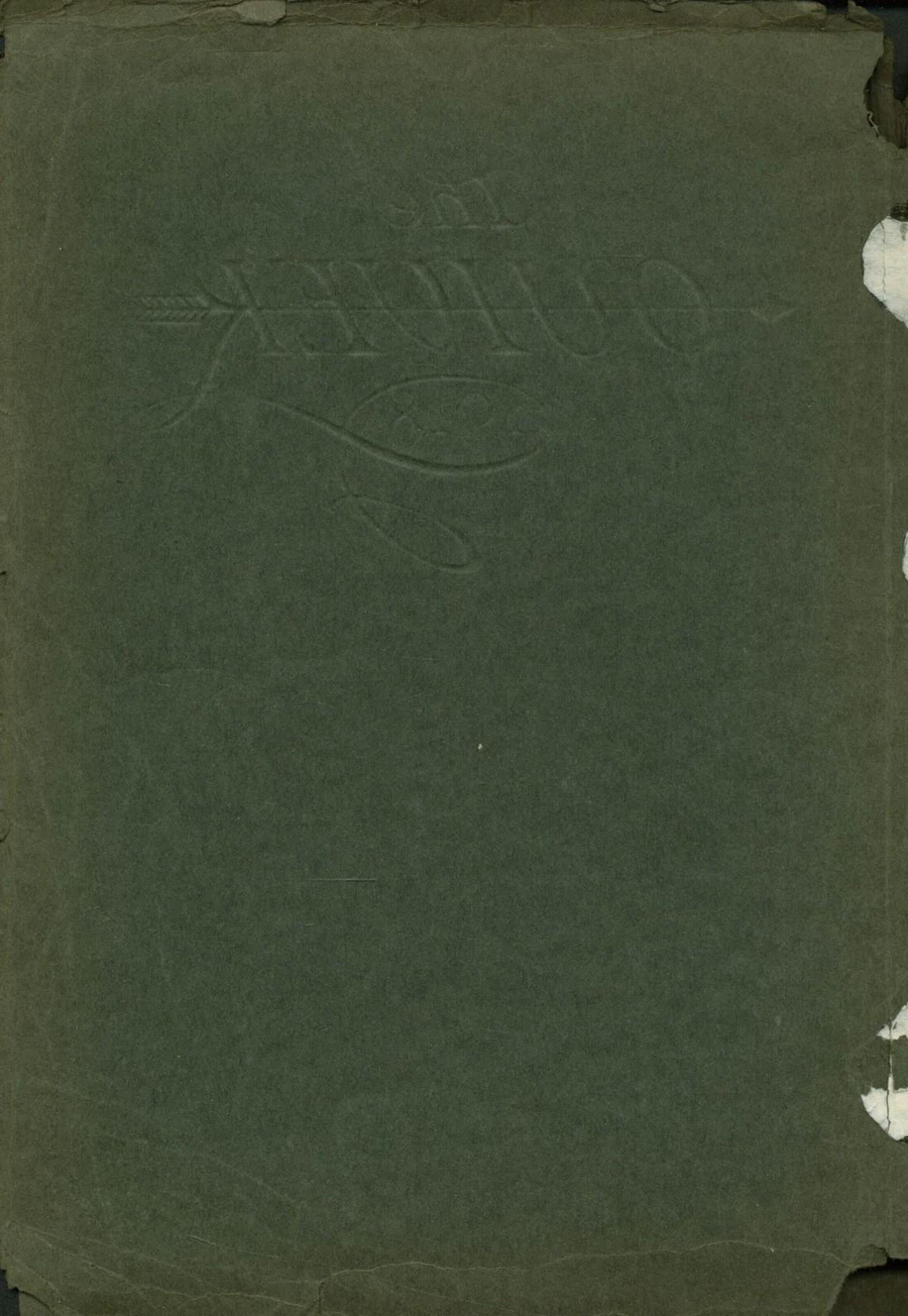


The
QUIVER
1918



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The Quiver

The Annual Publication

by the

SENIOR CLASS

of the

Pontiac High School

nineteen hundred and eighteen

STEWART T. BEACH,
Editor-in-Chief

WILLIAM H. SEELEY,
Business Manager

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To "Our Boys"
The Students and Alumni
of the
Pontiac High School
Who are enlisted in the service
of their country.

We, the class of 1918, dedicate this volume, with a feeling of the highest gratitude for the patriotism which has prompted them to enter this struggle for World-Wide Democracy.

To Our Comrades In Arms

One day a call came and you went away!
We miss your voice, your smile, your clasp of hand,
Sometimes it seems we can not understand
That you will not be coming back today.

Within the quiet of our peace-clad hills,
We can not know the paths that you must tread,
Here, with the living all about us so,
We can not guess the greatness of the dead.

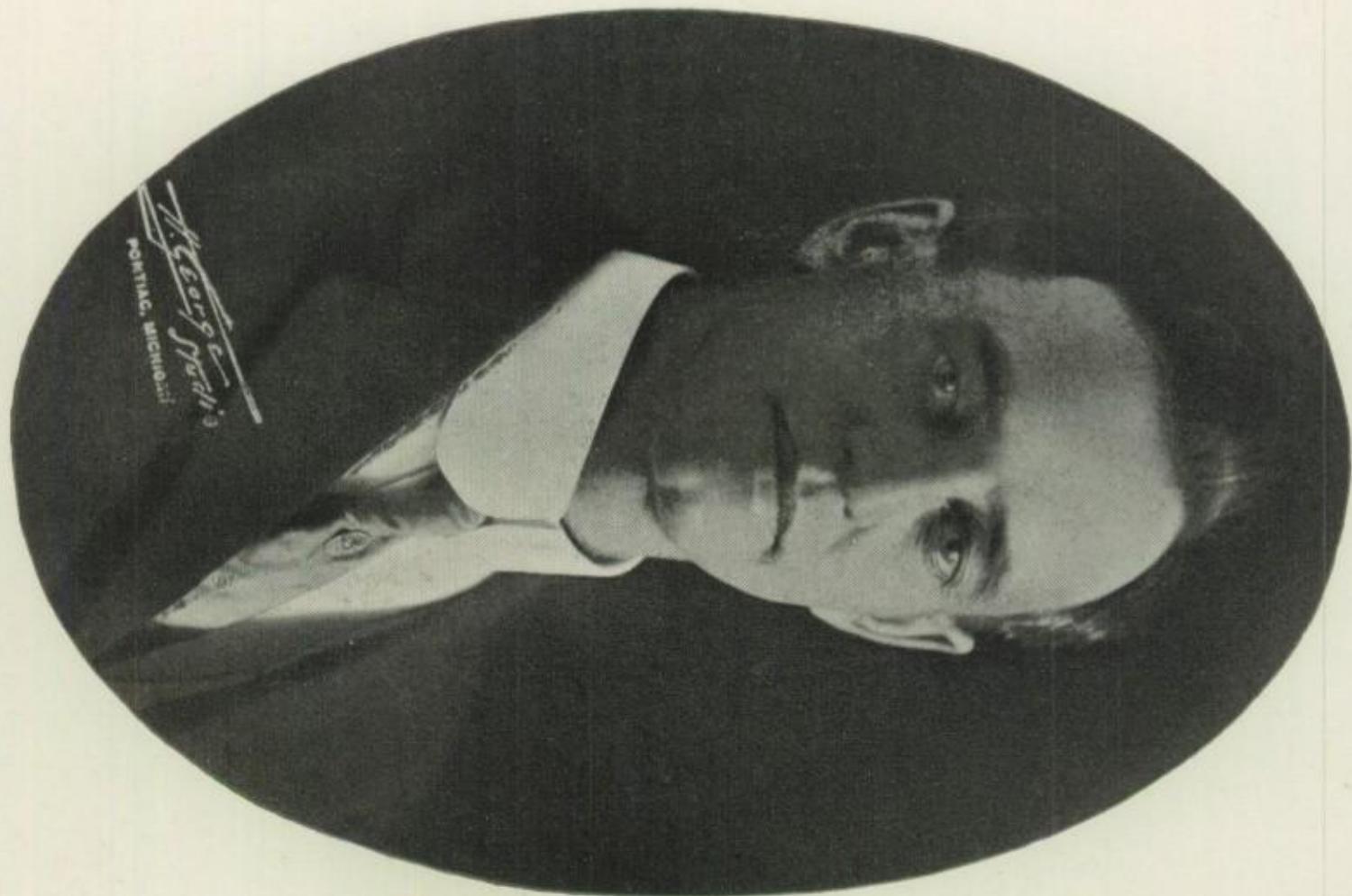
You went away with calm and fixed resolve,
No love of treasure drew you from our side,
No dream like Jason's of the gleaming fleece,
You heard the summons and were satisfied.

And you will come back to us from the strife
Or sleep beneath the stars on foreign shore,
But our faith's with your battle for the right,
Our hearts are in your cause forevermore.

So from the scenes you love we send our "Hail
And God-speed" as we lift up hands of prayer
For you who follow where Old Glory leads,
Our comrades fighting for us over there!



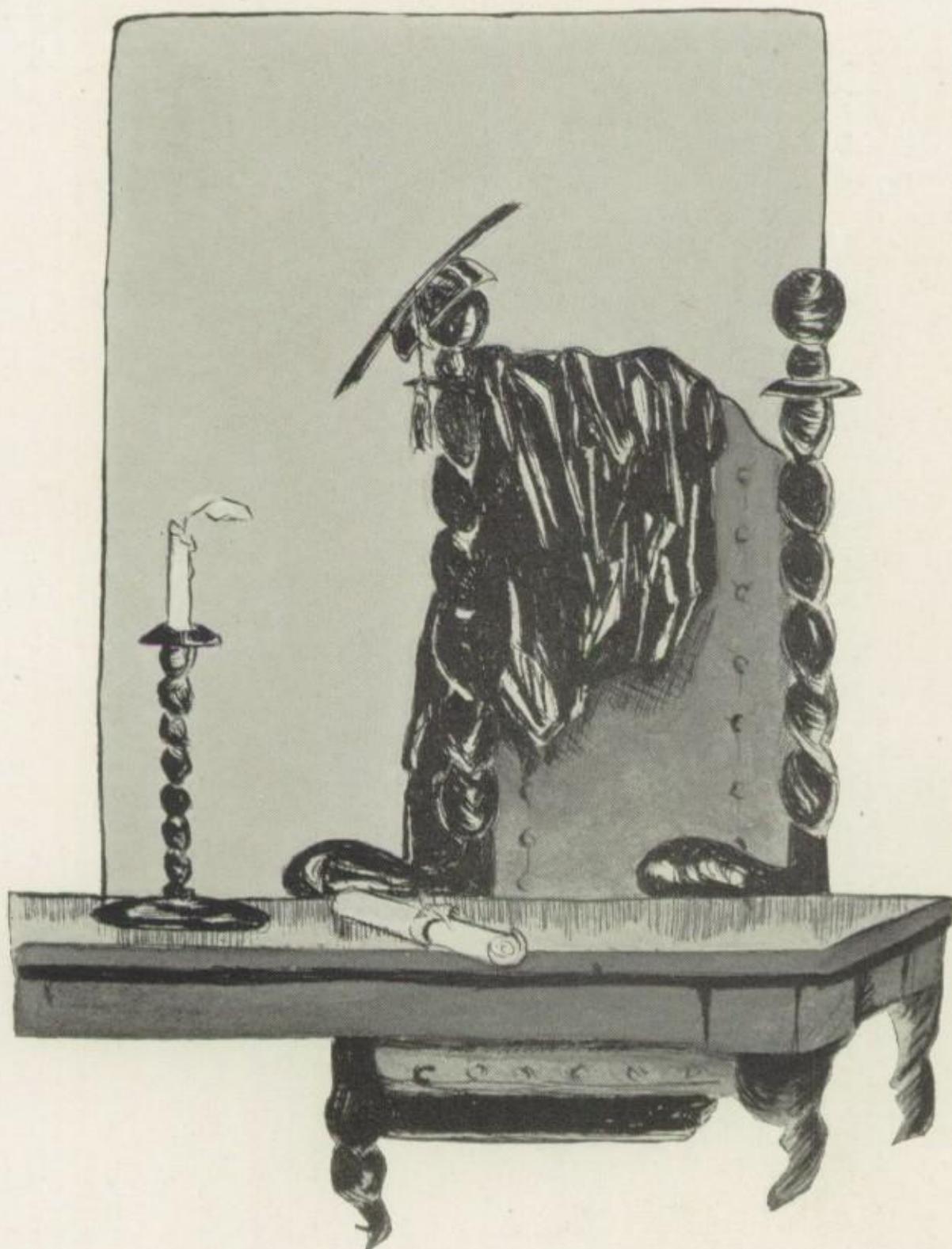
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G. L. JENNER
Superintendent of Schools



S. M. DUDLEY, A. B.
Principal
Mathematics



Faculty

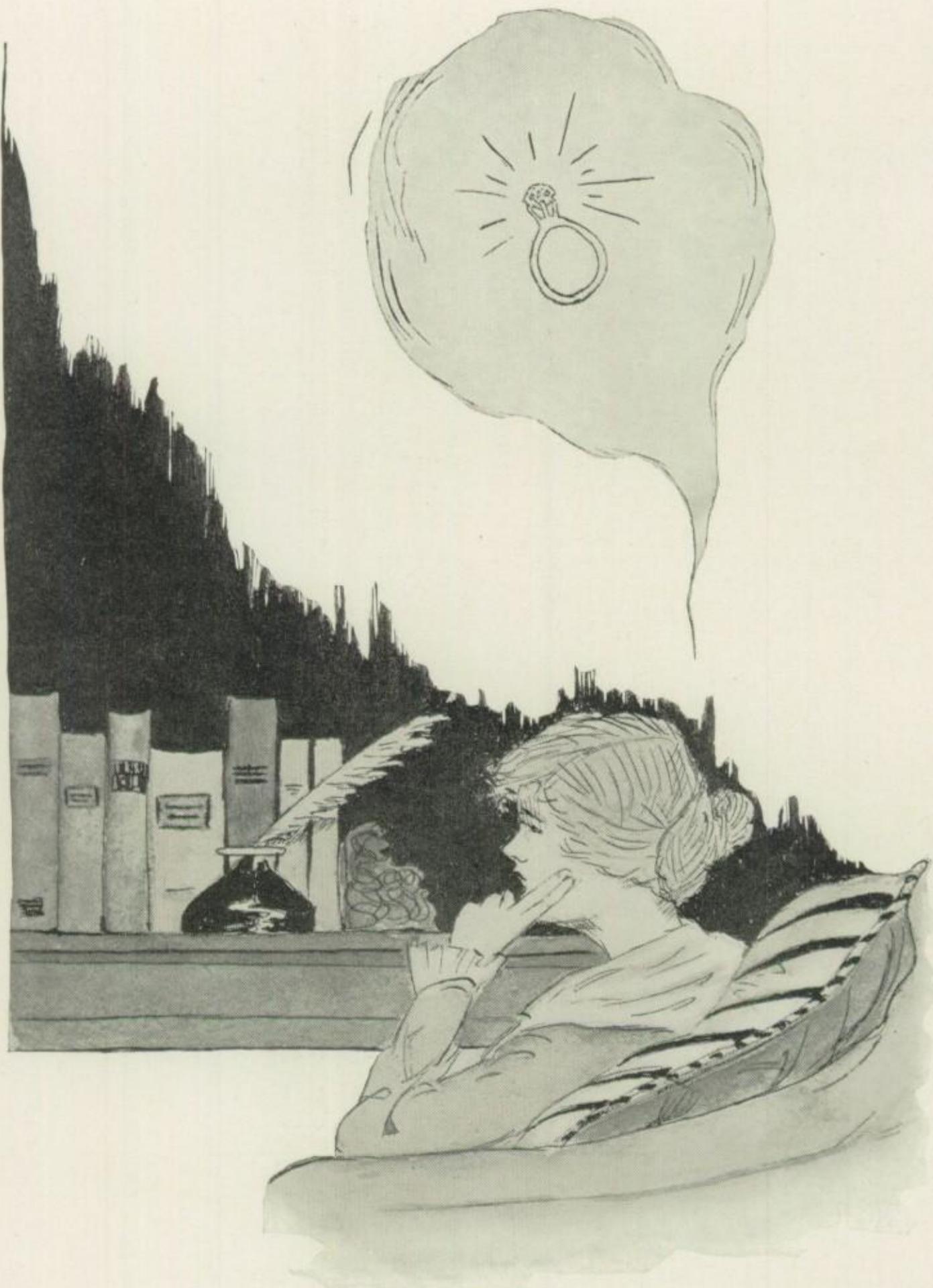
“QUIVER”



"QUIVER"

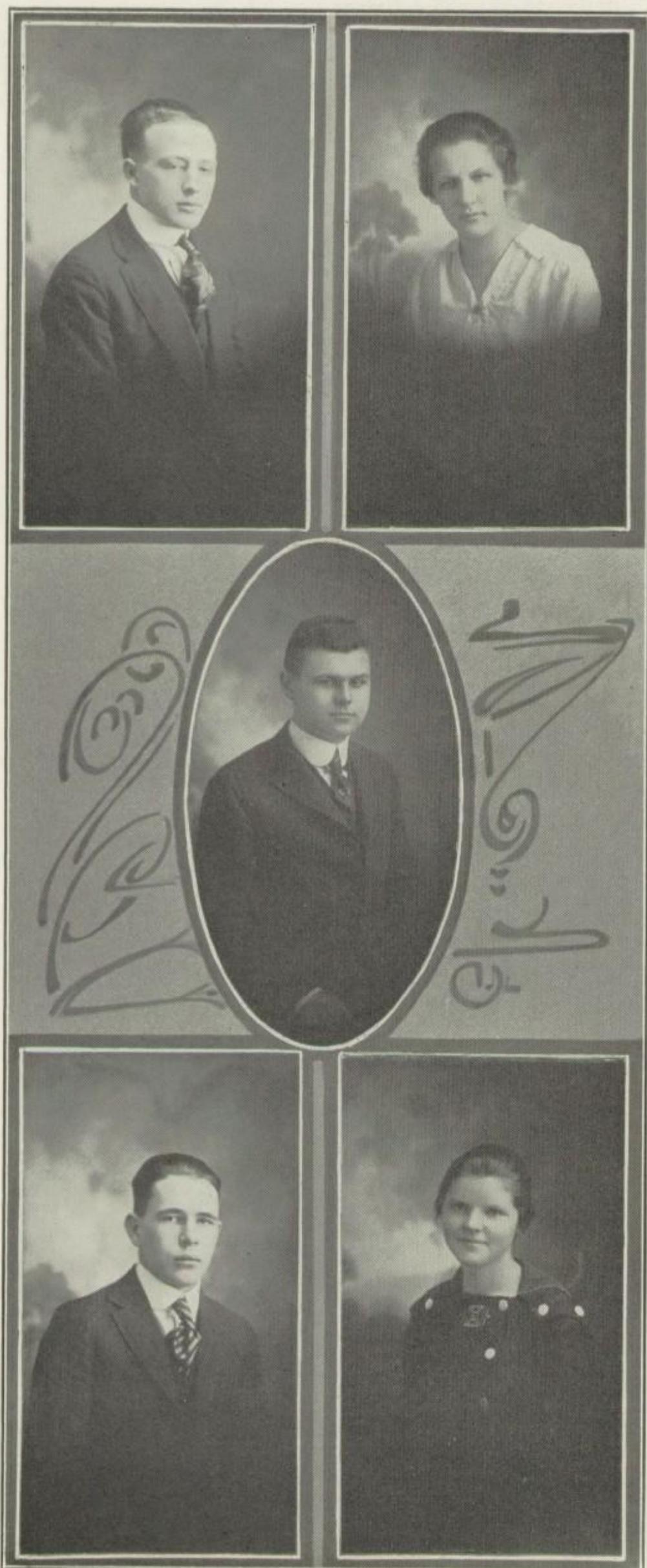
G. L. JENNER, Superintendent of Schools	GRACE HEITSCH, A. B. English and Mathematics
S. M. DUDLEY, A. B. (Principal) Mathematics	SARAH LE ROY, Latin
SARAH McCARROLL, French and English	MARY BARNETT, A. B. History
ORA TRAVIS, A. M. Latin	ZELLA WALKER, A. B. History
EVERETT R. PHELPS, A. M. Physics and Chemistry	MRS. MILDRED F. KINSEY, B. S. Cooking
MAUDE I. VAN ARSDALE, A. B. Mathematics	MABEL HINDS, A. B. Mathematics
AGNES M. FISHER, A. B. Botany and Physiography	MAY O'HARA, Shorthand and Typewriting
MAY B. DERRAGON, A. B. English	MRS. FRANK BEACH, Girls' Physical Director
BLANCHE AVERY, A. B. English and French	JOHN C. SPRINGMAN, Bookkeeping
PAULINE HARRIS, German and English Grammar	SOPHIA EATON, Girls' Sewing Instructress
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ETHEL LEIGHTERNESS, English	GRACE A. CHRISTIAN, A. B. Spanish and English
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BESSIE CARPENTER, B. S. Commercial Arithmetic and Penmanship	HARRY QUAYLE, Music Director
ALICE HARPER, Sewing	EDGAR J. EBELLS, Director of Elocution

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Seniors

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ADDIE LAMB
Treasurer

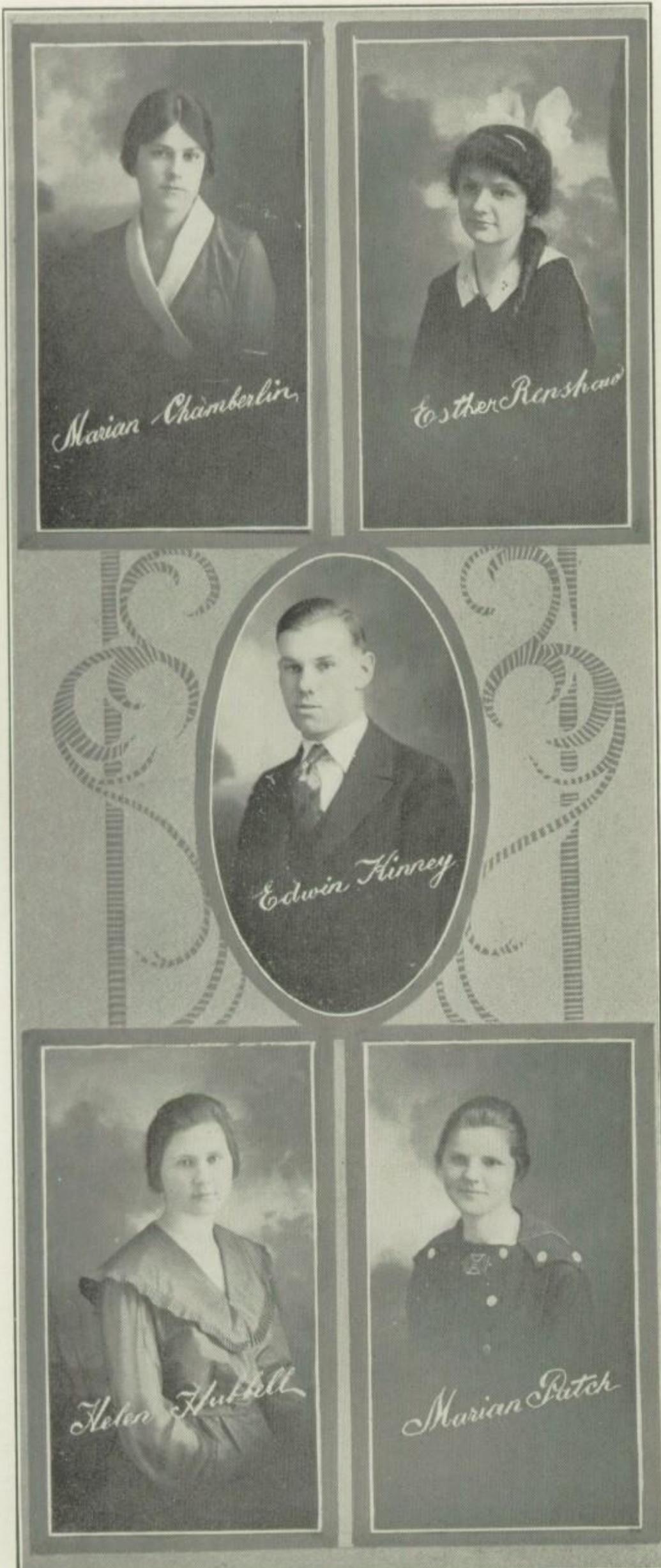
MERRITT LILLIS
Auditor

IVAN FRENCH
Vice-President

MARIAN PATCH
Secretary

DONALD FILDEW
President

"QUIVER"



ESTHER RENSHAW
Chorus

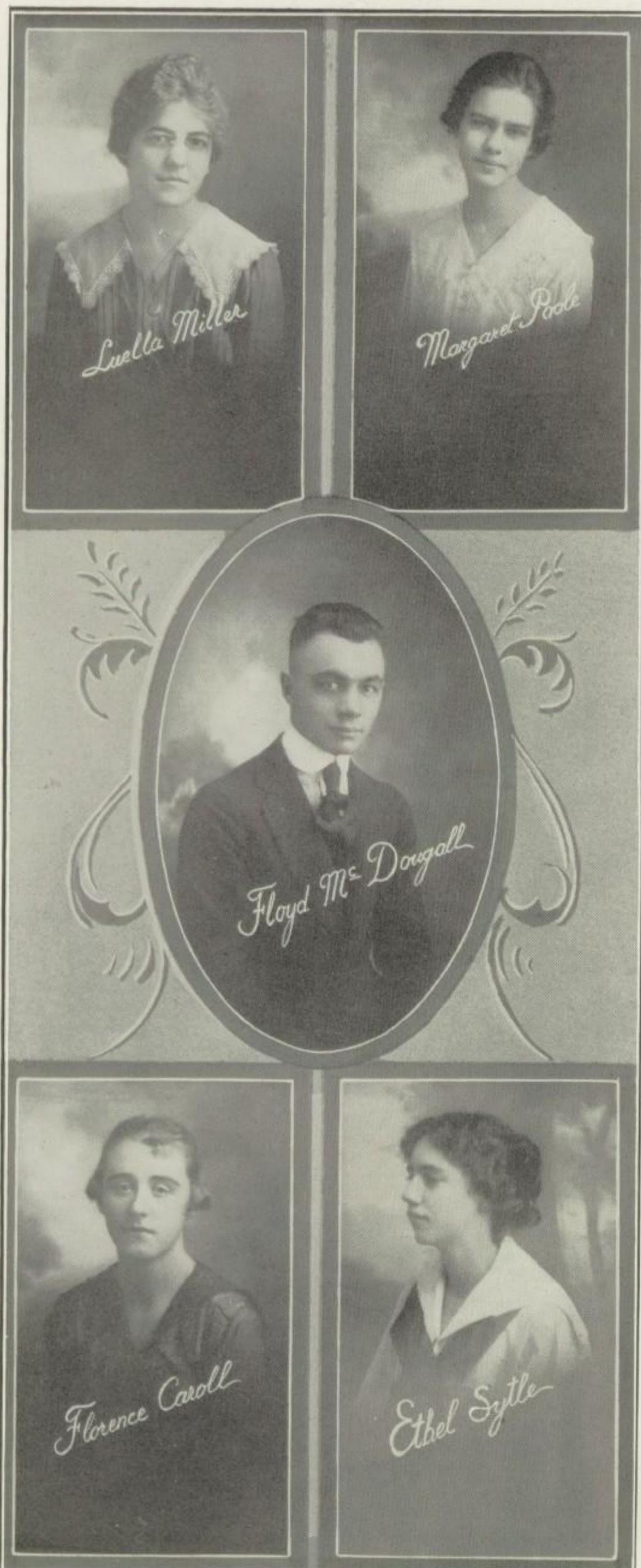
MARIAN CHAMBERLIN
Chorus
Property Mgr. S. D. C.
Booster Club

EDWIN KINNEY
Athletic Editor 1918
"Quiver"
Football (1)
Captain Basket Ball
Team (1)
Baseball (1)

MARIAN PATCH
Secretary Senior Class

HELEN HUBBELL
Chorus

"QUIVER"



MARGARET POOLE

Chorus
S. D. C.

LUELLA MILLER

Valedictory
Junior Appointment

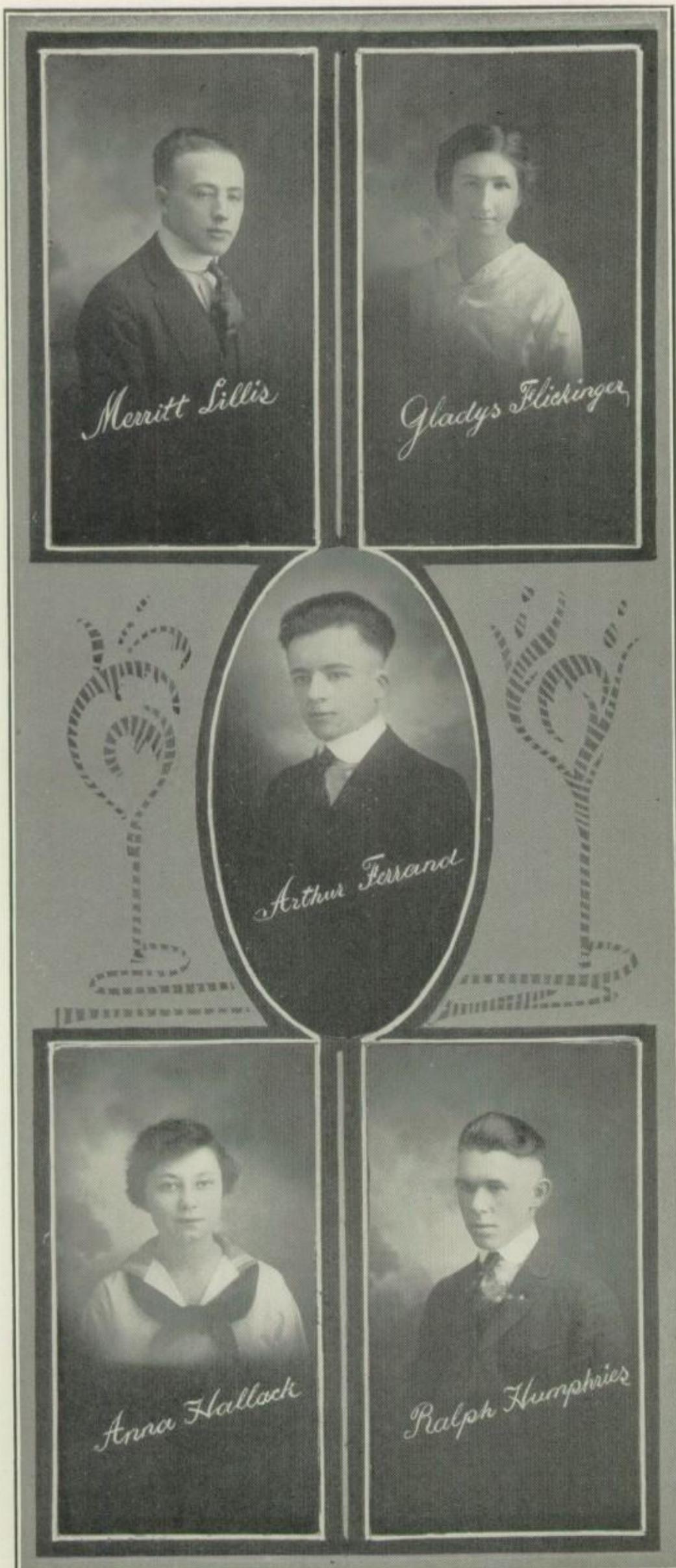
FLOYD McDougall

ETHEL LYTHE

FLORENCE CARROLL

Booster Club
Captain Girls' Basket
Ball Team
N. D. C.
S. D. C.
Chorus

"QUIVER"



GLADYS FLICKINGER

Chorus
Upper Right

MERRITT LILLIS

Football (1)
Basket Ball (1)
Baseball (1)
S. D. C.

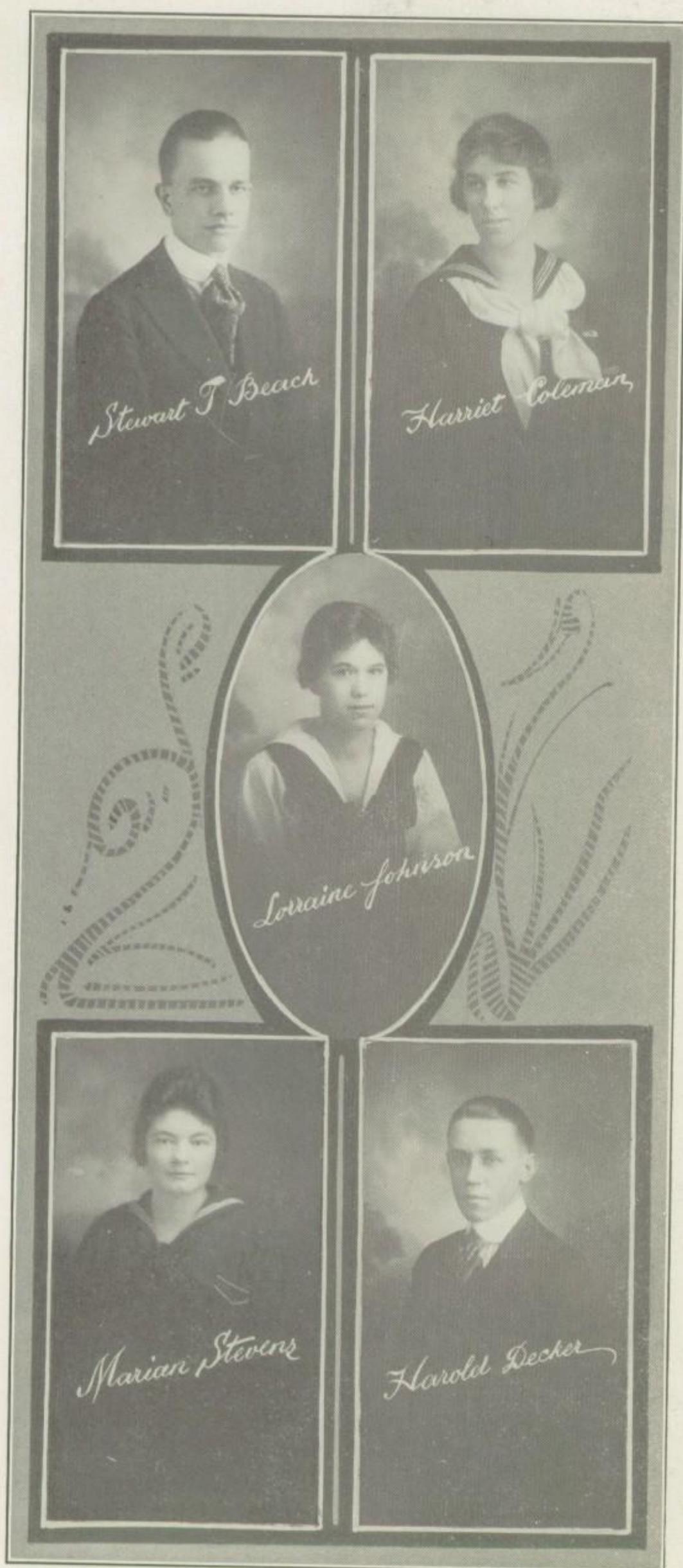
ARTHUR FERRAND

RALPH HUMPHRIES

ANNA HALLACK

President N. D. C.
Booster Club
S. D. C.
Independent Short
Story Medal

"QUIVER"



HARRIET COLEMAN

Assistant Editor 1918
"Quiver"
President Booster Club
Asst. Editor 1915-16
"Tomahawk"
Treasurer N. D. C.
S. D. C.
Chorus
Pres. Girls' Glee Club

STEWART T. BEACH

Editor-in-Chief 1918
"Quiver"
Editor-in-Chief 1916-17
"Tomahawk"
State Oratorical Con-
test Medal 1917
Lynch Medal 1916
President S. D. C.
President I. D. C.

LORRAINE JOHNSON

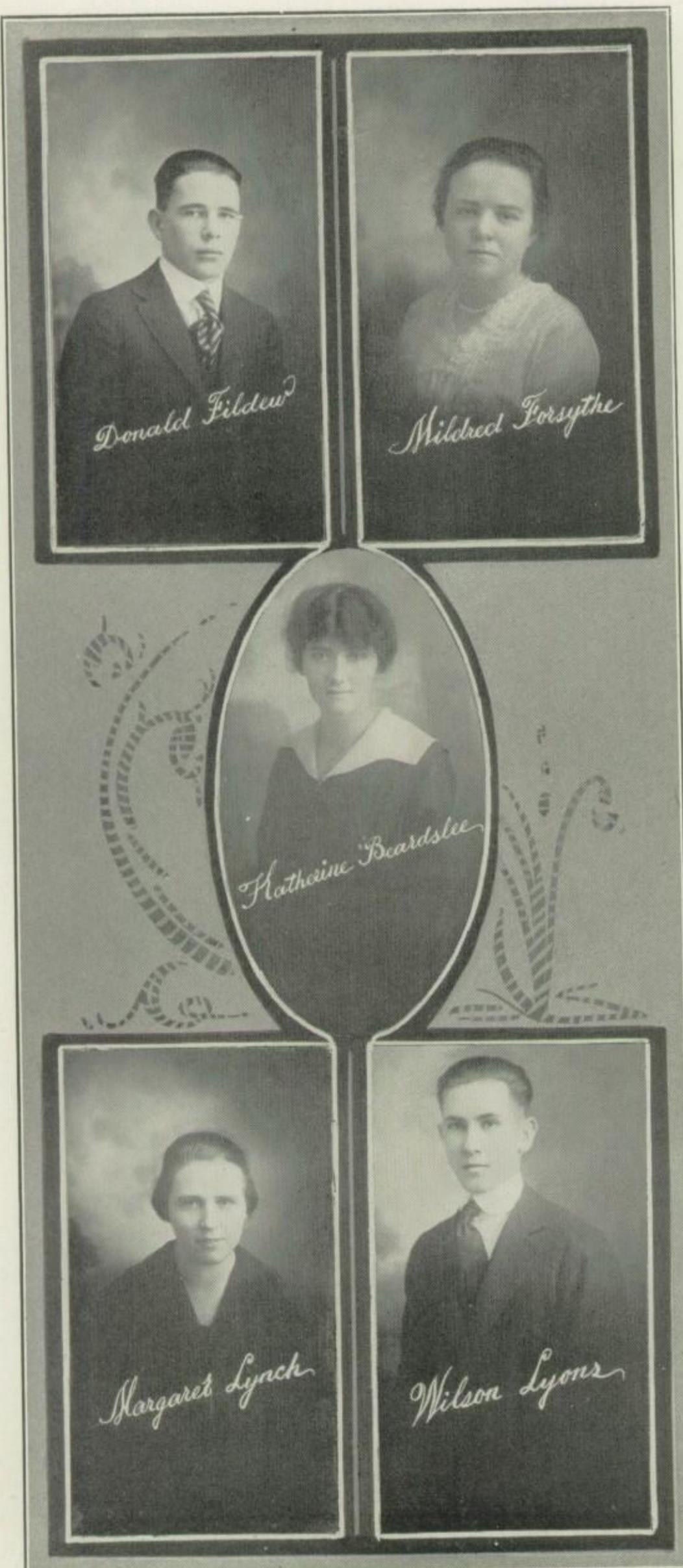
Chorus
Booster Club
Sec'y Sophomore Class

HAROLD DECKER

Band

MARIAN STEVENS

"QUIVER"



MILDRED FORSYTHE

Junior Appointment
Chorus

DONALD FILDEW

President Senior Class
Football (1)
Student Mgr. Athletic
Association

KATHERINE BEARSDLEE

Chorus
Secretary N. D. C.
Booster Club
Junior Treasurer
Vice-President N. D. C.
"Scrap of Paper"

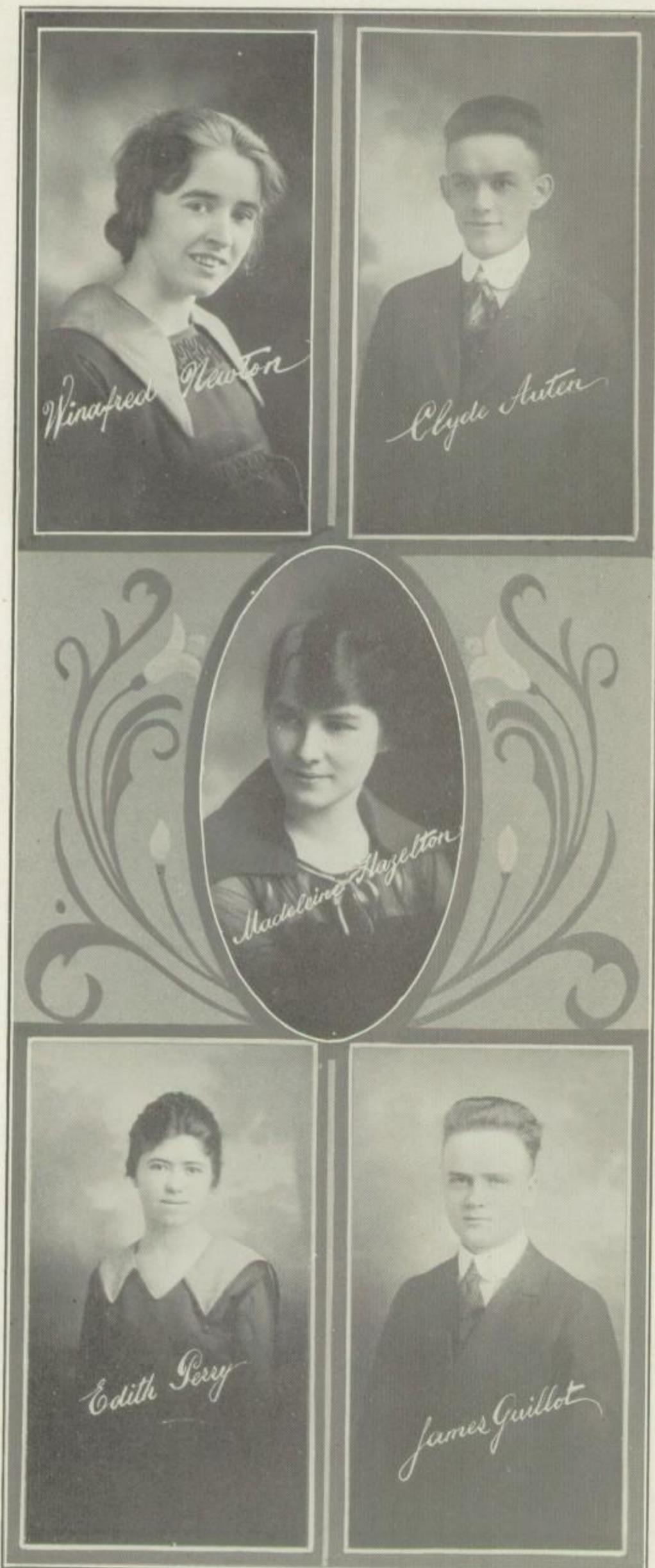
WILSON LYONS

Band
Orchestra
Senior Appointment

MARGARET LYNCH

Chorus
Booster Club

"QUIVER"



CLYDE AUTEN

Literary Editor 1918
"Quiver"
Basket Ball (1)
Base Ball (1)
Band
Orchestra
Pres. Sophomore Class
President Junior Class

WINAFRED NEWTON

MADELEINE HAZELTON

Art Editor 1918 "Quiver"
"Scrap of Paper"
S. D. C.
State Declaration Contest 1916

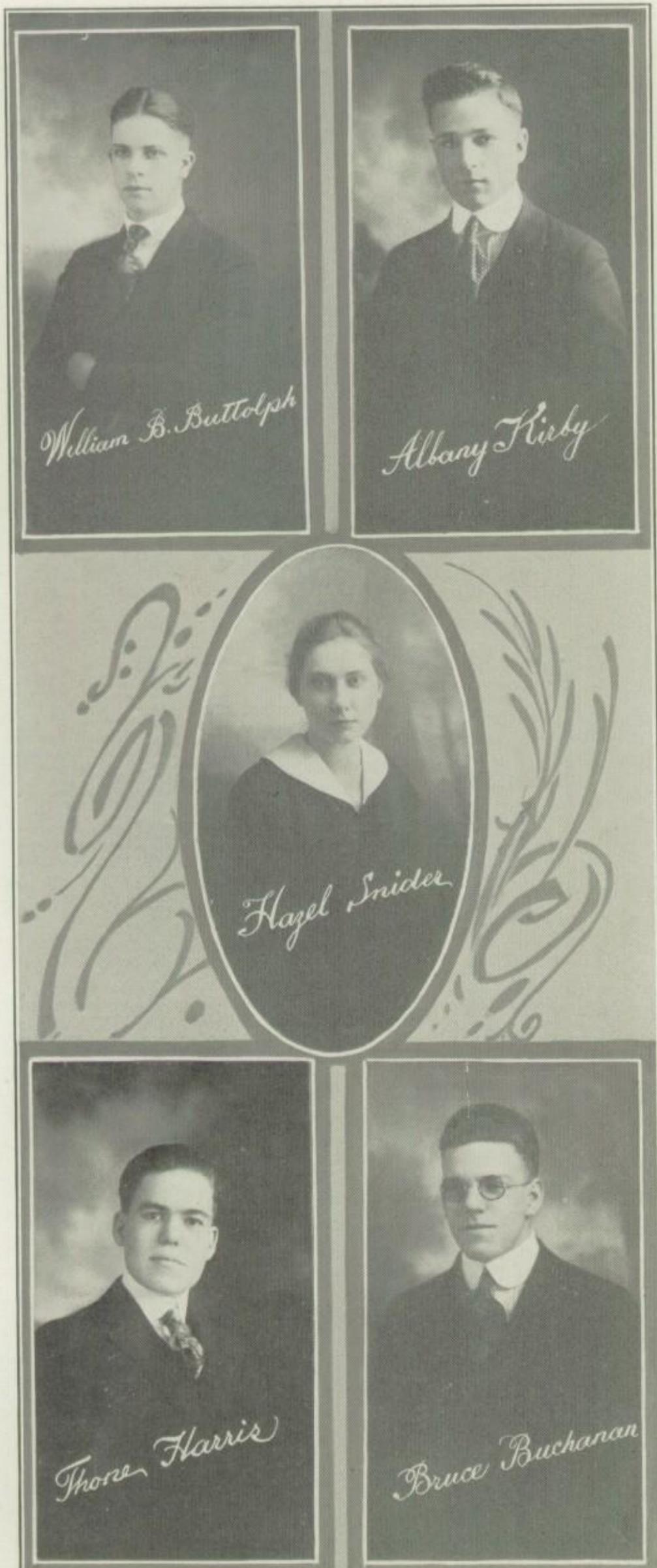
JAMES C. GUILLOT

Assistant Business Mgr.
1918 "Quiver"
Treas. Freshman Class

EDITH PERRY

Chorus

"QUIVER"



ALBANY KIRBY
Basket Ball (1)

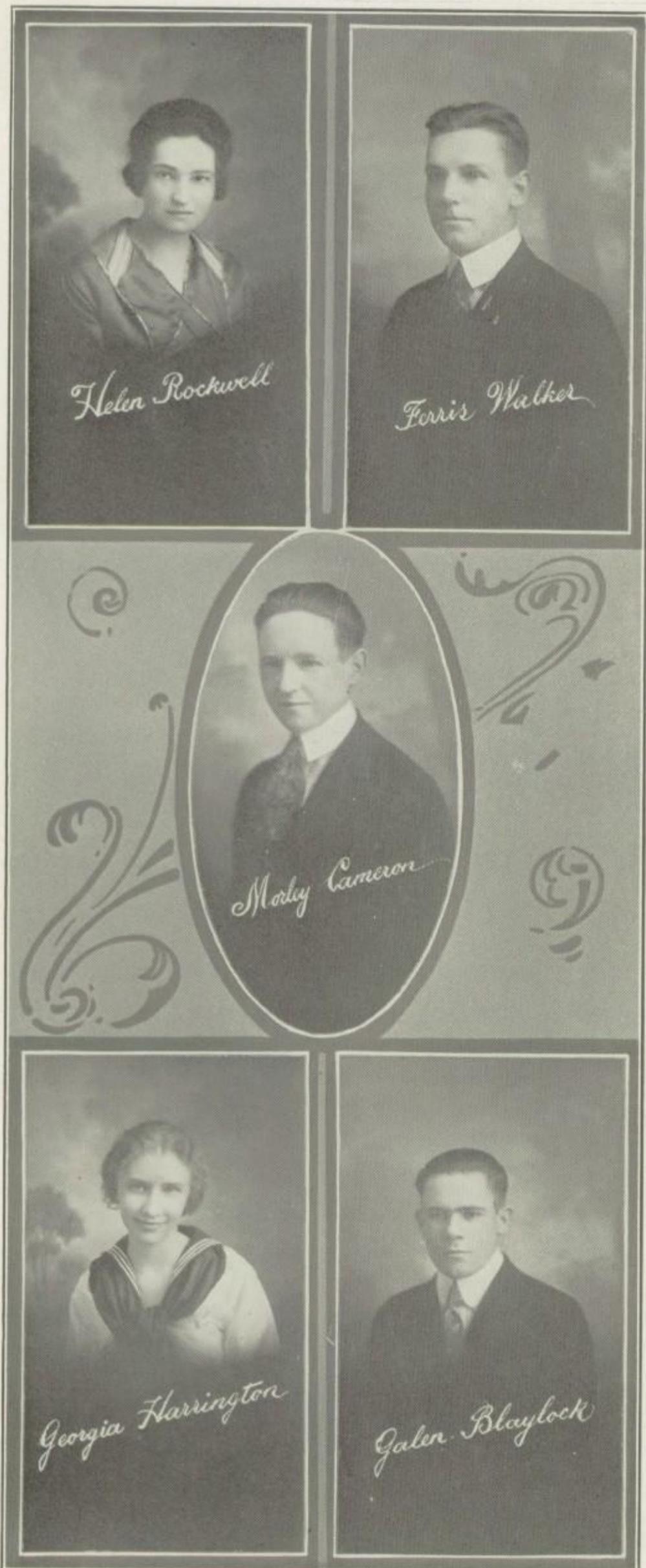
WM. B. BUTTOLPH
Asst. Bus. Mgr. 1917-18
"Tomahawk"
Pres. Freshman Class
Iroquois Debating Club

HAZEL SNIDER
Junior Appointment
Senior Appointment

BRUCE BUCHANAN
"Tomahawk" Staff
1917-18
"Scrap of Paper"
S. D. C.
Secretary Iroquois De-
bating Club

THONE HARRIS
Chorus

"QUIVER"



FERRIS WALKER

Basket Ball (3)
Football (2)

HELEN ROCKWELL

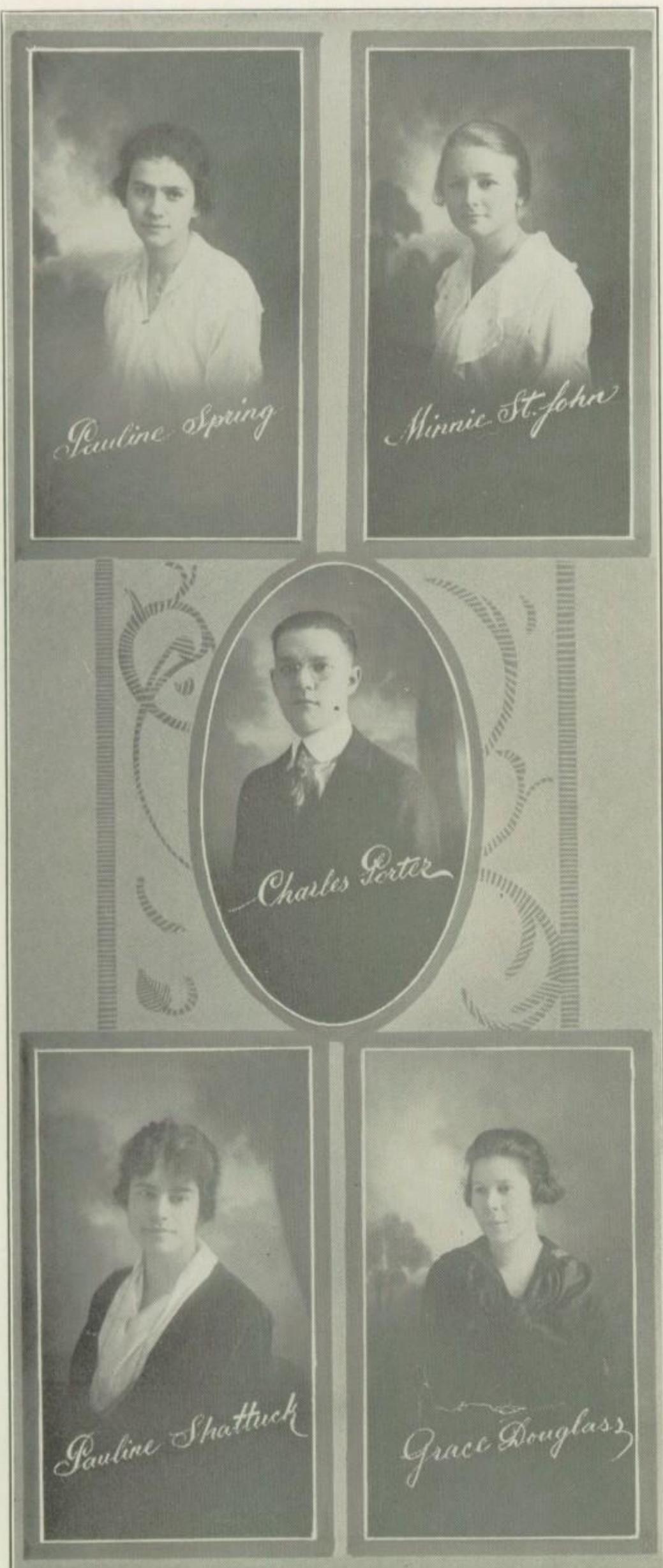
Chorus

MORLEY CAMERON

GALEN BLAYLOCK

**GEORGIA
HARRINGTON**
Chorus

"QUIVER"



MINNIE ST. JOHN
Chorus

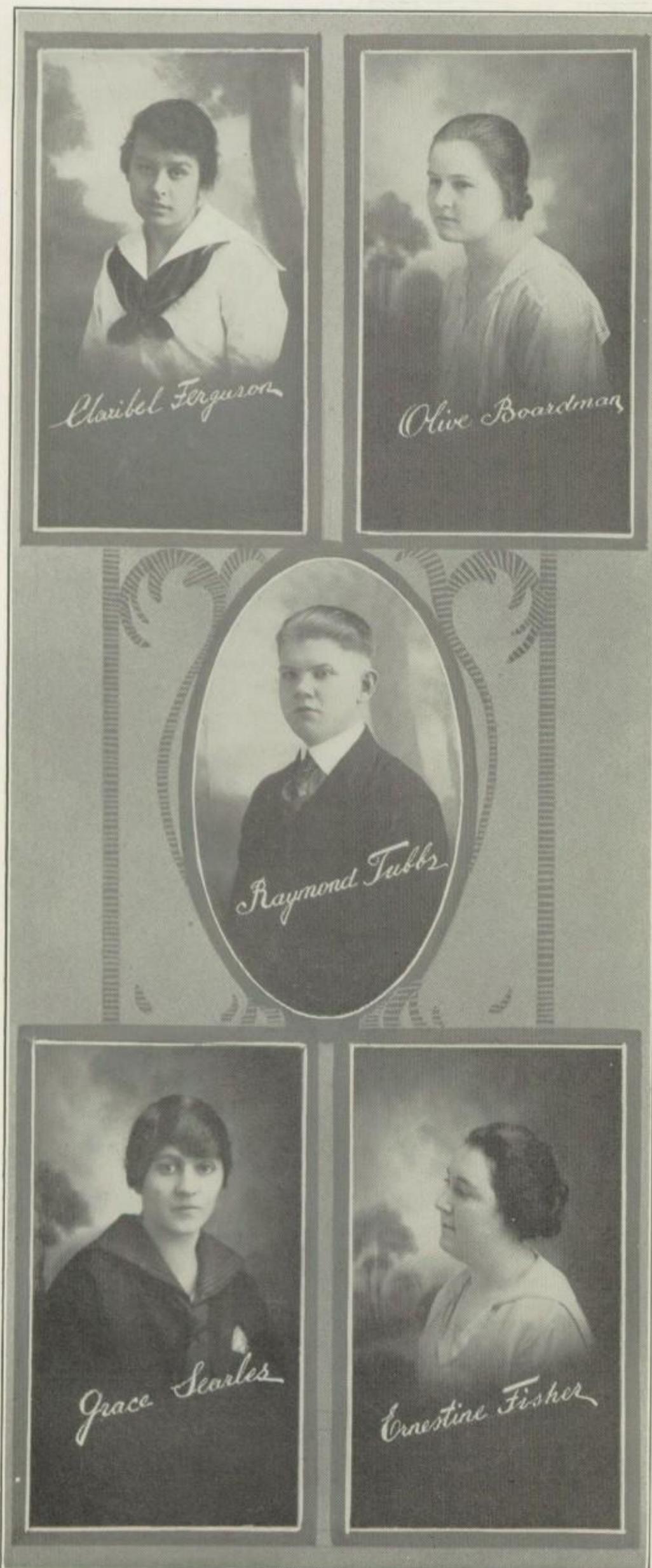
PAULINE SPRING
Chorus
N. D. C.
Booster Club

CHARLES PORTER
Band
Chorus

GRACE DOUGLASS
Junior Appointment
Senior Appointment

PAULINE SHATTUCK
Booster Club
S. D. C.

"QUIVER"



OLIVE BOARDMAN

Chorus
S. D. C.
Girls' Basket Ball
Secretary Junior Class
Booster Club

CLARIBEL FERGUSON

RAYMOND TUBBS

S. D. C.
Football (2)
Basketball (1)
"Scrap of Paper"

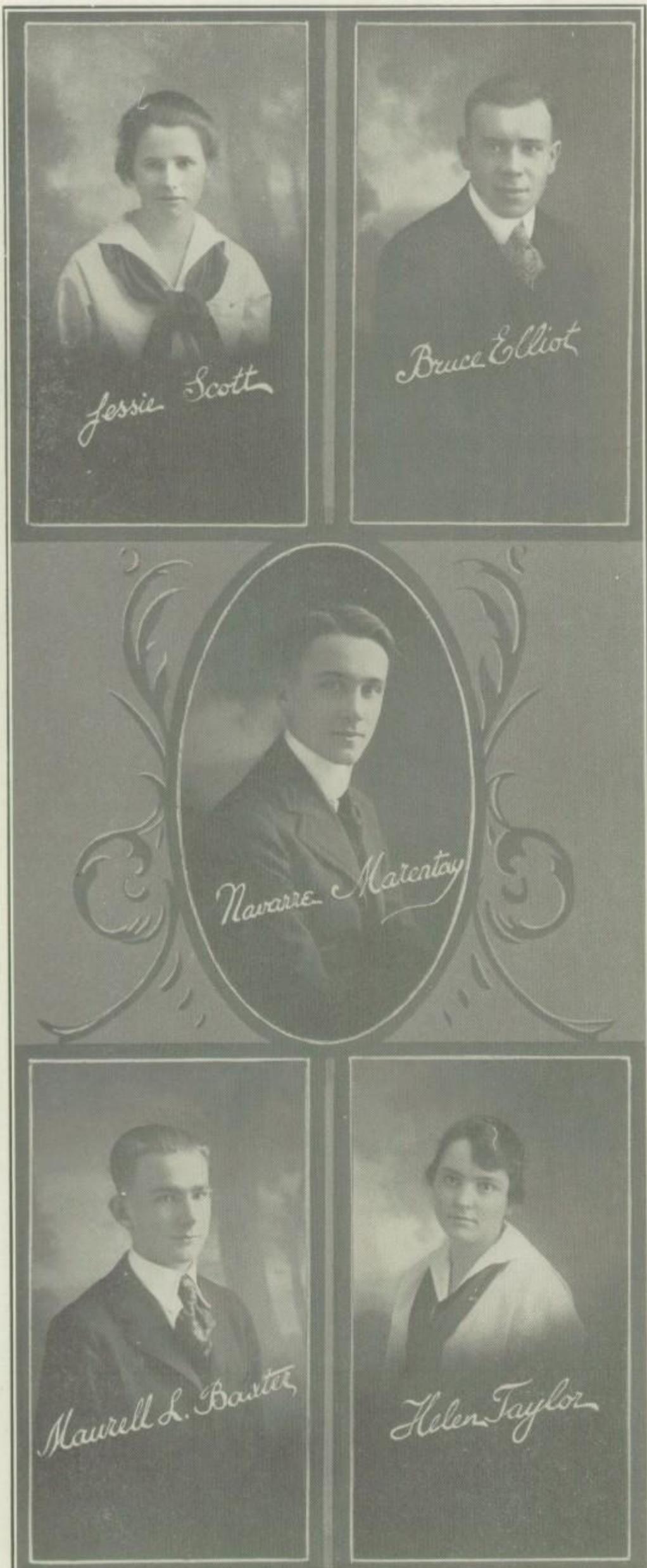
ERNESTINE FISHER

Joke Editor 1918
"Quiver"
Treas. Sophomore Class
Treasurer Girls' Booster
Club
Junior Appointment
S. D. C.

GRACE SEARLES

Chorus
S. D. C.

"QUIVER"



BRUCE ELLIOTT
Football (1)

JESSIE SCOTT

NAVARRE MARENTAY
S. D. C.
Senior Appointment
Baseball (1)
French Play

HELEN TAYLOR
Junior Appointment
Chorus
S. D. C.

MAURELL L. BAXTER
Joke Editor 1917-18
"Tomahawk"
Sergeant-at-Arms Iroquois Debating Club
Chorus

"QUIVER"



RUTH VAN CAMPEN

ARNOLD SOPER

Football (2)
Basket Ball (2)
Baseball (1)

GEORGIA KIMBALL

N. D. C.
Chorus

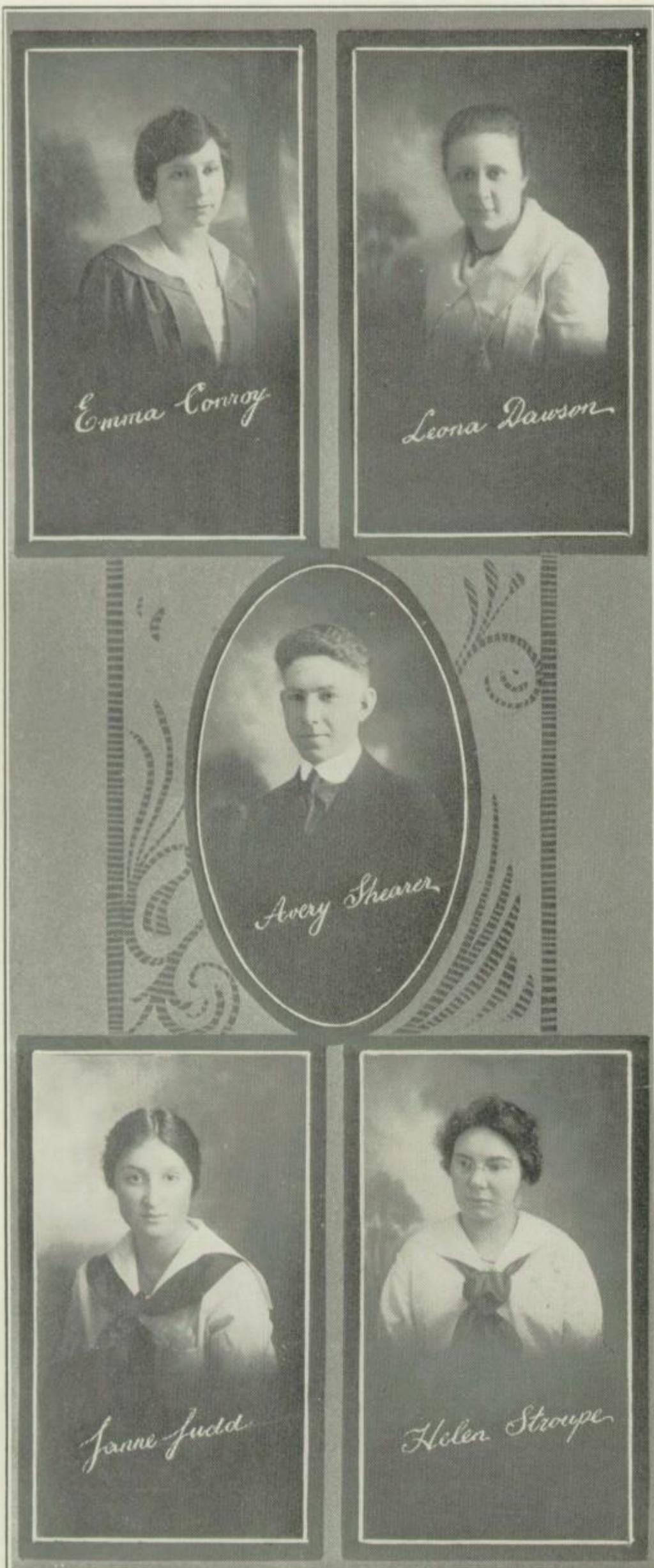
RUTH TYRER

Junior Appointment
Senior Appointment

GUY PHILLIPS

Iroquois Debating Club

"QUIVER"



LEONA DAWSON
Chorus

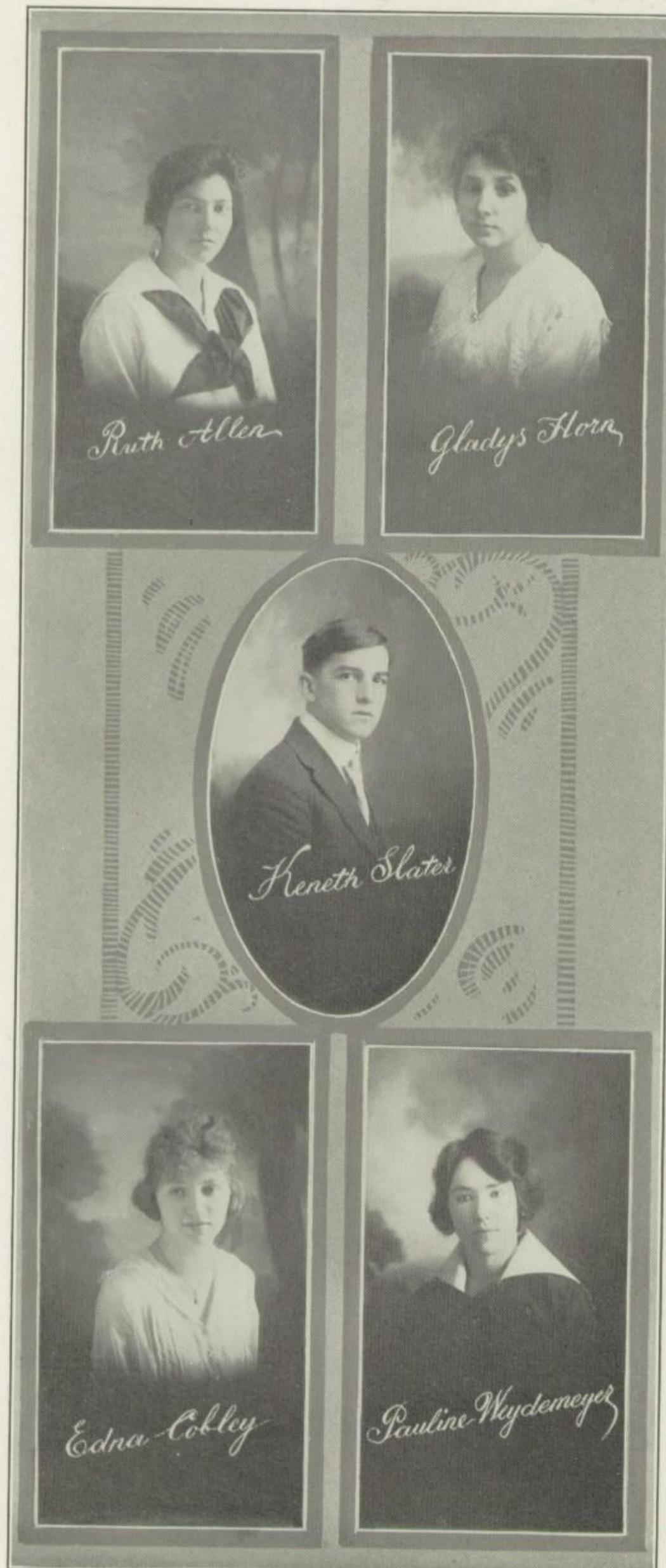
EMMA CONROY
Chorus

AVERY SHEARER

HELEN STROUPE

JEANNE JUDD
Booster Club

"QUIVER"



GLADYS HORN
Chorus

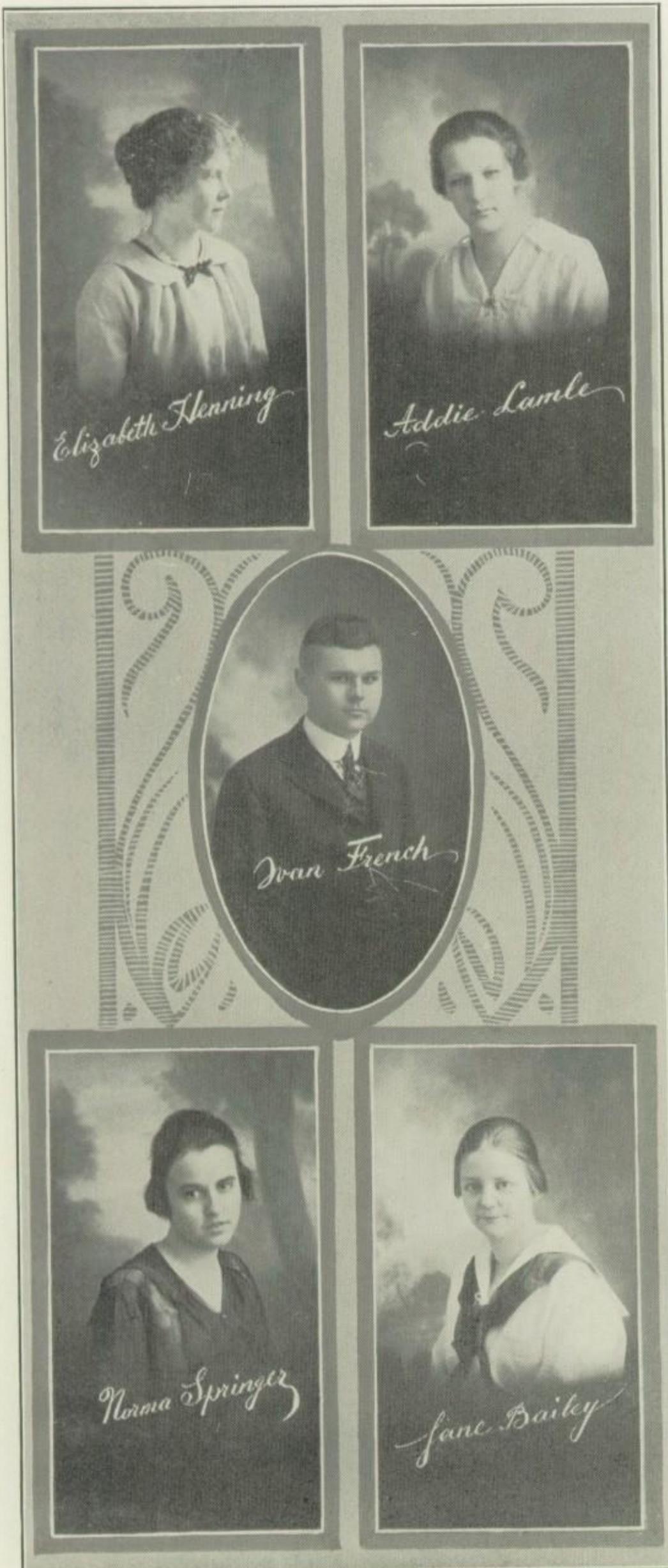
RUTH ALLEN
Chorus

KENNETH SLATER
"Scrap of Paper"

**PAULINE
WEYDEMEYER**
Chorus
Booster Club

EDNA COBLEY
Girls' Booster Club
Chorus

"QUIVER"



ADDIE LAMB

Treasurer Senior Class
Junior Appointment
Senior Appointment

ELIZABETH HENNING

Chorus
S. D. C.
Secretary Booster Club

IVAN FRENCH

Football (1)
Vice-Pres. Senior Class

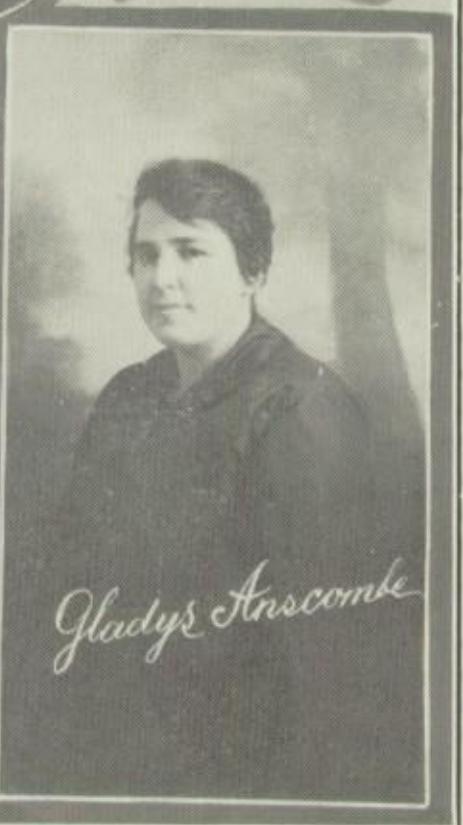
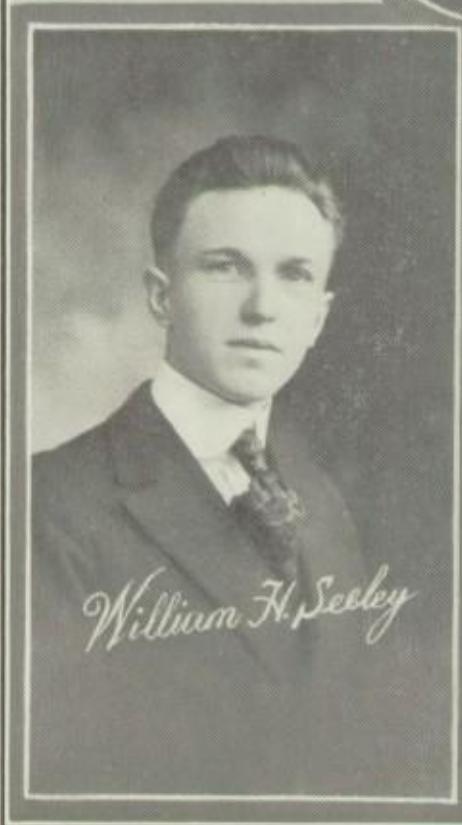
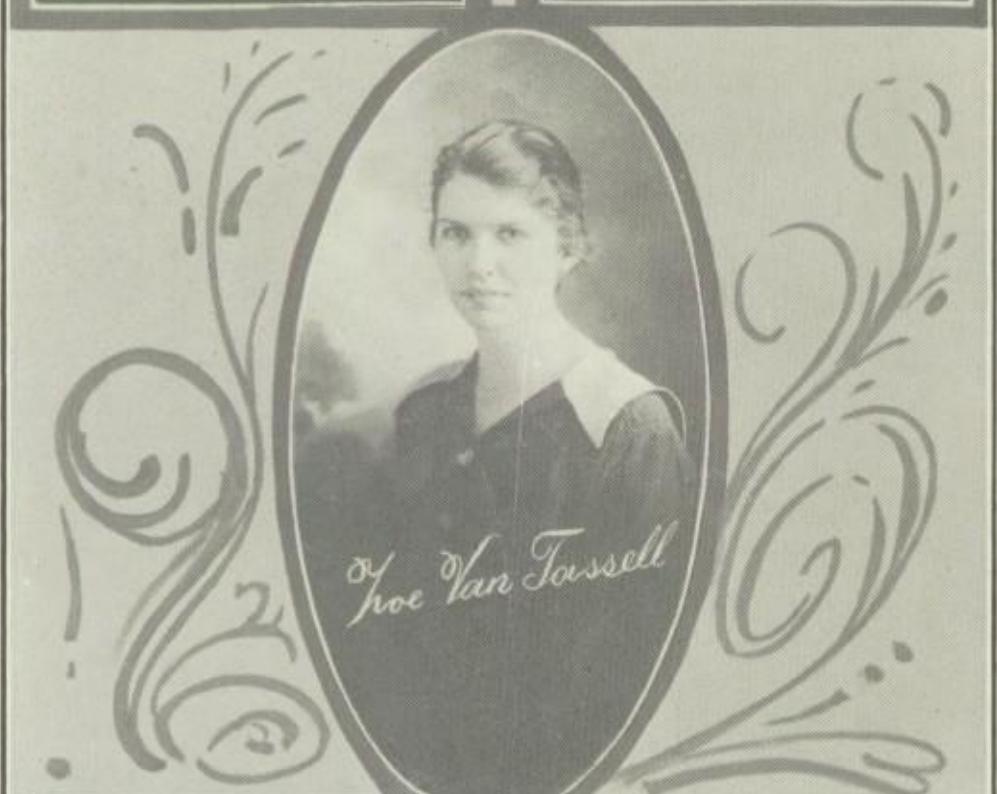
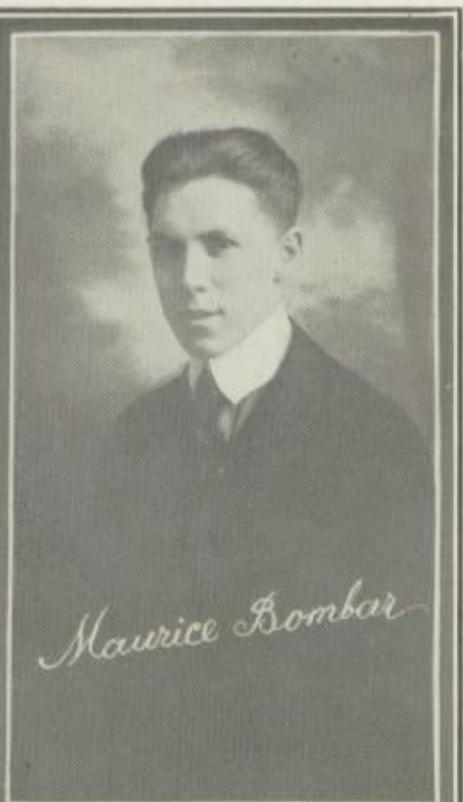
JANE BAILEY

Chorus
S. D. C.
Booster Club

NORMA SPRINGER

Assistant Editor 1917-18
"Tomahawk"
S. D. C.

"QUIVER"



MAURICE BOMBAR

Track Team
Swimming Team
S. D. C.

ELIZABETH DAWSON

Art Editor 1917-18
"Tomahawk"
Booster Club
S. D. C.
N. D. C.

ZOE VAN TASSELL

Junior Appointment

GLADYS ANSCOMBE

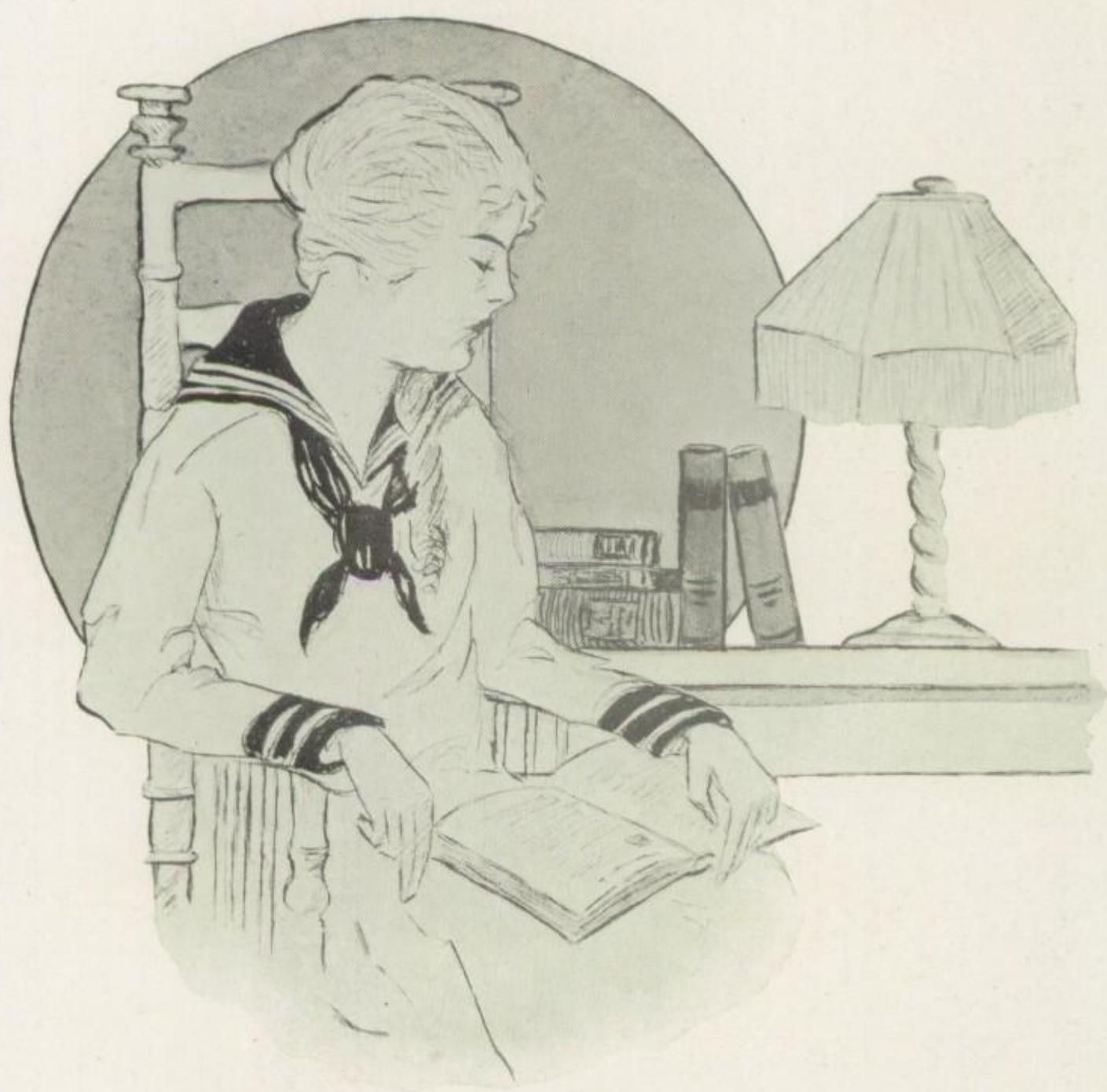
Chorus

WILLIAM H. SEELEY

Business Manager
1918 "Quiver"
"Scrap of Paper"
S. D. C.
Band
Orchestra

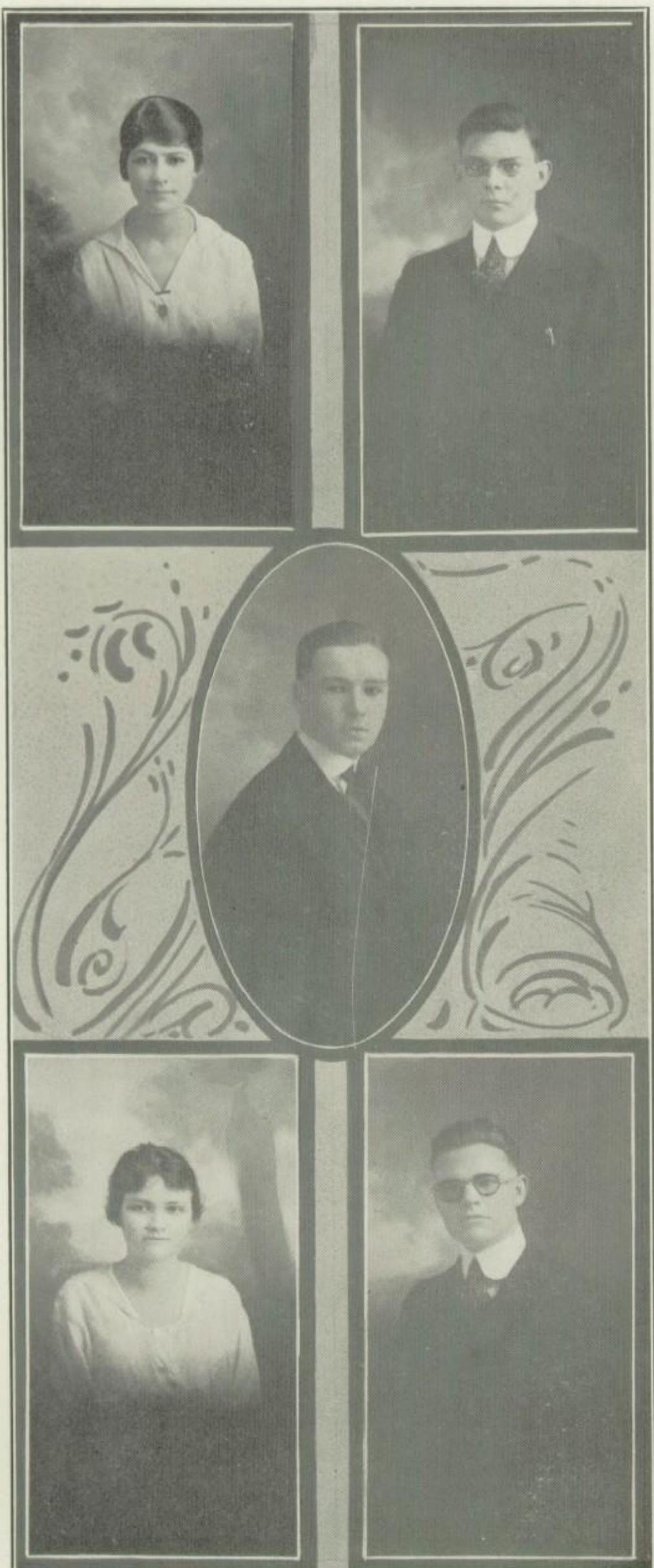


Seniors



Juniors

"QUIVER"



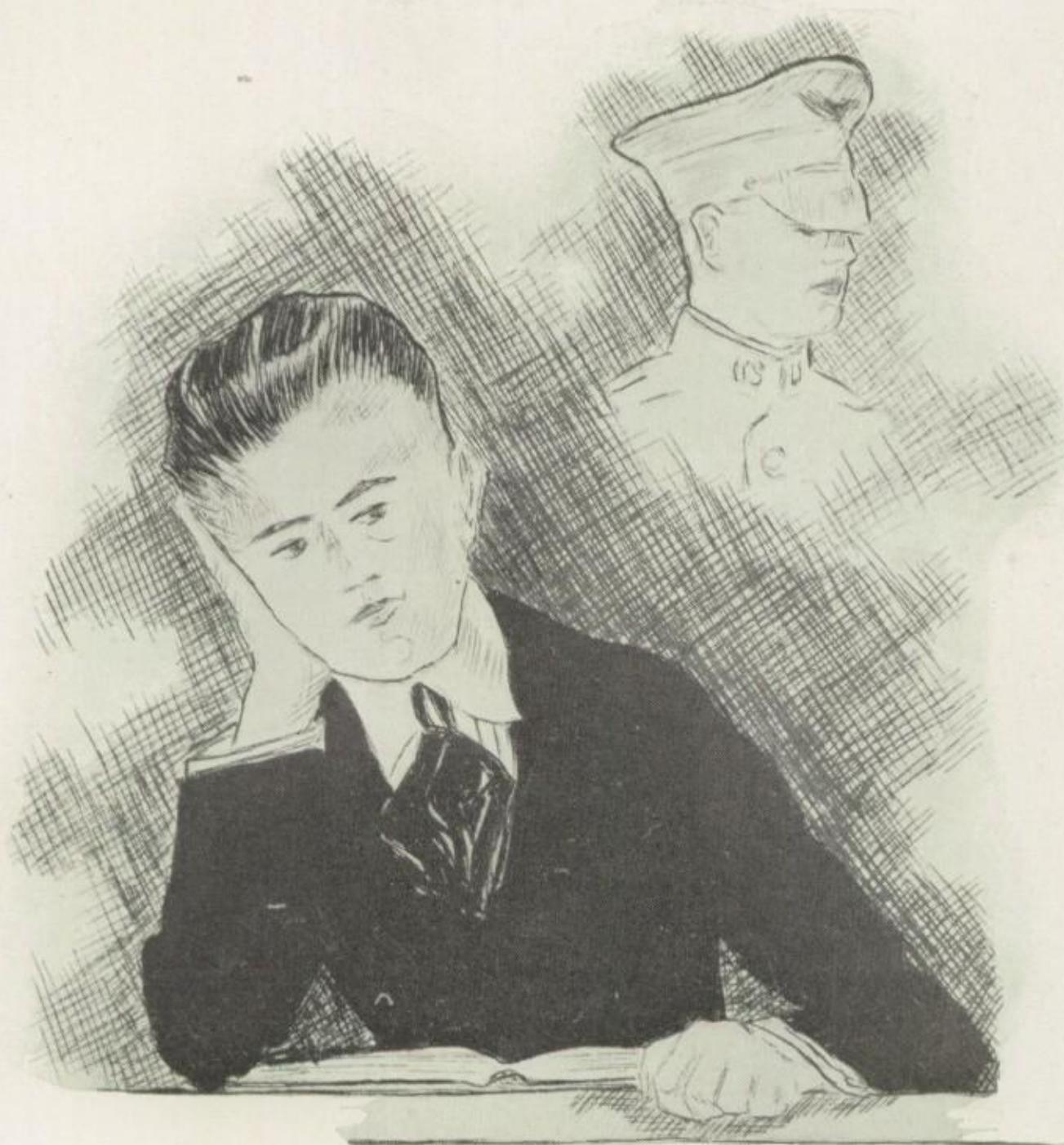
GRAY ROBERTSON
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Treasurer

ANNA STRODE
Auditor



Sophomore

"QUIVER"



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ELIZABETH MILLIS
President



LA MAR BRACE
Auditor

LUCILE MILLER
Secretary



Freshmen

"QUIVER"



EDWARD SPENCER
Treasurer

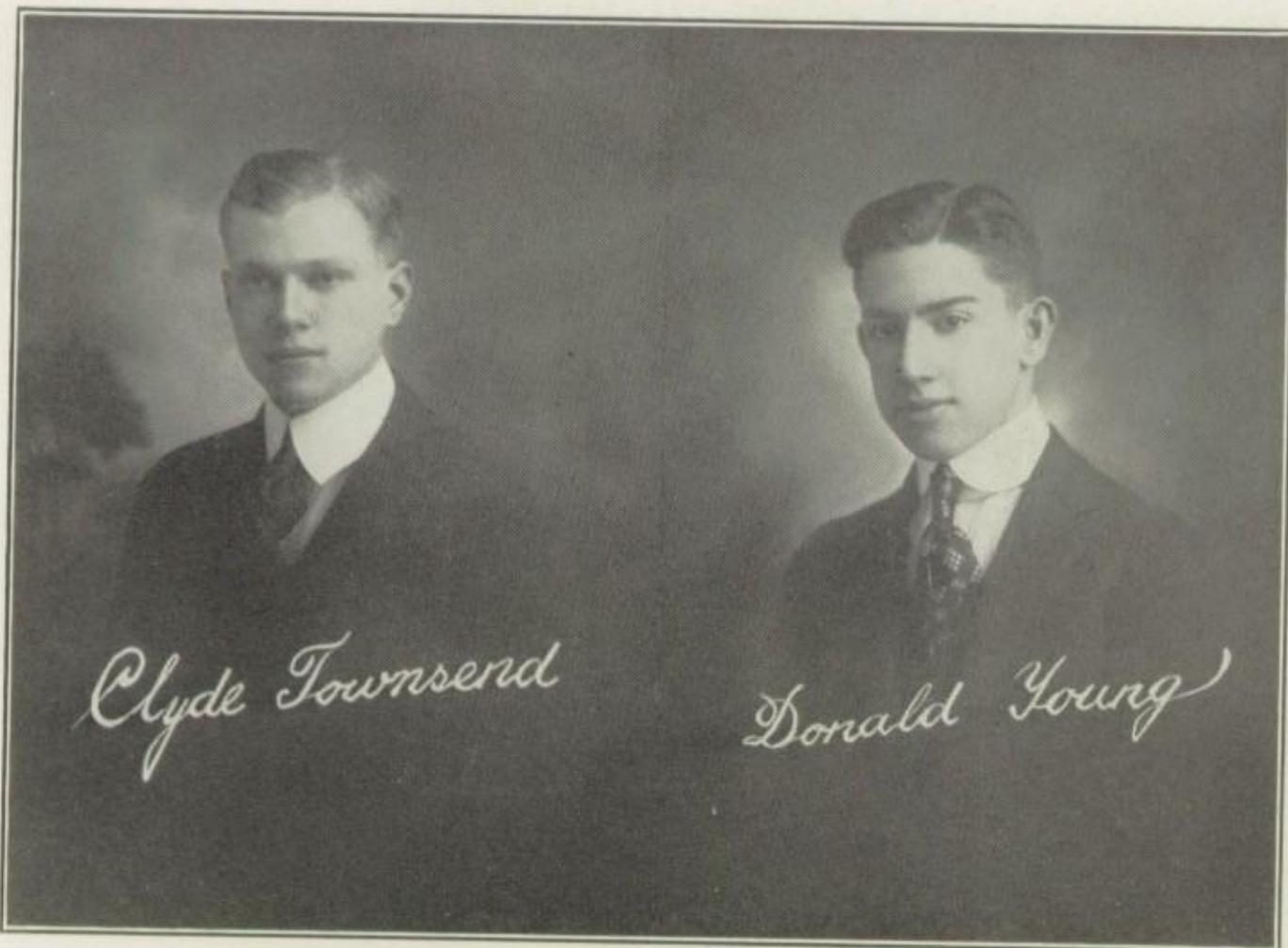
FLOYD BOARDMAN
President

**DOROTHEA
CHRISTIAN**
Auditor

**MANLEY
STEINBAUGH**
Vice-President

BRUCE ROBERTSON
Secretary

“QUIVER”



Lynch Medal Contest
School Debating Team
Chorus





Editorials

"CARRY ON"

AMONG the various slang phrases which have made their appearance with the men who are fighting "over there" for humanity's cause is one whose broad and far-reaching significance finds application in practically every mode of daily life. Someone, I believe it was the president of Vassar College, has defined slang as "the by-ways of speech—the trodden paths which lie on each side of the established concrete walks." The same man also advances the opinion that we use slang for the same reason that we cross the grass—because it is the quickest way around.

And so it is with "Carry On." We may fumble about for hours in an attempt to discover a phrase which will express the meaning we are trying to convey, and the English Tommy in the trenches already has it in his dictionary of useful expressions. "Carry On!"—what a wealth of meaning is wrapped up in those two small words! As Tommy or Sammy out there in No-Man's Land sees his pal go under with a last gasped "Carry on," what greater spur could he desire to fight to the very death with the Hun. They "carry on" for the pal whom they have just left bleeding—perhaps dead—behind them; for the home they have left back in "Blighty," with all that it holds so dear; for the principles which have led them into the greatest struggle of time; for the government under which they have been reared; but more than this, they "carry on" for the God of Right who

"QUIVER"

guides the struggle and will bring final victory to the armies of humanity.

How many of us, when we go "over the top" and out into the "No-Man's Land" of the world, will do so with these same words on our lips? How many of us will determine to "carry on" against the glittering bayonets of criticism and the trained fire of veterans of the battles of life? How will you do your part? Will you leap across the parapet with a clear eye and a vow to keep your shield of honor stainless? When the fight is finally ended and men go over the deeds of your life, what will their verdict be? Let us here mightily resolve that when "Taps" are sounded for us on the battle field of life, and we are remembered on the roll of the absent, men will say, "Here is one who has who has fought the good fight. He has 'carried on.' "

S. T. B.



“BEND OR BREAK”

(A “Fish Story” with a Moral.)

J AM going to tell you of an incident that happened years and years ago, during a very early period of my existence. It doesn't amount to anything, so I shall use all the big words I can lug in to make it sound like something (and incidentally to fill up a couple of pages). It is simply a fish story, but genuine. In fact, it is the only “Fish Story” since the one about “Jonah” that is really worth recording.—(I am surprised that it has not been recorded long ago,—ahem!)

Down near my old boyhood home in northern Indiana, is what is called a “meandering” stream, which “meanders” considerably around through the miasmic swamps and peat bogs, and finally wanders across the state into southern Michigan and empties into the St. Joe River. It was known in our section of the country as “Crooked Creek” and was very appropriately named. (It is still crooked.) During the hot summer months, whenever the “Paternal Head” gave his consent, I used to wander down to that stream and fish for anything that looked like a fish. I do not recall catching any great number, but I always had some good healthy stories to tell about how many got away, etc., for at that time in my mental development, my mind was very elastic, and I also had a highly developed imagination,—which helped some.

One hot sultry afternoon in July, during a “lull” in the farm work, I was given a half-day to myself. I decided to go fishing. I had the usual fisherman's outfit,—fishpole, reel, live minnows, bare-footed, turned-up pantaloons, etc. (a la Whittier) and really looked the part of a professional sportsman. With all the paraphernalia that I could lug, I trudged across the fields to the stream. I crept cautiously along the bank, or waded in the stream, intent upon getting a chance at a big fish.

A short distance ahead was a sharp turn in the stream. It was shadowed by a large willow that had grown so that it leaned out over the water. An old log was lying partly buried in the bank, so that it extended out to about the middle of the stream. The current flowed lazily along, forming small eddies as it swung around the end of the log, into the deep cool shadows under the willow.

I thought this the ideal place for a nice big bass to be lying quietly in the shaded waters, waiting for a chance to get his supper by darting out after the minnows as they pass by. I had read in my school geography that “The sea is a field of carnage,” and so, I figured, is “Crooked Creek.” To test this out I took a minnow from my pail and quietly flipped it just over beyond the old log in the stream into the deep shadowed water. No sooner had it struck the surface then,—SPLASH!—and the minnow was quickly snapped up by a big fish. I then quietly slipped a minnow on my hook, loosened the reel and tossed the baited hook down into the same place. Again as before, a big splash, and my bait was grabbed. The line became taut, the fishpole began to bend, and I realized that I had something on the string. Now and then I caught a silvery gleam of something as it darted

"QUIVER"

to and fro, cutting some pretty fancy circles in the water trying to escape. My fishpole bent nearly double. Then, as the fish stopped for an instant, the pole would spring back into place. Back and forth and around went that fish. I gave him all the "rope" he wanted. The fishpole bent back and forth like a whalebone whip; but it did not break. It sprung back to its original position each time the fish let up a little. I took these opportunities to wind in some of the line. Gradually the fish tired himself out, and I slowly wound up the reel. It was then an easy matter to quietly lift Mr. Fish vertically out of the water, and land him safely on dry land. It was as fine a specimen of a three-pound bass as I ever saw. (It had scales on its back.)

To describe my deep emotions,—exultation, and exuberance of ecstasy, etc.,—would be impossible. (The English language is too weak.) Suffice it to say that I lived through it to tell the story. (Some of the boys claimed it was a dogfish, but that isn't so.)

Here endeth the "Fish Story."

Now a few deductions from this thrilling (?) incident, applied to our everyday life, and I am done.

We as elements of society can have a great influence and can accomplish a great deal of good in a community if we are willing to "bend" just a little to the other fellow's way of thinking. Not that we should sacrifice principle, nor entirely agree, but there is a diplomatic way of helping the man who is wrong to see that he is wrong without clashing with him. By yielding a little to his viewpoint, sufficiently to get into sympathetic touch; then with tact and diplomacy, we can lead him to see the broader viewpoint; to enlarge his vision; to see himself at a different angle; to get a vision of himself from the angle of the community in which he lives, rather than from "self." If this can be accomplished, a real and lasting good has been done without seeming to dictate or antagonize; therefore no resentment.

Some people are so rigid and so set in their opinions, and stand so straight that they almost tip over backward. They pride themselves on their rigidity, and loyalty to their sacred opinions. Anyone who takes any exception to their pet views has "stepped on their toes" all right. Such persons usually lose out in the long run, for they soon become known as self-centered snobs, interested in no one but "SELF"; too stiff and unwieldy to be of service to the community. Society gradually learns to get along without them, and eventually they are forgotten. Their influence has gradually "approached the limit, zero."

This world was not made for any one individual, but for us all. We must be willing to "bend" just a little, to yield just a little to other people's opinions. The ability to bend a little, to listen attentively to the other man's viewpoint, to yield a little if necessary, yet at the same time to gently and logically lead him to see the truth in its broadest sense, is what makes our great statesmen and diplomats. Field Marshal Haig bent his line back from that salient on the western front, retreating in good order, that he might save his men and compel the Huns to come across to him, thus giving the French the advantage. Who shall say that Haig did not show greater generalship by bending a little than to stay on that front salient?

In striking contrast to this class of stiff, stubborn, unwieldy, self-centered individuals, is another class who are of the "dishrag" type. They have no opinions of their own. They take no stand on any question. They do not stand anywhere. Like a weather vane, they turn whichever way the wind blows. They go with the majority. They "rave" and shout "Amen!" if that seems to be the popular thing to do. They have no mind of their own; no lime in their spine; no backbone at all. They belong to that class of geological specimens known as the "Invertebrata." They seldom get anywhere. They are like a football being kicked back and forth, but never getting any nearer their own goal than the "Forty yard line." They are so limp and unstable that it would take a heavy discharge from a "Leyden Jar" to make a "favorable impression." Such types are of little or no value to a community. They are easily influenced and so have been a tool in the hands of the "Ward politician" to secure his re-election. (Now that the state has gone dry, perhaps they won't be so easily influenced).

* * *

Students, between these two extremes is the middle ground. That is where you can be of greatest help to society; therefore, that is where you belong. The bending, yielding type of citizens are the most diplomatic, tactful and influential. They bend, but they never break. Those who never bend will eventually break with friends and society. You may not always win out just as you think you should, nevertheless your method is correct. The fact that you may lose out at times may be due to the fact that your viewpoint is wrong and needs a slight adjustment. However, if you lose, be a "good loser." Don't allow yourself to become soured. Don't get peeved. Nothing is gained by that. Simply take what comes your way; smile and bear it like a soldier in the "first trench."

Finally: Disappointments will come to you. They come to us all. They are good for us. Disappointment is discipline. Some people get disciplined in no other way except through disappointment. You can hardly become strong without trouble, nor sympathetic without sorrow. Your four years' training in high school, giving you fixed habits of thought and action, a broader mental horizon and deeper meaning of life, will stand by you and carry you over many a "crisis."

Learn the lesson taught by the deer out on the campus. He has taken whatever has come his way without a murmur. He has borne silently all the sudden publicity and notoriety that has been thrust upon him.

O, Little Deer, do you not long for your native haunts in northern Michigan, among the "murmuring pines and hemlocks" (pine stumps and blackberry bushes), away from this maddening strife of city life? Do you not become weary of trying to keep in style with the ever-changing fickle ideas of your "deer" friends? In less than one month, you have worn three different spring suits with striking colors, yet you have not offered one dissenting note. You have not even "bleated" once.

When we learn this great lesson of patience, endurance and forbearance,—meeting conditions as they come and making the best of it,—we have learned one of Life's greatest lessons, and the secret of true happiness.

Yours truly,
"SAM."

THE DREAMER AND THE DREAM

"Though you may forget the singer, you will not forget the song."

A FEW years ago we were told that the only hope of the world was in science; now we find science the greatest foe of the world. A scientific age may give us some artificial poetry, but very little true poetry except from rare souls who rise above the depressing atmosphere of their surroundings. There must always be dreamers,—men who have visions, men who are ahead of the age, or the people must perish, become sordid, artificial, materialistic. The dream may be expressed in art, in architecture, in music, in song. The realization of a dream gave us the matchless Cathedral of Rheims. How the civilized world rose up in astonishment and indignation at its destruction! We are held spell-bound by music as we are swayed by the master musician, but poetry speaks to our very soul.

In classic days we find the poet calling on the Muses to assist him. He was supposed to have an inspiration, the divine rage, before he could indite his noble numbers. In imitation of these old writers we find Spenser in "Faerie Queene" saying, "Descend, ye Nine"; Milton, in "Paradise Lost," saying, "Sing, heavenly Muse." When the inspiration was lacking the poets might have said, "My Pegasus won't fly." But the modern romantic poet gets his inspiration from the things around him—the world of nature, the birds, the brooks, the flowers, the ocean, the mountain, the sunshine and the storm. As Carlyle says, "He has not far to seek." The true poet lives in the realm of the imagination and deals with the emotions rather than with the critical faculties. We read history to learn of the deeds of men and nations; we read literature to learn what vision has come to the man who sees that which we cannot see, who hears the voice we cannot hear. As Carlyle says, "A true poet soul needs but to be struck and the sound it yields will be music." "A true poet is one in whose heart is some one of the Eternal Melodies."

The poet is then the child of Nature and her interpreter. Burns surely was such an interpreter. He says of Nature, "And you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love." His love for the flowers is shown in this quotation: "I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch and the hoary hawthorne, that I view and long over with particular delight." Every flower has a charmed name. Does Burns not love the birds when he speaks of "the loud solitary whistle of the curlew" or "the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover?" He tells us that he feels an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm or devotion to poetry. Do we feel this in reading his words?—for heart should answer to heart. We have only to read Burns to see the local color of Scotch poetry. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is an excellent example. No other home-coming is quite like that. The mournful character of much of the Scotch poetry is well portrayed in "Highland Mary" and "Loch Lomond." We find Burns using nature as a background for his feelings when he sings "How can ye chant, ye little birds, and I sae weary, fu' o' care?" Burns considered solitude a necessity for the poet, for he says: "The Muse, no poet has found her, till by himself he learned to wander."

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Another fine example of local color is the "Canadian Boat Song," supposedly written by Dunlap, a true Celt. We quote a few lines to show the fine Celtic imagery:

"From the lone shieling in the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas,
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Coleridge was a master in his choice of melodious words. The verse "A soft floating witchery of sound" may well be compared with Tennyson's verse "The horns of elf-land faintly blowing." In the line from Gray, "And leaves the world to darkness and to me," we find man and Nature in harmony and would classify the picture as literature of melancholy.

We would conclude that the Romantic Poets were close observers of nature and needed only a word or two for accurate description. As examples we have "wild whistling blackbirds," "green-crested lapwing," and the "whirring partridge."

A poet for a long time neglected was the mystic, Blake. He was an artist as well and decorated his own books with engravings. He believed that the world was peopled by fairies, angels, and demons. One of his poems begins, "O what land is the land of dreams?" Of all the poets he is, perhaps, the least understood.

Wordsworth was most extreme in his views of nature. He believed that Nature had a conscious soul. It is said that little by little the glories of nature grew upon him until his soul seemed flooded with an unutterable delight. He not only loved nature, but the common people who lived near to nature. A fine example of this respect for manhood in lowly position is the pathetic story of Michael, the shepherd.

We may take Tennyson as the worthy exponent of Romanticism in the Victorian Age. Distinguished by melodious words and a charming versification, he is the poet beloved. Is not this description of a flower perfect,—"the little speedwell's darling blue." Do you know the flower? If not, search for it in your rambles; it will repay you.

Possibly most of the good poetry of today is patriotic in tone. Alfred Noyes pays a fine tribute to the English soldier of the present war who sleeps his last sleep on the field of battle, as well as the most chivalrous soldier of Elizabethan days, when he says,

Soldier of England, perfect, gentle knight,
The soul of Sidney welcomes you tonight.

The Frenchman's love for native land is beautifully expressed in this poetical prose: "The Frenchman speaks of 'La Belle France' and the name of France lingers upon his lips as music trembles on the air after the song is sung."

The tricolor of France united with the red, white, and blue of our United States! What more inspiring vision is there than to see the armies of these two nations marching together to battle for liberty and humanity singing the national songs, "The Star Spangled Banner" and "La Marseillaise?" "Then conquer we must for our cause it is just." "March on! march on! all hearts resolved on victory or death."

SARAH McCARROLL.

A Vision of the Future.

Clyde Auten, '18

A CHANGE is in the air, in the minds and hearts of men, for this world, old as it is, is far from being ideal. The world is in bad need of repair, and God has probably chosen to bring about the advancement by a terrible catastrophe such as this present war. The betterment of the universe is bound to come, and, as it has come many times directly following great wars, so we may look for tremendous changes which could not have been brought about by any single nation or race of people. These changes must be made simultaneous by all, for the idea of race domination is entirely wrong. The masses now are more intelligent than ever. High-minded men come from the laborers' homes as well as from castles and mansions. All the changes will require time and cause bitter strife, but it is for the welfare of the world, and it is up to the young man and young woman of today to face and solve the problems.

A league of all nations, whose aim will be to prevent such a war as the monstrous one in which we are now engaged, will be formed; but whether or not it will be able to prevent future wars remains to be seen. The tremendous task of settling the demands of all the various nations in Europe will fall upon our heads. The social betterment of all nations undoubtedly will be patterned after the best conditions in our own country. Men will no longer be separated by the distinct classes of labor and capital, although both classes will be required as long as the world exists. The future factories and shops will be more sanitary and healthful. After work, the laborer will be able to spend a pleasant hour or two in the recreation park, or in the public library, if his inclination sends him that way. Profit-sharing will be compulsory.

Women will share equally with men, for equal suffrage is no longer a question for debate. They will compete with men, eliminating the lazy, inefficient fellow of the present day. Their position in the home will no longer be one of drudgery and hardship, and the elimination of vice and drink will lift the fear of wrecked lives through these causes.

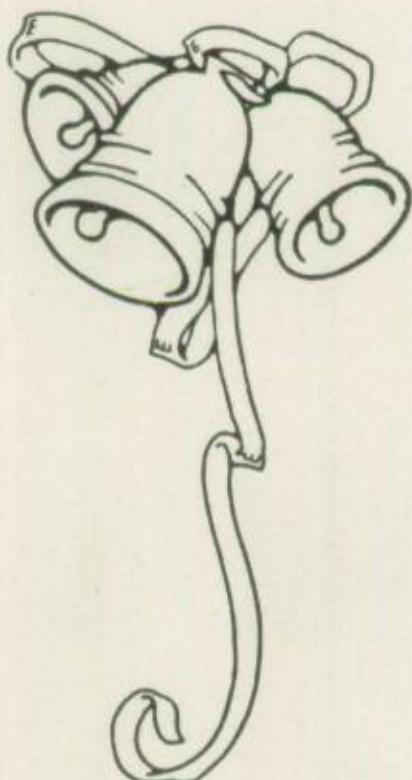
The children of the future will be better trained, as changes are already taking place which are raising the efficiency of the brain. A college education will be as common in a few years as the high school training is today, and just as essential. A system will have to be worked out whereby every person may have whatever education he or she may wish and in any branch which they may desire. The cost will be nominal enough to fit all pocket books.

The spiritual side of man is also to undergo a tremendous change, for it does not meet the present day requirements. Today a man needs something to draw him to the church and keep him there. The present day church is beginning to realize this, and is trying to solve the problem, but it is a big one and will require much work. Churches will be built with many of the conveniences of the modern hotels and athletic clubs. They will be constructed that the room dedicated to God's worship will

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not be used for any other purposes. They will include bowling alleys, swimming pools, shower baths, gymnasiums, a roof garden, a large number of bed rooms, a good sized library, and a restaurant. To this kind of a church, the stranger may turn at any time of the day or night and be sure of a comfortable lodging and refreshment at a small cost.

But the greatest of all problems will be the preservation of a lasting peace through the disbanding of the armies and the making of wars illegal. This can never be done until the spirit of Prussian militarism is wiped forever from the world. The dream of world conquest which the Hohenzollerns have entertained must be banished forever from men's minds if this world is to be made safe for democracy, for while the spirit which is driving forward the armies of Berlin exists on the earth, no nation is safe. When the war is finally over, when the armies of the Hun have been finally disbanded and his spirit crushed, when the entire Hohenzollern dynasty has been put where it can “tell no tales,” then and not until then will this world be safe for democracy and humanity.



Shall German be dropped from our Schools?

Pauline Harris.

THIS is a question asked again and again and often answered these days in a very emphatic affirmative. Mere prejudice seems to be back of these answers, a prejudice which is the inevitable result of war-times. Let us try to cast it to the winds and face the matter fairly.

We are tremendously disappointed in Germany. For years our admiration has been unstinted, for her progress in every phase of life, from scholarship to trade, has been astounding. We not only regarded German universities as the home of sound scholarship and of the most advanced work in science and medicine, but we also regarded her cities as models of efficient government and her school system as admirably wise and thorough. This admiration has been wholly untinged by jealousy, since, democrats as we are by nature and inheritance, we know that in spite of all our weaknesses as a people we still hold the one priceless possession which we would not exchange for all the efficiency in the world.

Yes, we are at war with Germany! We have found out that the German government has for nearly half a century not only set about to deceive her own people but also, during the last decade and longer, has enlarged her field of operations in order to hoodwink all peoples—ourselves included—all with the set purpose of becoming a world-power. These aims have been fully attained at home by a painstaking supervision of the German educational system. People are largely what their schools make them and for over a generation now the German people have been going to school to their Kaiser-schoolmasters, who have taught them the most distorted facts and instilled into their minds, along with a chauvinistic love for the "Fatherland," a hatred and envy for all potential foes.

Are they after all so very much to be blamed for their present attitude toward their enemies? We ought to pity them rather, for their loyalty, a virtue for which they have been renowned in history, has become now a most tragic weakness. They find themselves today slaves in mind, body and soul, to their rulers. The German people will learn the bitter lesson that loyalty to a corrupt government which has deprived them of their birthright—idealism and a love for truth, bequeathed to them by their own glorious men of genius, Goethe and Schiller,—is a crime, the effects of which cannot for generations be effaced.

It is no wonder then, in our first feeling of rage at the misery into which Germany has plunged the world, we cry: Away with the German language! Drop it from our schools! Articles in magazines and papers have appeared and even in our own home paper we have read editorials to that effect. But are we not short-sighted after all??

Why is it that England and America have not realized what Germany has been doing the past half century? Is it very much to their credit that they did not know? If more of the leaders of these two countries had possessed a reading and speaking knowledge of German, had had broad enough interests to read German books and newspapers, the two countries could not have failed to note the trend affairs were taking, for everything Germany has

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done since the war began has been openly discussed and advocated with characteristic thoroughness for the last ten years. A few English scholars did try to enlighten England, but the leaders were deaf to them or laughed at their warnings, because of their total ignorance of German thought and aspirations.

We as Americans were just beginning to develop a mild interest in affairs across the seas, but after all it has taken this war to show us that no people can live unto itself. Humanity is one and cannot be divided by difference of race or language.

Now that we are realizing this truth as never before is it wise to go backward instead of forward? Let us rather keep German in the schools, if for no better reason than never again to allow our people to be in ignorance of the thought and intent of the German ruling class. We cannot leave the teaching of this language entirely to the college and the university. It is too difficult and too much time elapses before the student becomes proficient.

The German government has seen the wisdom of encouraging its people to great achievements in every branch of human knowledge. How can we expect to cope with our enemies who have accomplished so much along these lines, if we refuse to understand them? How are we to understand them if we cannot read their books and newspapers? Why deprive ourselves of the knowledge of what they do and think, of what they have accomplished?

There is another reason for the continued study of German which can be discussed with more calmness and pleasure. Should we not appeal for the continued study of a great literature whose like is to be found among no other people? It is untouched by the spirit manifest in Germany since 1850 and represents some of the noblest and inspiring thoughts of the world. Goethe and Schiller mark the zenith of its greatness among its poets, Kant among its philosophers, Herder among its religious teachers. Nothing can ever kill the influence of these men on the world's thought. We are surely too sane to deny the coming generation the opportunity of knowing this literature.

The war is not going to last forever. We are not going to shut Germany off in one corner and let her alone. It cannot be done and, even if it could we should by so doing defeat the very principle for which we claim to be fighting—Democracy. We aim to help the German people as well as all others, if we believe in President Wilson's ideal. Therefore, when Germany has learned her lesson in all humility, she must again be recognized and friendship re-established. The fact that we have kept German in our schools will be of great assistance in doing this, both in a practical and in a sentimental way. It is one of the bonds of union which we can easily keep unbroken. In this period of history, when the future opens up to us such awe-inspiring possibilities, when the eyes of men begin to behold with ever clearing vision the glories of a future world based on justice, freedom and brotherhood, let us not hinder its swift coming by our narrow prejudices but help by all means in our power to bring about this new and better world.

UP AND DOWN THE HALL

“**C**OME UP and take lunch with me at the school today and look us over,” said the boy with the loud tie to the man with the red one.

“Done!” replied the man with the crimson neck display, and he did.

“Suppose we sit down here,” suggested the visitor, after lunch, “and talk a bit.”

The two took up their position in a corner of the hall to have a quiet chat when, “Jumping Jehosiphat!” the man exploded, “How my eyes smart! I am growing cross-eyed, dazed. There seems to be too much color here. Ah,” he added, apparently much relieved, “Ah! I see. It’s red hair. A boy, I think. Yes, a boy—but what hair! Do you grow many like that around here?” This to the possessor of the aforesaid scarlet adornment.

“No, that’s all we have in captivity just now,” laughed the latter. Then it was his turn to exclaim, which he did audibly.

“Gosh!” he muttered, “Oh Gosh!” he added in a lower register, at the same time jamming his hands into his pockets and slumping down until barely the “crimson stain” was visible above his coat. His companion followed the boy’s scornful gaze and beheld two very attractive young ladies coming down the hall, arm in arm. One was resting her head upon the other’s shoulder, and talking very earnestly, and after having convinced her companion of something of evident importance, held up her left hand dramatically and displayed a ring. Whereupon the boy with the loud tie uttered in a tone of apparent disdain, “Second time this year,” and jerked himself to an upright position. “There goes the first bell,” he added.

Up and down the hall young voices floated in school gossip. Here and there were laughing groups of four or five. Between these groups, scattered up and down, young gentlemen were engaged in conversation with the young ladies high in their esteem, while the honored maidens shyly twirled handkerchiefs or pencils.

Suddenly the man with the red tie saw fear enter these happy faces, saw groups broken up and individuals walk rapidly to the session rooms at the end of the hall amid the warning whisper, “The King!”

Around the corner he came, tall, majestic, a man of evident authority.

“Seems to have ‘em pretty well trained,” laughed the man. “They certainly know when it is their move.”

“Huh,” grunted the boy, “He makes us all so tired.”

“They didn’t seem to show any signs of fatigue a moment ago,” laughed the man. “Will you please explain,” he added a moment later, “what that paper is which the teacher at the table signs. Everyone seems to have one.”

“That,” said the boy in the sarcastic tone which only a seventeen-year-old can muster, “is the official passport issued by the state department in the session rooms to allow one to pass to a certain room or instructor between the bells. And if you get caught without the papers,—Good night!”

“QUIVER”

“Oh,” said the man with the red tie, “I see. Last bell?” he inquired, as another gong was heard.

“Yeah,” said the boy, in a tone which spoke of quiet toleration of these formalities.

The hall was filled with the sound of hurrying feet and banging lockers. Late arrivals rushed up the stairs two sometimes three steps at a time, hoping the bell would sound a second longer to enable them to attain the session rooms. At each door of the latter sanctuaries stood “the state department” on guard, as it seemed to tardy ones like birds of prey ready to pounce upon them. Then seemingly the hall had only been cleared when long lines passed from the rooms to classes.

“Have any grade school children in the building?” asked the man, nodding to some persons of diminutive stature.

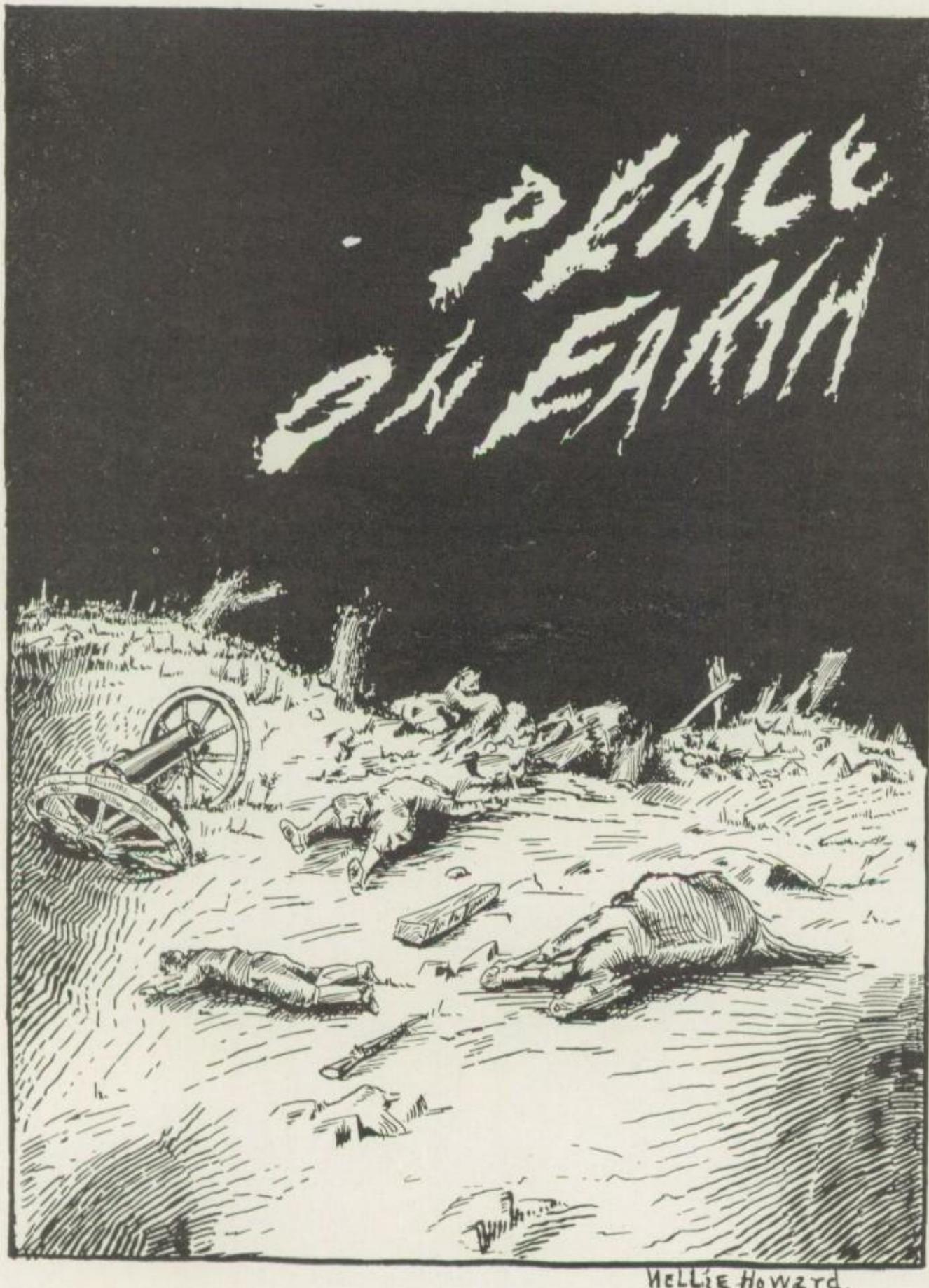
“Those,” said the boy with the loud tie, in a tone of disgust and abhorrence, “are Freshmen. Look at ‘em! They grow smaller every year. What,” he added, as he rose to the full height of his seventeen summers, “are we coming to? I ask you as man to man, what will the next generation be?”

The visitor did not vouchsafe a reply as to just what the next generation might be like, but looked up to take his leave of the boy who, after watching a young gentleman sauntering up the vacant hall with a *Virgil* under his arm, said, “Well, it’s time to skip.”

The man with the red tie watched the boy hurrying down the hall and saw him enter his class room. Only silence reigned in the long corridor now. He stood up, and as he walked toward the door, he sighed. For him, the doors of the class room were closed forever.



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WILLARD HOWARD.

"QUIVER"



Roll of Honor

N. B.—An attempt has been made to correct this list up to the date of April 1st, but owing to the size of our graduate list this has been a difficult matter and the public is assured that if any names have been omitted it is not through negligence upon our part. Because of the constantly changing addresses, no attempt has been made to give these.—Editor.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Aiken, Arthur | Culp, Eugene |
| Arthur, Donald | Cuthbertson, Ray |
| Ashby, Maynard | Dawson, Robert |
| Austin, John | DeBolt, Ross |
| Bacon, Francis | Derragon, Ralph |
| Baker, Dwight | Dickie, Hugh |
| Ballagh, Jay | Doty, Frank |
| Barbour, Maurice | Dusenberry, Clarence |
| Bartlett, Charles | Elliott, Eugene |
| Beaudette, Alpha | Elliott, Garland |
| Boardman, Fred | Fay, Lloyd |
| Bromley, Bruce | Ferrand, Arthur |
| Brown, Percy | Fisher, Kenneth |
| Buchanan, Alexander | Fisher, Mark |
| Burch, Victor | Fitch, Ferris |
| Buttolph, John | Flickinger, Harold |
| Cameron, Douglass | Freeman, Carl |
| Campbell, Glenn | Freeman, Harold |
| Carr, Ralph | Furlong, Harold |
| Cheal, Louis | Gottschalk, Delbert |
| Collier, Wright | Gray, Elmore |
| Collins, Harold | Gray, Mason |
| Coons, Claude | Haire, Homer |
| Corwin, Alvardo | Halstead, Harvey |
| Cotcher, Arthur | Hammond, Maurice |
| Cotcher, Harry | Hammond, Roy |
| Cowan, Russell | Heffernan, Wilbur J. |
| Crawford, Harry | High, Russell |

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Hill, LeGrand	Smith, Deland
Hodges, George	Smith, Eugene
Hogue, Donald	Smith, Goldwin
Howell, Joseph	Smith, Harlan
Hoyt, Warren	Smith, Louis
Hubbard, George	Smith, Ward
Jacobs, George	Snowdon, Edward
Jennings, Joseph	Snover, Percy
Kelly, Vale	Soper, Harold
Kreklow, Norman	Steinbaugh, Fred
Leach, Harry	Stevens, Sterne
Leach, Manley	Stoddard, Austin
Lockwood, Arthur	Stone, Orrin
Lowes, Cecil	Struthers, Harold
Marsh, Howard	Stull, Frank
McDonald, Donald	Suppus, Fred
Miller, Bradley	Taft, Marcus
Monroe, Ralph	Taylor, J. Morrison
O'Neill, Hugh	Taylor, J. Wilson
Osborne, Claude	Thatcher, Morris
Patterson, Carlton	Trask, Verne
Patterson, Clarence	Turner, Donald
Patterson, William	Tyler, Earl
Pigman, Harold	Vliet, William
Prall, Whitney	Voorheis, James
Putman, Stanley	Waldron, Robert
Quick, Maynard	Waters, Claire
Reid, Evart	Watson, Charles
Rodenbo, Benjamin*	Watson, Ernest
Sage, Howard	Webb, Walter
Seeley, Edwin	Webster, Winfield
Shattuck, Mark	Westbrook, Louis
Sherwood, Chester L.	Williams, Russell
Simmons, Wallace	Windiate, Cass

*Died April 15, 1918, from wounds received in action.

The History of the Class of 1918

**Marion Patch, '18
SEPTEMBER, 1914**

HUNDERCLASSMEN? Oh, yes; but very proud of ourselves, indeed. Well, just because we were the first Freshman Class to enter the new High School. We could only gasp at all of the splendor—so unaccustomed to it, you know, but we tried not to let others know it. Oh, yes, they laughed at us, of course; but we have the satisfaction of knowing, or thinking we know, that we were not as "green" as some other classes, whose names, in deference to those who have gone before and who are yet to come, we desire to omit.

Was our first introduction to high school life exciting? Just ask us. A few weeks after school opened a very important thing happened. We had a real class meeting! Perhaps you think we didn't feel proud. To elect a president and vice-president 'n everything. It was almost too much for us, but we survived. For our president, we elected Stewart Beach. You will hear of him later. Our vice-president was Alice Comfort, the "bright

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light" of the class. Edwin Tibbals, George Moreland and Paul Hoskins were elected secretary, treasurer, and auditor, respectively. They were all characterized by their ability to "cut-up" and furnished us with all the entertainment we needed during spare moments.

As was the custom, the Seniors gave us a reception early in October. We felt at home and as if we really "belonged" after listening to the friendly appeal of the President of the Senior Class. We adjourned to the gymnasium after the speeches, where we watched the Seniors dance and enjoy themselves while we managed to drink up our full share of the punch.

We started our school career by teaching the Seniors that they were not the only ones who could give a play. We surprised them and the rest of the school by dramatizing and producing "Ivanhoe" under the combined direction of Miss Blanche Avery and Miss Mae Derragon. No other Freshman class had ever attempted such a great production and we felt justly proud.

Among the other social activities of the year was a sleigh-ride to the home of Arthur Ferrand. We had a delightful time—ask any Freshman class if they don't have a good time on their first sleighride—and even went so far as to tip over on the way home, "because we were Freshmen," the Seniors said.

SEPTEMBER, 1915

As Sophomores, we felt quite settled, although we were still underclassmen. We felt just as excited over our meeting as when we were "Freshies," but we had to act a little more dignified, you know. Our president was Clyde Auten—you all know "Curlie"—William Seeley was vice-president, Lorraine Johnson was our secretary (ask Clyde), and Marian Rogers was elected treasurer. Go to a basket ball game and watch Marian—you can't miss her. Ernestine Fisher was auditor. She was our "joker."

Once more we entered the lime-light when Stewart Beach won the medal in the Lynch Medal Oratorical contest.

We planned to have two sleighrides, but they turned out to be "hay rides." Esther Hoyt offered us her home for the evening, and it goes without saying that we had a good time. For our second "night-out" we were offered the home of Jessie Scott. You all know Jessie—she is one of the famous "Scott Quintette."

SEPTEMBER, 1916.

We were back again at school, but what a difference! We were Juniors. As befitting our station, we had to be very dignified and sensible (this last was hard), because we were at last upper classmen. Those of you who expect to go on in school, have yet to experience the enjoyable thrill of strolling about the corridors with an air of supreme confidence and in watching the poor misguided Freshmen blindly stumbling through the maze of endless miles and miles of corridors searching for room 219, or 346; those who stop school now can not imagine what they are missing; we are not preaching; we know from experience. Our president this year was again Clyde Auten. He seems to be an old "stand-by." Our vice-president was Gerald Ronk; Olive Boardman was secretary, Katherine Beardslee was treasurer (we are afraid the one who could tell us the most about Katherine is not here now), and Whitney Beattie was auditor. We are sorry

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to say that Whitney and Gerald have left the city and so will not graduate with us.

One thing of importance this year was the selection of our pins. Eighty-one class pins were purchased, and five rings. Of course, OUR rings and pins were much prettier than any we had ever seen. They were set with seven tiny pearls and had the date and P. H. S. engraved on them.

Yes, it is really true—Stewart came to the fore and won first place for us in the State Oratorical contest. We were now more than proud to have him one of us. He was also among those who received appointments for the "Junior Ex." In order, those who received the appointments were: Grace Douglas, Luella Miller, Hazel Snyder, Ernestine Fisher, Ruth Tyrer, Zoe Van-Tassell, Addie Lamb, Mildred Forsythe, Stewart Beach, Helen Taylor.

Our annual sleighride came, with all its fun. We were entertained by Arthur Ferrand. We had a fine time and probably will not forget it soon. How could we, with the gay singing and talking on the way out, the games, the eats, and last but by no means least—the ride back?

As Juniors, we improved our reputation as actors, by making a good showing in the annual Shakespearean play given under the direction of Miss Avery. An excellent production of "The Tempest" was the result of the year's work. Among those from our class who took part were Stewart Beach, Navarre Marentay, Raymond Tubbs, William Seeley, Madeleine Hazelton, Norma Springer, Elizabeth Dawson, and Harriet Coleman.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

Once more we are back at dear old P. H. S., but oh! how different it is! We are SENIORS! Our officers: Donald Fildew, president; Ivan French, vice-president; Marian Patch, secretary; Addie Lamb, treasurer, and Merritt Lillis, auditor. Altogether they are quite an imposing lot of executives.

According to the custom we gave the Freshman Class a reception, late in September, and we are sure they have never had a better time. At least we who tendered the reception know that there has never been a more brilliant or better attended reception. There were between six and seven hundred people on hand to see the fun, and we all enjoyed it immensely, even if we did have to be dignified.

Our annual sleighride was a never-to-be-forgotten event. We went to the home of Ethel Lytle, at North Farmington. This one was a great success in every way, even if it was ten miles out there and awfully cold. The eats paid up for all the frozen ears and fingers. On the return trip we only got home by throwing snow balls at the horses to keep them awake.

As the time of graduation approaches, it seems that we, the class of 1918, are facing a bigger, more vital problem, than the classes of former years. As we become men and women, we shall have to bear the heavy responsibility which this war is placing on us all. But we shall face it as we have faced our school problems, squarely, because it is a war of democracy against autocracy, and because over one hundred of our own boys are fighting "over there." No one can ever right the wrongs which have been committed by the ruthless barbarism of Gar-

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many, but we can prevent the repetition of such an awful chaos, and "our boys" are over there now, more are going, perhaps many more of our own class will see service in the trenches. If they go it will be with the knowledge that their cause is right, and with that knowledge, they will not fail to do their duty as true Americans and students of the Pontiac High School.

Now at last, after so many years of waiting and hard work, we have come to that point in our lives to which we have looked with longing eyes. Perhaps some of us think our sentence of "four years at hard labor" has been mostly a waste of time, but let us look ahead into the future and leave the answer to it. Most of us are now ready and waiting to face the bigger problems of life ahead of us and we want to take life at its fullest—we all want everything that life has to give us, its joys as well as its sorrows and responsibilities, and we shall step into the great amphitheatre of the world with the knowledge that we are taking the center of the stage just when the curtain is rising upon the greatest drama—and perhaps tragedy—the world has ever witnessed.

Life's Two Interpreters.

I.

"As tales oft told we bring to end our years
With deep and mournful sighs. Their numbered hours
We clutch in vain; they wane and fade as flowers,
Gathered, droop and die. Neither prayers nor tears
Avail us aught", so First, bent low with fears.

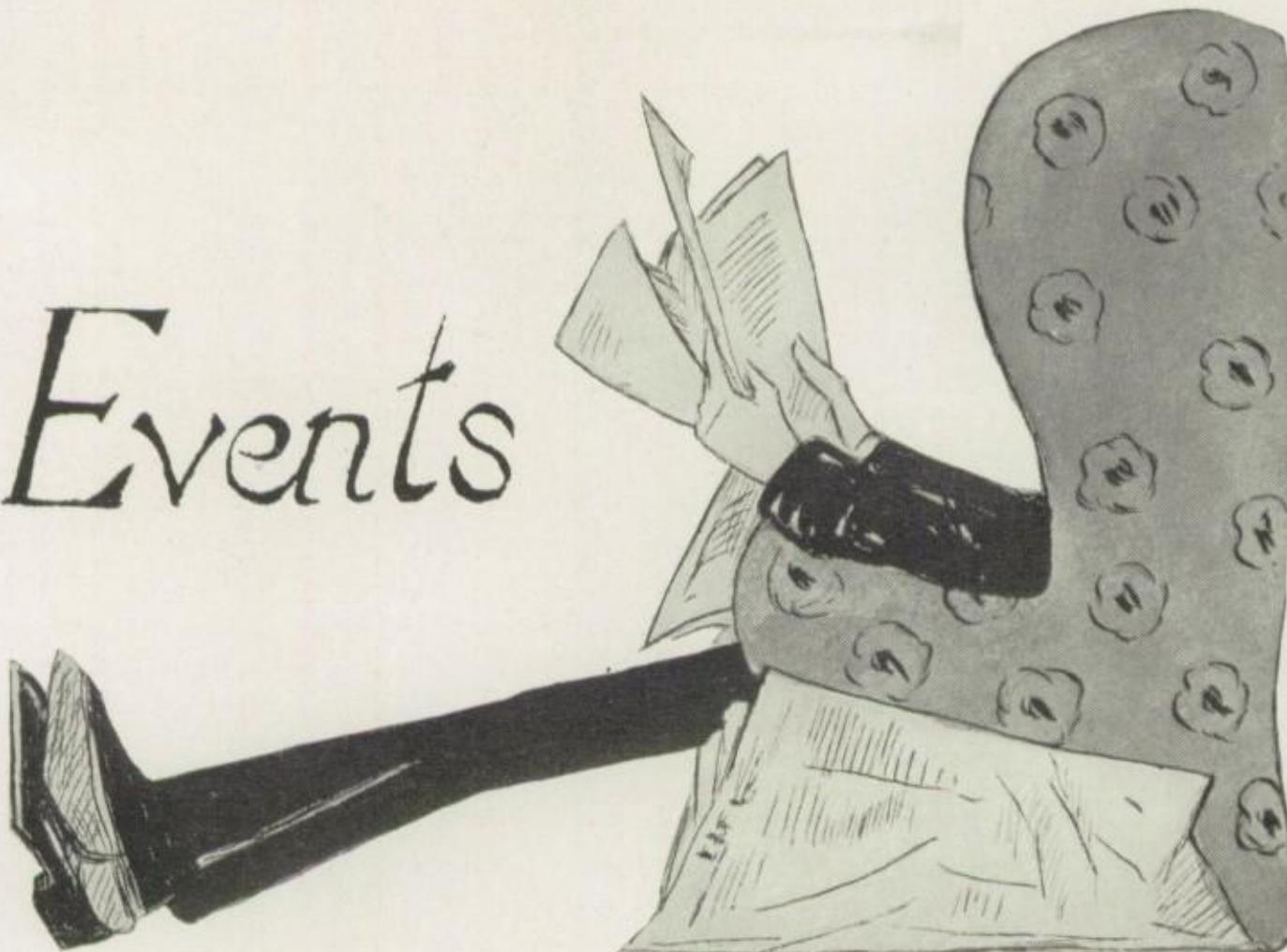
"We strive, but fail; we seek nor is it ours
To find. We cry aloud to heavenly powers
To strengthen bruised reed; cruel Death appears
And rends the breaking heart. In ashes lies
The house our hands had built so hopefully,
And from its ruins the baleful spectres rise
To jest and mock the soul's adversity.
We wait in dread the dark! God fails, truth dies,
Death wins! Fate holds us in captivity!"

II.

"As those who rest from toil we end our years,
Reluctantly,—content. The evening hours
Are filled with satisfying joys, as flowers,
Still hold at night the noonday's gold. Our tears
Are tears that cleanse," thus speaks, unbowed by fears,
The Second One. "We lose ere it is ours
To find. Through weakest flesh God full empowers
The spirit strong to stand. Death more endears
The good of yesterdays. In ashes lies
The house our hands had built so hopefully,
And from its ruins, in stately splendor rise
New mansions for the soul. Unbound and free
We go to meet the dawn. Years end, Time dies,
Light breaks, God lives! Love reigns eternally."

—Clyde McGee.

Events



Freshman Reception.

On September 28th, the annual Freshman Reception was tendered the entering class by the Seniors. From all standpoints the affair was the most successful ever given in the school and was voted by all a great improvement over the old style reception in which plenty of paint and horse-play were the most important features. A program in the Auditorium, at which Stewart Beach acted as chairman, preceded the dance in the gymnasium. The program consisted of an opening number by the High School Band, followed by a speech of welcome by the Senior President, Donald Fildew, and a response by the President of the Freshman Class, Floyd Boardman. A short speech by Principal S. M. Dudley, filled with good, wholesome advice for the newcomers, and solos by Milton Orman and George Willits, completed the program, after which the crowd which had assembled adjourned to the gymnasium, where dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock. A new feature was introduced at the door of the gym, where several of the teachers with whom the Freshmen would become acquainted in their classes met the under classmen in an informal manner. A Japanese note pervaded the decorative scheme of the gymnasium, and a liberal allotment of "cosy corners" made the room attractive. About 150 couples enjoyed the dancing. The affair was a financial success, the Senior Class clearing expenses with a good margin.

* * *

Girls' Glee Club Concert.

The Girls' Glee Club made its formal appearance on October 30th, when a Liberty Loan concert was given by the girls, in the auditorium, the proceeds of which went to the purchase of a Liberty Bond. The affair was well attended and the audience was especially pleased with the different selections which the girls gave. As a part of the program, the newly organized Girls' Quartet obliged with several numbers, which were well received. The personnel of the quartet includes Misses Josephine Toynton and Marian Willits as first and second sopranos, respectively, and Misses Thelma Spencer and Ruth Welch as first and second altos. During the intermission, the long-talked-of community singing was instituted, under the direction of Harry Quayle, director of music in the schools. Community singing has been sweeping the country of late years and after a concerted effort by several of those interested in music in the city, it was decided to inaugurate it at this concert. Its enthusiastic reception has warranted its repetition, and during the winter it has been a great success.

* * *

Football Mass Meeting.

On Friday evening, October 20th, an enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the auditorium, in preparation for the Central game. Harry Quayle was chairman of the affair and in his usual "peppy" manner introduced the speakers and carried a spirit of encouragement to the team which did not fail in its mission. The band was on hand and helped materially to liven up the occasion. What would we do without our band? Charles Matthews was the first speaker of the evening and his remarks were well directed. Mr. Matthews is an old-time P. H. S. foot ball man and was enthusiastically welcomed by the assemblage which, while composed for the most part of the student body, was liberally sprinkled with townsfolk. Short talks by A. L. Moore, G. L. Jenner and Ralph D. Tyler encouraged the team and augmented the spirit of the affair. Coach Goodloe Rogers, Fred Boardman and Claude Osborne completed the list of speakers, and the meeting was voted a success by all.

* * *

"Richard III."

The first Thespian effort of the students of the High School was a scene from Shakespeare's "Richard III.", given in chapel on November 12th. The scene required a great deal of difficult dramatic acting, and the manner in which the principal roles were taken by Miss Madeleine Hazelton, as the grieved queen, and Donald Bailey, as Richard, elicited considerable applause

from the students. The scene was given under the personal direction of Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels, director of elocution in the schools.

* * *

Open Night.

On November 22nd the school was thrown open to the public for the annual “Open Night” exhibition. About 1500 people took advantage of the opportunity to witness the workings of the different classes and a very interesting evening was given those who attended. A short program in the auditorium by the grade school children of the city opened the event, following which Mrs. Gertrude L. Beach gave an exhibition of her pupils’ work in the gymnasium. The children went through their difficult paces in good shape and considerable credit is due them, as well as to the instructress. Physics, chemistry and physiography laboratories were open, as well as the rooms of the domestic art, science, manual training and commerical departments, and these came in for their share of the interest. A short program in the auditorium, by the High School Orchestra and the Girls’ Glee Club concluded the evening’s entertainment. Punch and wafers were served the guests in the lunch room during the evening.

* * *

Football Banquet.

The annual Football Banquet was held in the lunch room on Wednesday evening, December 12th, with about one hundred students and townsfolk in attendance. Principal S. M. Dudley acted as toastmaster and the new twist which he gave to several rather musty jokes brought forth considerable laughter from the audience. Harry Quayle gave an excellent talk on “Cowardice,” handling the subject in a novel manner which proved very interesting. A poem by Miss Avery in which the deeds of the football team were related came in for its share of the applause. Coach Goodloe Rogers and Superintendent of Schools G. L. Jenner obliged with short talks filled with good advice and a whole lot of good “horse sense.” Edgar J. Ebbels was the next speaker, but the depth of the jokes which he sprung on us was too much and most of them “just went right over in the corner and stuck.” We are not used to that “deep stuff” in high school. We got the last one, though, and enjoyed one good laugh, anyway. Clinton Vreeland, the retiring captain, and William Armstrong, the captain-elect, were next called upon and though each affirmed that he was not a speaker, we enjoyed their few remarks. We are sure that the team made no mistake in giving “Bill” the honor of guiding its fortunes in 1918. A few appropriate remarks by Chairman Dudley closed one of the most interesting evenings of the school year.

* * *

Football Ball.

On Friday evening, December 14th, we held our annual Football Ball in the gymnasium, following a rather joke basket ball contest with Holly. Little attempt was made by the football boys who engineered the affair at decorations, it being their theory that those attending came to dance and not to look at “fussy decorations.” Well, we agreed with them, and in the absence of any decorations to look at, we danced, and danced, and danced some more. I think “Phil’s” watch must have been a little off, for he didn’t say a word and we kept right on until twelve o’clock, central time. It’s the first time we ever put one like that over on “Phil”, and maybe he doesn’t know it yet. We don’t like to keep anything from him, though, so this is a good time to let him in on the secret. We had a good time, anyway, and all were sorry to leave when it did come time.

* * *

“A Scrap of Paper.”

Friday evening, November 7th, marked the production of “A Scrap of Paper,” by pupils of Edgar J. Ebbels’ public speaking classes, under his personal direction. The proceeds from the production were turned over to Mr. Jenner, to be used by him in some patriotic work. The admission price was put at a very low figure, to place it within the reach of all, and the result was all that could have been asked for. The auditorium was packed and fully a hundred people were turned away. The cast was too lengthy for personal mention to be made of any one character, but the play was so well cast that few criticisms could be made. All assumed their roles with an ease which bespoke of considerable hard work on the part of the director, as well as on their own parts, and the piece gave place to considerable dramatic acting as well as to some of the comedy type.

* * *

Those Sleighrides.

I don’t think we can do better, in speaking of our year’s sleighrides, than to follow the reports given by our worthy contemporary, “The Tomahawk.” Bruce Buchanan, who was responsible for those write-ups, has first-hand knowledge of all sleighrides, and as he said that everyone had a good time on all of them, he ought to know. I remember him telling me enthusiastically and confidentially after each one that he had “some time,” so if he said that, there’s no use disputing it—and nobody wants to—for we all did have a good time, from the most dignified Senior to the smallest and most undignified Freshman. One of the delightful features about sleighrides this year was the good school spirit which pervaded them all. Seniors were present on the Freshman sleighride, and Freshmen on the Senior; we all

mixed up together and had a good time. I notice that Bruce is not sparing in his praise of the "eats" and he says that at no one sleighride were they better than at another. One thing of memorable note on the Sophomore sleighride was the beautiful time we had in tipping over. Twice the "bob" overturned, and both times on the wrong side. Bruce says he wasn't on that "bob," so I am quoting from some one else now. Misses Ethel Lytle, Leitha Scott, Florence Ferrand and Wilma Scott proved delightful hostesses on the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman sleighrides respectively. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps helped out liberally on chaperoning, while Miss Hinds, Miss Leighterness, Miss Heitsch, Miss Avery and Miss LeRoy finished the roster. All that we Seniors can say in echoing Mr. Buchanan is that "we wish there had been another Freshman sleighride."

* * *

The Lecture Course.

Following their determination to give us the best lecture course yet, the Board of Education presented for our approval, early in the fall, the following numbers and dates: October 17th, the Oratorio Artists; Nov. 6th, Dr. Ng Poon Chew; Nov. 28th, William Jennings Bryan; Jan. 14th, Miss Marie Mayer; March 19th, Miss Myrna Sharlow; May. May Festival.

The first number, given by the Oratorio Artists, proved to be one of the most delightful musical numbers which the lecture course brought forth. With a company composed of five artists of international repute, the quintette favored the audience with a grade of singing seldom heard in Pontiac. Mr. Reed Miller was especially well received.

Dr. Ng Poon Chew, a Chinese journalist and statesman, was the second to appear before us, and his lecture was highly interesting in that it gave an insight into the situation of China at the present time which one can hardly gain from books. A native of China himself, Dr. Chew came to this country at an early age to finish his schooling, and has been called the "Father of Chinese Journalism," because he is said to be the first Chinaman to publish a paper for his countrymen in their own language. His quaint humor was very pleasing and his address was filled with touches of wit which frequently called for much laughter from his hearers.

On November 28th we were treated to a lecture on "Fundamentals," by William Jennings Bryan. Those who do not agree with Mr. Bryan in his political views—and there are many—have never been accused of saying that he has not a wonderful gift for oratory, and those who have once heard him cannot be but impressed by the forceful manner in which he carries his argument without any perceptible effort upon his part. The story is told by a young man who, with his father, went to attend a Democratic mass meeting at which Bryan was to speak. Both father and son were in sympathy with the Republican party. When asked the next day how they liked Bryan the son replied: "Well, when we woke up, we found ourselves on our chairs, cheering

with the rest of the Democrats." And that is just how Mr. Bryan impressed us all. Not that we cheered or did anything like that,—Pontiac audiences rarely become so enthusiastic,—but we did applaud vigorously and let the speaker know that we appreciated his remarks. Mr. Bryan devoted the opening moments of his lecture to a short talk upon the war, following which he launched into his lecture on "Fundamentals." The address was interspersed with anecdotes of his own political career, which kept a spirit of humor alive through the serious parts and dispelled any touch of dullness from the talk.

Miss Marie Mayer was unable to make her appearance at the time she was scheduled, because of the tie-up of trains following the blizzard, but on February 21st, she appeared to keep her engagement. Miss Mayer was the Mary Magdalene of the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1910, and her lecture dealt with the story of that famous presentation of the Divine Agony. She told of how the people, when saved from the ravages of a terrible plague, in the seventeenth century, had pledged themselves to give the Passion Play every tenth year, and of how they have kept their vow until this day. Miss Mayer's vivid personality, with the quaint accent which pervades her speech, endeared her to the audience, and all spoke highly in praise of her work.

Miss Myrna Sharlow, prima donna of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and reputed to be the finest number on the lecture course, lived up to her reputation in every detail. She is possessed of a charming personality, which, together with her pleasing soprano voice, gives her an appearance on the stage which is irresistible. Her program ranged from the old Scotch ballad, "Loch Lomond," to the aria, "One Fine Day," from "Martha." She was accompanied by a violinist and pianist whose work was in every detail in harmony with that of the accomplished vocalist.

As we go to press, plans have not as yet been completed for the May Festival, which it is expected will be given some time during the latter part of that month. It will consist of two evenings' entertainment, the first to be given by the grade school children of the city, and the second to be an opera, "The Bos'un's Bride," given by the members of the high school chorus.

* * *

Lest we forget—that Faculty Basket Ball Game.

Wednesday March 13th, marked the first, and let us hope it will not be the last, public appearance of our well-beloved faculty upon the basket ball floor. The occasion was one which will live long in the memory of the students, and we imagine in more than the memory of the faculty, if we may believe the words of some of the members of their team. It all grew out of the organization of the "Session Room Sluggers," a team which was to wipe up the floor with all comers. They defeated the third team and the "Anti-Sluggers," then turned to the faculty as their next

victim. But alas! Pride goeth before a fall, and such a fall as it was! It was a regular landslide, for the faculty literally snowed them under. It doesn't matter especially what the score was—I've forgotten, to tell the truth, but it was a good big one, for the faculty, and a very small one, for the Sluggers. A band turned out, composed of some of the rather doubtful musicians of the school, and lent noise to the occasion during the intermissions with renditions of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." We fear that the Sluggers imagined before the game started that they would have a cinch. We looked at Mr. Allen's seven feet something, at "Doc" LeFevre's bulk, and were a bit doubtful. Of course, we didn't think anything about the other members of the team—that is, before the game started. Then Referee Todd blew his whistle. We saw Mr. Allen easily tip the ball back to Mr. Phelps, who eluded his man and passed to Coach Rogers, who dropped the ball into the net with no apparent trouble. Then we sat up and took notice. We noticed several things and one of the things we could not help noticing was Mr. Phelps, because wherever we looked, he was there, that is, providing the ball was there too. We never saw anyone who was in quite so many places at once. Mr. Jenner said that he was the fastest man he had seen on the floor this year, and after watching his performance, we agree with him. "Curlie" Auten was reputed to be the best man on the Sluggers' outfit, so Harry Quayle was commissioned to watch him, and "Curlie" never reached for the ball but what he found this insistent Irishman there before him. It certainly wasn't fair, and it got "Curlie" awfully exasperated, you know. He said so himself, and we fear that he told Mr. Quayle so, but not quite in those terms. Harry didn't mind, though, and kept right on the windward side of "Curlie" until the end of the game. We all enjoyed seeing Mr. Dudley and Mr. Travis play, too. The former never misses a chance to allude to his performance, and personally, we think he is just a bit proud of it. Well, we can't blame him, and we hope they'll all get out again next year.

Ye School Calendar.

A Chronology of the Year's Most Important Events.

Sept. 4—School opens with about 500 students reporting.

Sept. 5—First classes. Several of us find it impossible to classify, and the Oakland's receipts are boosted. Thirty-five men turn out for first foot ball practice.

Sept. 7.—We get a day off for the Fair, but the D. U. R. reports no special crowd.

Sept. 10—The Juniors elect Donald Bailey president. "Bud" in a short speech to the session room "is sure that the class has done well in its selection." The Shakespeare Dramatic club organizes for the year and announces the "Taming of the Shrew" as its 1918 offering.

Sept. 11—The Iroquois Debating Club is organized with about fifteen boys in attendance.

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- Sept. 12—The Seniors appoint Donald Fildew president of the class and the “Quiver” board is elected.
- Sept. 20—The Sophomores elect Elizabeth Millis to the presidency of their class. The first girl to hold such an office in the history of Pontiac High.
- Sept. 24—We appoint Donald McGowan Editor-in-Chief of the “Tomahawk.” Harriet Coleman is elected first president of the Girls’ Glee Club. In the third election of the day, Floyd Boardman is made president of the Freshman class.
- Sept. 28—At the largest and finest Freshman reception in the annals of our school, the Freshmen are royally welcomed to our midst with twenty-five gallons of “wonderful” punch.
- Sept. 29—Dort High of Fint becomes a bit careless and sends down some youngsters to open our foot ball season. Our foot ball team was soon tired out piling up 148 points on them, while they failed to count.
- Oct. 4—Guillot attends chapel.
- Oct. 6—Ypsilanti finds that it is out of place so far from home, and is defeated by our foot ball warriors, 62-0.
- Oct. 8—E. Dawson attends her Physics class. E. R. P. registers surprise.
- Oct. 13—We whitewash Monroe, 20-0.
- Oct. 15—J. H. Patterson gives us an interesting talk on the Liberty Loan. We have afternoon chapel, and get out of school an hour early ,in honor of Patriotic Day.
- Oct. 17—The lecture course opens and the Oratorio Artists are well received.
- Oct. 19—The “Black Watch” arrives in town and is the means of procuring us a half holiday.
- Oct. 20—Northern proves a worthy adversary, and holds us to a 7-0 score. Of course, the seven points belonged to us.
- Oct. 27—Central swims to a 14-0 victory over us in a heavy sea on Goldberg Field. Coach Rogers announces that if there are to be any more such encounters, he will teach his team the aquatic art.
- Oct. 29—Burke suddenly gets an “idear” and recites in Physics. Mr. Pluxton is not so lucky and his mark is rounded beautifully.
- Oct. 30—The Girls’ Glee Club entertains us in an excellent concert. They buy two fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds with the proceeds.
- Oct. 31—Lyons learns that “all Fords lead to the hospital.” We enjoy the usual Hallowe’en festivities.
- Nov. 1-2—The teachers start the new month right by attending the Teachers’ Convention at Grand Rapids, thereby netting us a two day vacation.
- Nov. 3—We enjoy a 25-13 victory over Western.
- Nov. 5—A national amendment for Woman Suffrage wins in the first chapel debate of the year. Louis and Stew enjoy the pleasure of calling each other all sorts of names for five minutes, or rather, until Chairman “Chick” rang his bell.
- Nov. 6—We get a good bit of helpful Chinese wisdom from Dr. Ng Poon Chew, in the second number of the High School lecture course.

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- Nov. 10—We enjoy a 32-0 victory over Cass.
- Nov. 12—Mr. Bailey and Miss Hazelton do some exceptionally good work in a difficult scene from “Richard III.” They are subsequently given the leading parts in the “Taming of the Shrew,” the Shakespeare Dramatic Club’s 1918 production.
- Nov. 17—We are 13-0 victors over Ann Arbor.
- Nov. 19—McGowan and Burke collect Tomahawk bills and appear with new shoes. McGowan speaks in chapel. Romeo is avalanched by our seconds, 67-0.
- Nov. 20—The green-eyed monster grasps Messrs. Brace and Ricker by the ears and a fistic encounter ensues, which Referee Guillot claims ended in a draw. We failed to receive “comps” and were not on hand to witness the battle, so our judgment of the result is necessarily withheld. A full rehearsal of the “Scrap of Paper” is held in the auditorium.
- Nov. 22—We entertain “ye citizens” at the annual “Open Night” celebration.
- Nov. 23—McGaffey gets ahead in German III. and wonders “if this is supposed to be 1990.” Our second team finds Birmingham a little the best and is defeated 13-0.
- Nov. 24—Flint slips “one and a goal” on us, which is just enough to make it 7-6 in their favor. Several of our stars eat too much ice cream and are ruled out before the game by Coach Rogers for “direct disobedience to orders.”
- Nov. 26—Steve Jenks comes into his own and refutes his team to a victory on the affirmative side of a “federal inheritance tax amendment” debate. Townsend and Hallack are two able lieutenants in Steve’s camp, while Auten, Phillips and Marentay are the losers. In making one of his strongest points Mr. Auten challenges the school to inform him “just how a man can get drunk without any money.” We fear that we are a bit hazy on this point but would suggest that friends might help out a lot.
- Nov. 27—We enjoy the first meeting of the coming social center work. Director Rogers is optimistic about results.
- Nov. 28—We hold our annual Thanksgiving chapel and dedicate the new steel flag pole on the campus with an impressive ceremony. William Jennings Bryan gives us an excellent address on “Fundamentals.”
- Nov. 29—The graduates show that they are by no means back numbers and we lose our annual alumni game 7-0. Our two days of Thanksgiving vacation begin.
- Dec. 4—Social Center work begins in earnest with about 600 in attendance.
- Dec. 7—Juniors and Seniors distinguish themselves in the “Scrap o’ Paper,” given under the able direction of Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels.
- Dec. 12—We enjoy good “eats” and speeches at the annual football banquet, held in the lunch room. Mr. Dudley as toastmaster retouched several alleged humorous stories of rather uncertain age and also brought forth some brand new ones. William Armstrong is announced as captain of the team for the coming year. “Best o’ luck in 1918, Bill.”
- Dec. 14—We open our basket ball season by defeating Holly.

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45-9. Following the game we “trip the light fantastic” at the annual foot ball ball.

Dec. 17—Morrison Taylor, returned from the war zone, gives us an interesting talk on the ambulance service. “Steve” Jenks and Company take another victory, arguing the affirmative side of the government ownership of railroads. Hallack and Townsend as the “and Company” did much to aid in the victory.

Dec. 21—Christmas chapel and nothing to do until 1918.

Jan. 2—Back to school—the day after New Year’s. Can you beat it?

Jan. 4—On their own floor, Central High slips one over on us, 28-13. Our reserves also meet defeat at the hands of the Centralites, 12-5.

Jan. 10—The Senior class enjoys most everything, including a ten mile dirve, on their annual sleighride, this year at the home of Ethel Lytle, at North Farmington.

Jan. 11—The Juniors try to outdo the Seniors in good times at their sleighride at the home of the “Scott Quintette.”

Jan. 12—Old King Winter has a large day and snows us all up for over Sunday. We are scheduled to have a basket ball contest with Flint, but by 4 P. M. all cars have stopped running and the game is called off.

Jan. 14—Marie Mayer is scheduled to appear on the lecture course, but with poor train service she is unable to be present.

Jan. 18—We return to Eastern, after two years of absence, and just by way of renewing old acquaintance, defeat them by a score of 16-8. And lest we forget it—it is the first time we have ever beaten them on their own floor. The Oakland County Teachers’ Convention meets in Pontiac and we take advantage of the circumstance to have the day off.

Jan. 19—Physical Director Rogers issues the call for boys to attend the opening of his Saturday morning gym classes. About 500 respond.

Jan. 21—We stage what our friends on the “Tomahawk” label a farce debate,” and on the whole, we must say that we agree with them. After a session which lasts for nearly fifteen minutes, the judges finally decide that a debate has been held and also that the decision should go to the affirmative. Donald McGowan, Stewart Beach and Donald McGaffey made up the winning side. “Steve” Jenks, Louis Stempfley, and Clyde Townsend formed the personnel of the losers.

Jan. 23—Examinations begin. Local merchants report an unprecedented sale of “midnight oil.” That brand always seems to be a favorite twice a year.

Jan. 24—We receive a carload of recruits from the eighth grades of the city. Rev. Russell H. Bready, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, delivers their sentence to them with an address filled with the best kind of good advice. More examinations.

Jan. 25—On alien territory, we defeat Western, 10-7. The Sophomores joyously “tip” to the home of Miss Florence Ferrand for their annual sleighride. All report a most enjoyable evening. (We seem to have lost the Freshman

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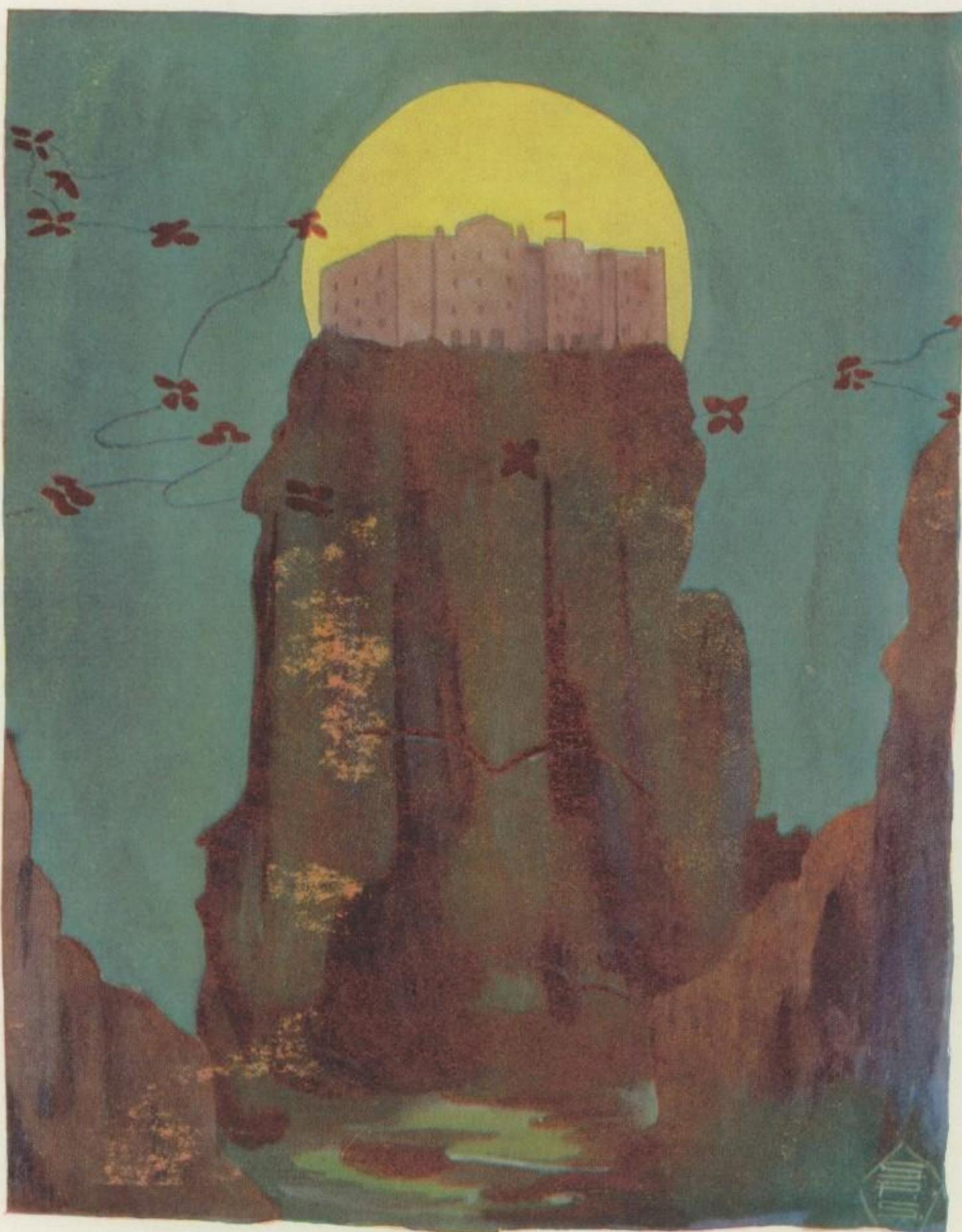
sleighride “somewhere in the shuffle.” We are sure they had one. In fact, we remember Mr. Buchanan telling us confidentially that he had “some large evening.” We think it was about a week back, but we are not quite sure. Anyhow, it happened).

- Jan. 28—We come back to school to start the second semester. We find that the faculty has “encored” a somewhat larger percentage than usual. Can we blame that on the war?
- Feb. 1—We give Cass a beating on our own floor, 30-16.
- Feb. 4—The grade school league opens its season with all teams confident of a victory. The Cramer Smith Trophy is the prize of the year.
- Feb. 8—Messrs. Jenks, Stempfley and Townsend are defeated at New Baltimore in a debate on the subject of government ownership of railroads. Our special representative, Mr. McGowan, who accompanied the team, states that it was a hotly-contested argument and that the Pontiac team deserves considerable credit. We journey to Birmingham en masse to give the high school there a good trimming. The first team starts it and finds it is not quite so good as it had expected. The second team finishes up the contest and the final score finds us on the long end of a 31-8 count. We find an interesting sleet performance being staged by the weather man, upon emerging from the gymnasium, but after waiting for the best part of an hour and a half for a car, we “just slip home.”
- Feb. 9—We show Lansing some real basket ball, defeating them, 19-14. The game was by no means easy, and the Capital City boys put up a good argument during the entire contest.
- Feb. 13—with Ash Wednesday, some of us find it necessary to cut out various pleasures.
- Feb. 14—An enterprising member of our student body “pages” Mr. Dudley in chapel by the means of a clock, an electric bell, and two dry cells. The “infernal machine” is concealed under the stage and causes quite a bit of excitement.
- Feb. 15—Central hands us our second beating of the year, this time by a score of 23-13.
- Feb. 21—We are given an interesting lecture by Miss Marie Mayer, on the Passion Play.
- Feb. 22—Washington’s Birthday and special chapel exercises. following which we get the day off. Some of us decide to take it without permission and a liberal crop of “cannings” follows the festivities. We defeat Ann Arbor, 15-11.
- Feb. 25—Sleuth Dudley affixes the guilt of the “paging” business upon Mr. Robertson, who receives two weeks’ vacation. Why, Gray!
- March 1—The Orchard Lake high school finds us a little the best and is defeated by a score of 18-11.
- March 4—Tubbs is canned again.
- March 8—We defeat Northern on local territory by a score of 18-11.
- March 13—We are treated to the greatest exhibition of basket ball of the year when the Faculty defeats the Session Room Sluggers.

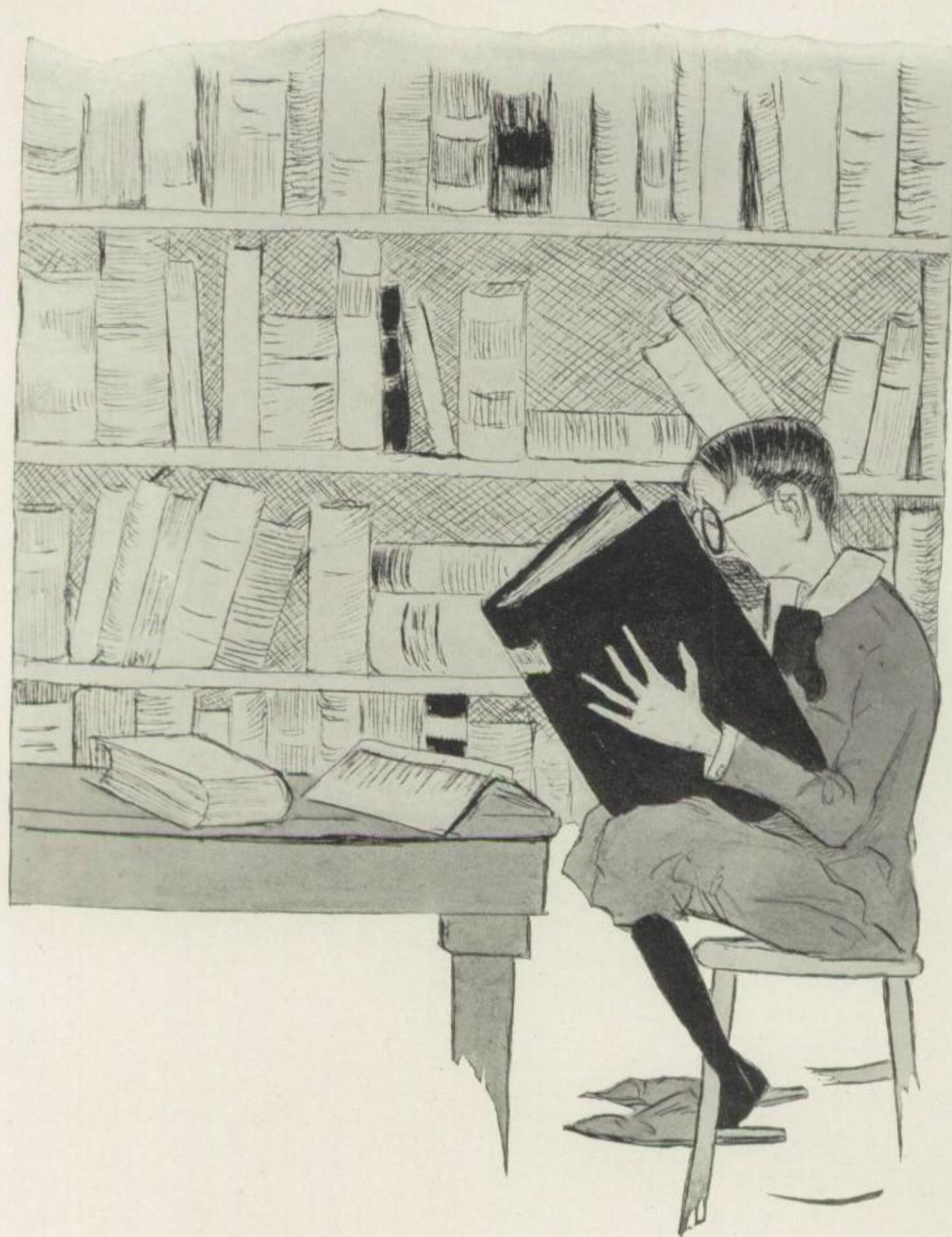
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- March 14—We notice several limps from the direction of the stars of the "Dudley's Dubs," as the Faculty supporters name their team.
- March 15—We take Ypsilanti's measure to the tune of 22-15.
- March 16—Practice for "The Taming of the Shrew" is held in the evening.
- March 19—We hear some exceptional singing when Miss Myrna Sharlow appears on the lecture course. She brings an accomplished violinist and pianist with her to make the evening more enjoyable.
- March 20—Dress rehearsal is held for "The Taming of the Shrew."
- March 21—The Shakespeare Dramatic Club presents "The Taming of the Shrew," under the supervision of Miss Blanche Avery. It is pronounced a great success by all who witness it.
- March 23—We close our basket ball season by defeating Western, 22-15.
- March 25—Old King Winter gets a bit mixed up and slips us some wonderful spring weather. And oh, what a temptation to play "hookey." Of course we did not yield to temptation. Why? Well, because just about this time we got our spring vacation.
- March 31—Our old friend, March, leaves us in the most approved "lamb" fashion.
- April 1—Back to the grind again.
- April 4—Guillot attends another chapel.
- April 6—Some patriotic member of our assembly gives our friend, the deer, a coat of orange and black paint. The culprit has not yet been apprehended.
- April 8—Monday finds a goodly percentage of the school's enrollment absent with the prevailing "influenza." We fear that some of our worthy friends find Detroit an excellent place to recuperate.
- April 11—Mr. Dudley joins the ranks of the absent.
- April 12—The "QUIVER" goes to press.





DREAM OF THE CLASS OF 1914



Literary



ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Lieutenant Chester L. Sherwood, Imperial Royal Flying Corps.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a series of extracts from letters written by Lieutenant Sherwood, now in action "somewhere in France," to friends in this city. This will explain why, in some parts of the article, the paragraphs do not seem to connect with each other. The author, though not a graduate of the Pontiac high school, was a student here for some time and is remembered by many of us.]

(At School in Canada.)

I have done nothing but copy notes and write letters today. Oh, yes, I have, too. I ate three man-sized meals. We sure do feed well and have fine quarters here. I am with three Montreal men and we have a suite of three rooms. It is awfully hot and humid here. On parade the sweat trickles down one's back. Honestly, it fills these boots so full that it oozes out.

We don't have many high times, lack capital, but will soon get better pay. There are a great many men here who will never get through. After getting to camp they discard about six out of ten men. Hope I will not be one of the unfortunates. One man came up to our rooms to visit yesterday. Nerves gone and trying to get a discharge. He likes to go up for joy rides, but as soon as he touches the stick (control) his nerves go. Some men never get a plane off the ground.

We had a grand fight here a few nights ago. Men from east residence tried to raid us in revenge for a hazing party. They wore helmets and coats. Came in force at 1 A. M. We were soon out, clothed for the most part in pajamas. Personally, was clothed in a wrist watch. We have many trophies such as helmets, etc. They don't accept our invitations to come again.

I am now in the school of Aerial Gunnery. It is certainly a great satisfaction to be able to put your machine in any conceivable position and feel that it is so much a part of you that you have only to will it in any other position and it is there. All of

the stunts have lost their thrill except when you can take some one else up and make them wish they were on solid ground again. Stunts, however, are quite thrilling to spectators. Yesterday a fine chap crashed. He did not know anything since coming through a cloud at five thousand feet. Leg broken in two places. He was fortunate. Men are with us today, and tomorrow we hear of them crashing some place within sixty or seventy miles of camp, or see them coming down on the aerodrome. When you see a machine crash and cannot find a whole piece in it, but the pilot lives, then see another fall a few hundred feet, making pulp of the pilot, you wonder why, or by what miracle.

I went out to camp yesterday to make my farewell flight. The only thing the O. C. (Officer in Charge) asked me was that I go up just a little higher than usual, as Lord Welsley was about. It was queer, but the day had been dull and rainy up to that time. When I started climbing, the sun began to shine. I stunted over the aerodrome for forty-five minutes (my farewell to my pet machine) and then came down. When I landed the sun went under and it rained the rest of the day. Many congratulated me, and some of the mechanics said I was "bound to break my bloody neck." I am practically finished now, except for aerial gunnery. My commission comes then, and after that I know not what.

* * *

(At a school in this country after being commissioned.)

I just thought I was working before. Now I work from daylight until dark. Have greater privileges, of course, but we work every day. Sunday I had to take charge of the whole squadron. Had a good day, without a crash. Speaking of crashes, I had my first yesterday. One of my cadets, a wooden head, froze onto the control like death. I was teaching him landings. Made a rotten one and couldn't shake him loose in time to save the machine. Lost a propellor and under carriage. Earlier in the day, while I was talking with a cadet, another one came bowling along from behind and landed on my machine. Enough for one day, what?

The petrol we use here is just like coal oil. Awful stuff. The mechanics have a steady job cleaning the jets. Spark plugs are no good, either. I came down the other day with four broken plugs.

* * *

(Written especially for the "Quiver".)

You ask me for an article on my experiences in the Royal Flying Corps, but I will not consider my work anything of interest until I have brought down a few Huns. Nevertheless, the following may be of interest to you.

The process by which pilots are turned out will possibly be of interest. I believe it is usually thought that a man needs only to know how to fly to qualify as a military pilot. This is far from correct. A pilot must first be able to use several types of machine guns. To use his gun effectively, he must be so familiar with it that he can take it apart and assemble it in the dark, as well as to instantly diagnose and remedy any trouble which may present itself. He must know the speed of his own machine, judge the speed of the enemy plane, the distance and the angle

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at which it will cross his line of fire. These factors have to be instantly and accurately estimated. The success of the pilot depends as much on his efficiency with the gun as on the way he maneuvers his machine.

The camera plays a very important part in aerial warfare, and every pilot must know it thoroughly. On his accuracy with it many lives depend. Often a machine is sent up to photograph a position while a whole battalion is waiting for the map which will be made from this picture. The speed with which these pictures are made is almost incredible. The time which elapses from the departure of the machine and the moment the map is placed in the hands of the commanding officer is a matter of minutes alone.

Then there is the wireless. Every pilot must be an expert wireless operator. Gun fire is directed by this means. He must observe the distance and direction from the target the shells burst and send corrections accurately. This work must be carried on with anti-aircraft shells bursting all about the machine.

Bomb-dropping is also very important. Every pilot must know how to drop bombs. This seems simple enough to the layman, but it is far from being easy. In this, many factors have to be considered. Bombs cost too much money to be dropped at random.

When men enlist in the cadet wing of the Royal Flying Corps, they are first sent to a ground school, where they are taught the theory of things pertaining to aerial warfare. Then they are sent to an elementary squadron, where they are taught to fly. After they have completed a certain number of hours solo flying, they are given tests which bring them all up to a certain standard of efficiency before they commence the higher training. On completing these tests, they are posted to another training squadron, to learn the use of the wireless in the air, to take photographs, to read ground signals, and to learn how to drop bombs. After this work is satisfactorily completed, they are sent through the school of aerial gunnery, where they get the use of machine guns in the air. Here they are given fighting practice and shoot at towed targets. After completing this course, a stiff examination decides whether the cadet shall be given a commission or not.

GASSED.

Kenneth W. Gardner, '16

GRANDEMONT TANSEY, who was young, longed for the thrills of adventure, the love of woman, the powerful mastery of handicaps. But he was one of that vast army of human workers doomed to eke out an existence in clerkship, serving others, not for the wholesome joy of service of fellow men, but because of an immediate and imperative need of lodging, raiment, and food. Grandemont Tansey happened to clerk in a drug store, which fact detracts nothing from the tale of his test, and adds much to it.

His very name bespeaks the nature of the slender youth as he knew himself. The Grandemont of him was the gallant

knight of old, slaying monstrous, snorting dragons as they were about to disgorge castle walls and consume his beloved; Tansey was the whimsical, likeable, timid, and utterly inadequate little clerk working out his life according to the plan of others, namely, his boss. Grandemont represented what he pictured himself in his own Utopia; Tansey was what he seemed to others.

And so we find Tansey thus engaged in April, when the great commonwealth took its historic stand against autocratic rule and prepared to risk its own very existence in support of national and international righteousness.

To Tansey this momentous decision of the governmental fathers of a hundred million persons was at first incapable of digestion. No previous thought had called upon Tansey's mind for a picture so vast and terrifying as that of his own powerful nation engaged in mortal conflict. Soon, dazedly, his mentality began to ask what it could, would, mean to him—to Grandemont Tansey, a mere clerk in a homely drug store, who lived a peaceful and uneventful existence in the harmless way of all other Tanseys.

The youth's chivalrous nature took a brace at the prospect of myriad new channels for gratification of his romantic longings. Hour upon hour, after his comfortable supper at his boarding house was done, he revolved inwardly glowing pictures of skirmishes, advances, through shell-torn hostile spaces, naturally imagining himself in the most exacting places and in scenes of greatest danger. Tansey's vivid visions might have seemed strangely abstract had he paused to consider what concrete steps lay between his present circumstances and the soul-making epics of his dreams.

Always at the climaxes of these ethereal periods there entered a thought, still more entrancing. And Mary Peers, elusive daughter of the mistress of his boarding place, seemed always involved. If she wasn't the appreciative nurse back at the field hospital to whose competency Tansey's welfare was entrusted when he was brought in after one of his colorful encounters, Mary was present in some other capacity equally as advantageous for a proper understanding of his nobler instincts.

All this in the secure quietude of Tansey's upstairs room, where the fertile plains of the youth's imagination were easier of conquest than those of the scrutinizing, calculating world. Once he even dreamed she had waited for him when he came in after dark, and he had kissed her, in the dark of the hallway.

For to know Tansey of the drug store, Tansey of the boarding house, one was almost required to know him in his sly admiration of Mary. Every covert glance he furtively cast toward her chair at dinner table, every confused, hesitating remark he dared to venture in her presence, betrayed the degree of confidence with which a Florida senator might beseech congress for a contract to furnish ice for army camps. Tansey boldly imagined himself a passionate Romeo, thrilling his Juliet with irresistible epithets of love. And he blushed every time he said good morning to Mary at the breakfast table. Yet so real to him were his dreams that poor Tansey even began to save money!

The youth was tongue-tied and scarlet of face before the angel whom he adored and vainly longed to rescue, clasp, comfort, and subdue.

Grandemont Tansey moodily rested his elbows on the glass show case in front of him. His face dropped into the upturned palms of his hands as if guided by habit. It was in the quiet of late afternoon and visitors to the drug store had been few for the last half hour. The proprietor had long since left. Probably by this time he was eating supper with his family, thought Grandemont, while he, only a clerk, was gloomily existing at his tasks until the other should return and release him for the evening. For Tansey was allowed every other evening off—every other evening in which he might betake himself speedily to his boarding house in the ecstatic hope that this might be one of those rare occasions when Mary, ever popular with other boarders, lacked an engagement. "Perhaps—" he mused, "perhaps—I might—"

"Will you fill this with chloroform right away, please?" Tansey started guiltily, and looked up. It was an accustomed patron of the store, one of the town's few physicians, who spoke, and Tansey felt more comfortable. To have been caught idly dreaming by an acquaintance was less condemning to him, anyway. "Yes, surely," he replied, as he accepted the glass container and started toward the rear of the store. What would Mary say if she knew he had been so engrossed in thoughts of her that he had allowed a customer to enter the store unseen and unheard, he wondered.

Tansey was conscientious, if not bold.

Absently he found the chloroform, filled the bottle, and pushed the larger one back on the prescription desk, out of the way, there to remain temporarily until he returned the smaller to its owner. The change placed in the physician's hands, Tansey returned to the desk and, carefully wiping the neck of the bottle, partly to pass the time and partly from habit, he set it down again. Then he reached for the wiping cloth to put it away and as he drew it from the desk—shucks! he'd left the bottle on it and there it went, stopper out, rolling and spilling its contents all over the desk. Tansey grasped for it. Luck helped him for once and he caught it before it struck the floor. Nasty mess. Probably take the varnish off the desk. "Old man'll think I'm getting clumsy," he said to himself. So he cleaned it up right away and thought nothing further of it. This was his night off, and Mary might be home when he arrived.

"Ho there, Grandy. Where away?" a cheerful voice hailed him. Tansey looked up.

"Hello, Buzz," he replied. "Just on my way home to supper." Then to himself, "That won't tell him that Mary might be home."

"Oh, I see. Hurrying along because pretty little Mary's waiting for you at the door with a kiss, eh?" bantered the other. Tansey flushed. "Better pass her up tonight and come on over to finish off that pool game with the boys. You can eat downtown."

Tansey hesitated. Buzz had evidently guessed his purpose, all right. Maybe he'd better just have a game or so to put them off the track, and then he could hurry up to the house only a little late. Still—

"Oh well, all right," he finally acquiesced.

One game passed. Then two, three, and four. Tansey put up his cue. Buzz glanced up and with a smile of mock wisdom turned to the others of the group circumventing the green expanse. "Well, for the love o' Mike, old Grandy's so far gone on Mary Peers' yellow curls that he quits the bunch to go home to her in the middle of the evening." The rest laughed loudly, feigning astonishment.

The Grandemont in Tansey rose to the fore. Here was one chance to show them. "Oh, well, if you fellows think you know so much about my affairs, I'll show you how far off you are by sitting here, without playing a single game the rest of the evening. How's that?"

The others took the challenge. "All right. Fine. Go to it!" they cried, delighted to see the embarrassment written in crimson on the timid youth's face.

So Grandemont found a chair in a corner of the smoky billiard room and thrust himself into it with an unmistakable air of determination such as seldom marked his movements. Wonderingly he thought of his quick-spoken words; he had even clenched his teeth as he spoke them. Did they signify the birth of a new courage in his almost cringing nature? Would he have any more strength to speak a wholesome "good morning" to Mary tomorrow? For he had in that one brief instant sentenced himself to allow one free evening to pass without going home in the vain hope that Mary might lack an engagement, might even honor him with a delirious game of checkers, as she had once done. True, he reflected sadly, that one game had been suggested by Mary's mother.

Before he sat down Tansey had not noticed how smoke-filled was the room. Now it seemed to him that great, overwhelming billows of blue tobacco smoke swept toward him, obscuring the lights and making indistinct the figures moving about the tables at the farther end of the room. Then his thoughts wandered again to the sudden display of temper which had brought about his enforced idleness for the rest of the evening. His chin dropped to his chest, his half-closed eyes sought the floor as he mused. Would it be possible that he might nurse the feeble flame of spirit that had flickered momentarily till it could rival the fire of his ardor, which he dared not, could not, bring to expression in cold words? His head sank lower on his chest.

The evening successfully finished, successful insofar as Tansey had allayed suspicions concerning his apparent intentions in going home, Tansey rose and started to his room. But that newborn hope of strength to free his fettered tongue would not away. Glory of glories—was it to be that he could bring himself to speak what was in his heart?

It was with one foot upraised contemplating the first of the steps leading to the home of his Mary, that Grandemont Tansey begot his Inspiration. Long in coming, the big thought crystallized swiftly in his mind once it had conquered stubborn inertia.

He would enlist! That was it.. Then he could be Tansey Grandemont, the friendly, likeable warrior, known for his prowess instead of whimsical traits. His country needed men, too. Every circumstance seemed to conform itself to his dashing plan. When other men in the boarding house were twitting with Mary, or boldly taking her to the motion pictures, he

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would be commanding her secret admiration with his noble deeds in war. And then, afterward—but it was too soon for that just now.

"Ever had pains from your eyes?" It was the last question of a long list the navy recruiting surgeon asked of Tansey. "No, sir," he allowed respectfully, plainly awed by the amazing skill of this uniformed man who seemed to know all about the human body and its accustomed frailties.

"All right, then, I guess you'll do. Ready to leave?"

"Y—Yes—sir." Tansey hadn't thought before to consider that he would have to leave the Peers' happy circle to do his fighting. This was a new phase. But it was too late now to falter. It was disconcerting, nevertheless.

And so it came to pass that some months later Tansey, or rather Grandemont, was aboard the Dauntless as a seaman in the service of his country. The good little destroyer was on patrol duty, protecting invaluable cargoes of food crossing the Atlantic to sustain our Allies until the Great Nation could supplement food shipments with thousands upon thousands of trained fighters.

Darkness came with a vengeance that night. The cold, piercing gray of the afternoon settled into utter blackness that engulfed everything. No lights visible aboard ship—no sounds save the droning throb of the powerful turbines and the heavy swish of seas that swept the decks as the destroyer dove, rolled and plowed onward.

"Rough night," shivered the retiring watch as Tansey came on to relieve him.

"Yeah." The voice rose strongly from the depths of a great slicker that seemed almost to be drawn over the head of the speaker. Little time to be wasted, though, in converse here. A man's job was there in the short hours of his watch, Tansey knew. Grimly he secured the knot in the stout line that had cheated storming crests of other nights of their human prey when the black sea had seemingly tried to smother the whole craft.

Dark minutes passed, unbroken save by the wearing drive of the waves in their prolongation of the age-old battle between man and the elements. The Dauntless plunged and tossed, her decks now high, now awash. It would seem for an instant that she could not drive on, would simply be twisted and rent asunder by the huge waves. But always her nose poked out of one rest, quivering, ready to attack the next and rejoicing in the contest.

Suddenly Tansey was caught, braced and secured as he was, unable to resist the onswell of many feet of roaring waters. He felt as though the Dauntless had gone down under his feet. Overboard he went, his line snapped as though a frail cord.

How long he was able to keep afloat in the raging sea Tansey never knew. It seemed countless ages to him. He was weakening rapidly, tired almost to utter exhaustion, because of the terrific battering he had received on the ship and the weight of the heavy clothing that now was a stone about his neck. Darkness still guarded the tragic situation jealously. The Dauntless had probably held it necessary for her existence to bear on without endangering the rest of her crew to pause in a superhuman

search for one man, if indeed they had even missed him, yet.

Tansey felt, rather than saw, a gigantic billow about to break upon him. Weakly, dumbly, he raised one hand above his head as though to ward off a blow. His fingers touched a cold, hard object. His puzzled brain was too dazed to comprehend, but his fingers joyfully closed over it. The crash came before he gained it for his own. He gasped as if for his very life's breath and struggled to open his eyes to pierce the blackness and learn what had struck him.

He gasped weakly again.

There before him he saw a dense maze of tobacco smoke. At his feet a billiard cue rolled noisily along the floor, while a group of young men who looked familiar stood rollicking with laughter, gazing at him.

Tansey felt a sharp pain in his neck. He stroked it reflectively. His mind rebelled at consecutive operation. Slowly he began to piece together such fragmentary recollections as came to him. He recalled that he had intended to go home—Mary was there; then he'd entered a game of pool with the fellows who stood laughing there like monkeys; that he had vowed to sit in the billiard hall until it closed. H-m-m. He must have dozed off, the tobacco smoke was pretty thick, anyway.

"Come on, Grandy. Through with your nap yet?" It was the joking Buzz who spoke. "You must have been put to sleep by a hold-up man. Got all your money in your pockets?"

"Put to sleep." The strain shook Tansey from his lethargy. Sure enough. That was it. The chloroform he spilled in the drug store. He had probably inhaled more than he thought for and didn't notice it while he was in the cool evening air outside. He gazed ruefully at the cue on the floor. In the intensity of his recent immersion in the icy Atlantic he had raised a hand and loosed the cue from the rack on the wall over his head.

Somewhat shamefacedly Tansey rose, replaced the cue, and went out. Separating himself from the crowd at his corner, he turned his face homeward, his romantic nature fired by his exploit in the realm of grisly men and boiling seas. Though only a dream, it stirred him to depths unknown before. Surely his courage had received nourishing stimulus from his venture, enough to put him on a plane with real men hereafter.

His muscles still cramped and his neck stiff, he was re-living parts of his drama as he mounted the steps of the Peers home and grasped the door. Then caution urged him to be more quiet, lest he wake Mary.

Very faint, a slight rustle in the front room off the hallway, escaped Tansey's notice as he silently struggled to close the resisting door after him. A nervous, feminine finger reached for the lamp on the table and turned the burning wick lower instead of higher, in its nervousness. Tansey turned to ascend to his room, but a sound at the doorway of the front room made him hesitate. His heart bounded miles and miles upward.

There stood Mary, more lovely than ever, low-burning lamp in hand.

"How dare you stamp about so noisily at this hour of the night when I was trying to sleep?" she asked, a very red lip lowering just a trifle. Her own room was on the second floor.

"I—, well—er—". Tansey faltered. Visions of his earlier

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courage flitted past his rapidly clouding intellect.

Dangerously near the trembling point, a nervous, feminine finger reached toward the lamp and turned the low-buring flame wholly out, instead of higher, in its nervousness. Tansey was in a panic.

He turned helplessly toward the place where the lamp had been. The darkness was as jet. Tansey's knees cried out for strength.

A dainty warm hand fumbled at his sleeve, then slipped down to his hand, quite as if by chance, as one might seek guidance in the dark.

"Are you there, Tansey?" It was Mary's most beautiful voice that he heard, floating to his ears over miles of troubrous black waters.

There was a delicate feminine, expectant cough. Tansey trembled almost audibly.

"I—I—er—think—I—have," Tansey drew a desperate breath, "have—another—match."

He had. His eager fingers hastily lighted the wick, not yet cold. And Tansey fled to his room as if pursued, there to dream of stealing a kiss from a golden haired maid with red, red lips.

SOLDIERS OF DAWN.

Ethel Leighterness.

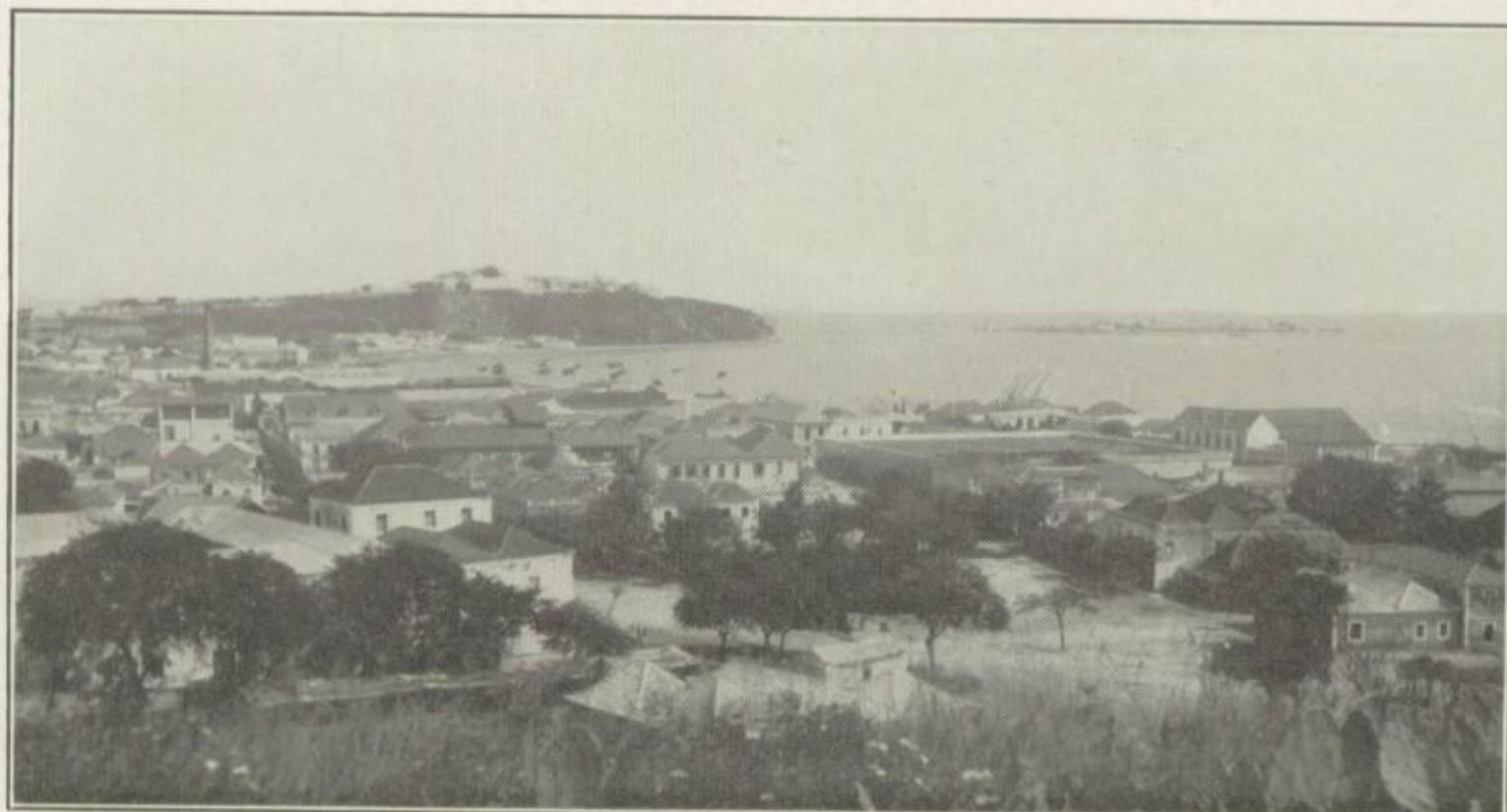
Out from the meadows and the glens,
Out from the sheltered mountain side,
Across the rivers, thro the woods,
They come in all their manly pride,
Soldiers of dawn, marching away,
Out of the dark into the day.

No dream of conquest fills their souls,
No hope of vain pride's golden store,
No fear for what the morrow holds,
The night of selfishness is o'er.
Soldiers of dawn, the shadows past,
Lo! Comes the light of day at last!

They hear the call of men oppressed,
They see the light in children's eyes
Die out in pain.—Across the wastes
Of Flanders rings a mother's cries.
And life and hope are dying there
In France, the noble and the fair.

They swear allegiance to no king
Except their God who bids them go,
They bow before no scepter grim,
They march, like men, to meet the foe.
Upon their faces shines the light
Of holy purpose and of right.

So on the roads of Picardy
They throng with eager, willing feet,
And life is sweet this spring-time day,
But death they do not fear to meet.
They fight to set all nations free,
To save the world for liberty!



A Voyage to Angola.

Ruth Quine McBride.

ANGOLA, with its area of 484,700 square miles, is thus considerably larger than Texas and California, our two largest states, combined. It has a population of over 4,000,000 inhabitants, and probably Americans know far less of it than of any other colony of equal size in the world. It is Portugal's largest possession and Angola is, incidentally, about fourteen times larger than its mother country.

We started on our journey of exploration in this vast section of West Africa from Lisbon and well do we remember our arrival at the quay, which was crowded with people, all bustling about in the excitement of departure. We pushed our way to the gang plank and were soon on board the "Loanda," a very aged 3,000 ton steamer already filled with many varied and curious types, making up the passenger list of a tropic-bound vessel. There were Portuguese soldiers in their poorly-made, blue-grey cotton uniforms, officers with their trim, red-bound caps, traders of every size and color, and here and there, a motherly-looking Portuguese woman with her pretty, dark-eyed, olive-complexioned children. The steamer pulled out into the bay after many painfully tearful leave-takings, and there we had our first view of Lisbon from the water and found considerable justice in the expression "a second Naples." The trip down the Tagus passed rapidly and the steamer was soon out in the Atlantic, with her nose turned southward. We touched at beautiful Madeira, spent two interesting days among the Cape Verde Islands with their hot, barren mountains, slowly passed the shores of Sierra Leone and Liberia, dimly visible on the horizon, left piles of boxes, crates and barrels on the Island of Sao Thome, on the Equator, and, incidentally, took on board about 200 half-naked blacks—Sevicaes—who had been working on the cocoa plantations and were being repatriated to the Colonies from which they had been recruited. This addition to our passenger list was, though interesting in the extreme, of doubtful value to our com-

fort. The vessel was small and so, during the four days from Sao Thome to Loanda, it was difficult to promenade on the decks where our new arrivals sat in groups during the day and stretched out flat at night.

Thus it was natural that on the morning of the twenty-fifth day on board, we were glad indeed when the Captain announced that St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, would be sighted within a few hours. Having expected to see the dim line of land on the horizon gradually emerge into beautiful hanging palms and other brilliant green verdure, it was somewhat disappointing, as the ship drew nearer, to find cliffs almost as high as those of Dover stretching along as far as the eye could see and not beautifully white like the English cliffs, but a dark, sandy-looking red which seemed to spell blazing sun and malarial fever—almost devoid of vegetation.

The steamer slowly entered the large bay of Loanda, formed on one side by terra firma, and on the other by a long, narrow sand pit, which makes the port entirely calm. On this long, narrow island, were three or four little white buildings and a group or two of drooping palm trees, which were the only outward indication that we were in the tropics. Going around to the other side of the steamer we had our first view of the town Loanda and after the disappointing aspect of the coast along which we had been running, were pleasantly surprised. Vanished the pictures we had conjured up of a little jungle own with mud houses and thatched roofs—we saw a charming city of some 36,000 souls, with the white, pink, yellow and green business blocks, all with red-tiled roofs, lined along the water front, and behind them, on surrounding elevations, the smaller residential houses—much like Portuguese seaport towns the world over.



The steamer anchored and the Portuguese "Medico," customs officers and others came out to us in row boats. We bundled our belongings and ourselves into one of the many boats that came alongside and were soon making for the pier at a good rate with four brawny half-naked blacks tugging at the oars.

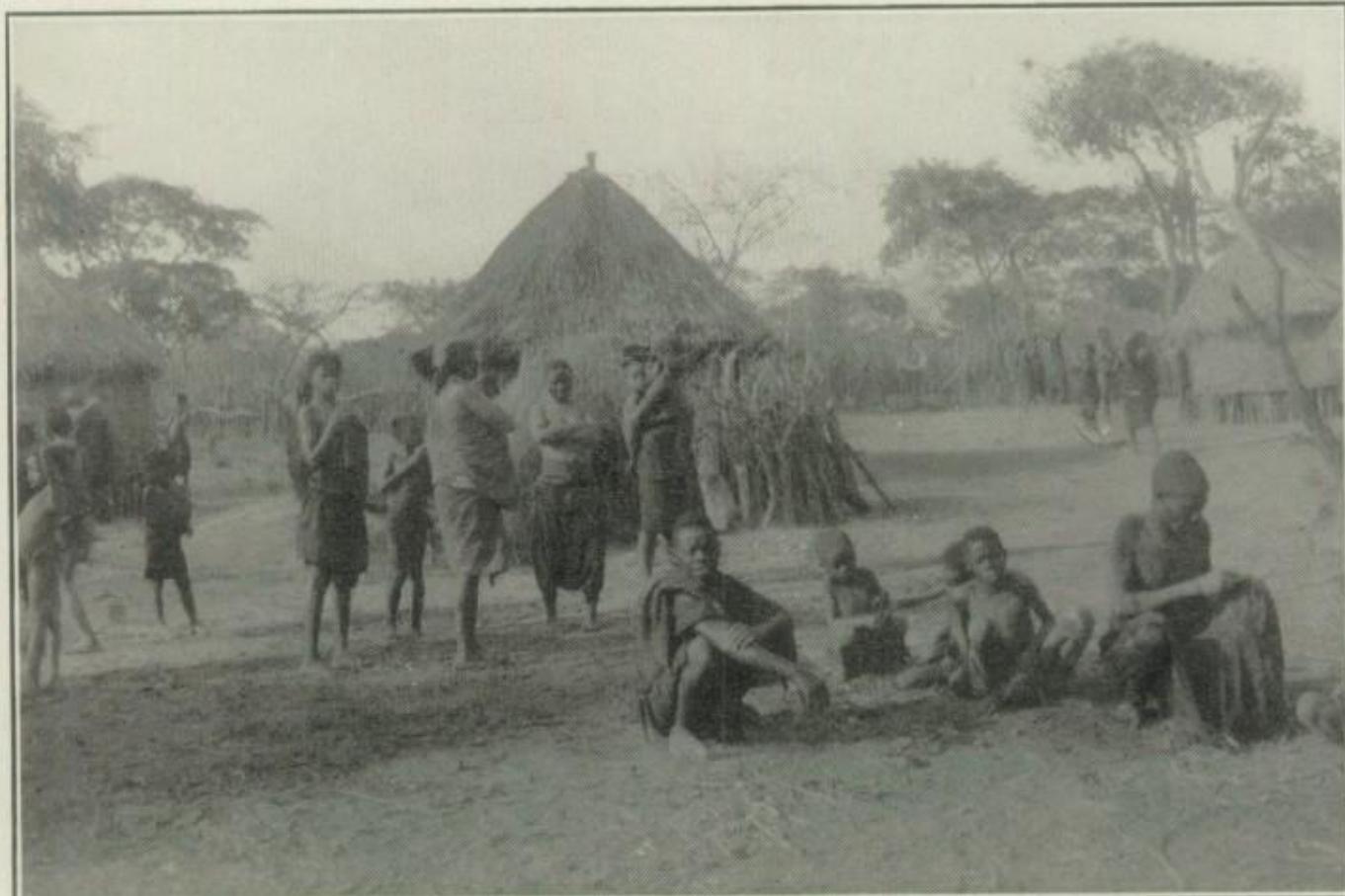
Arrived at the pier, our luggage was taken into the white-washed customs house and the officers kindly chalk-marked the trunks, after which we were free to go forth into the town; so we impressed the services of ten strong natives, each of whom took a load on his head, and were off in single file through the well-paved streets to the little Hotel Areas. The "patron" met us with politeness and showed us to our room—comfortably, if barely furnished, with its mosquito-netted bed.

Later we went for a promenade and found considerable truth in a Portuguese writer's summary of Loanda, which he claimed to be the finest town in West Africa—wide streets, well laid out, lined with attractive-looking shops and comparing favorably with any European town of equal size. We were struck, of course, by the natives, who were everywhere—some dressed in white duck, after the fashion of Europeans, but the majority whose costume would require extremely brief description. The native women wore a large square piece of brightly-colored cotton print in stripes and odd designs coming down to their ankles, wrapped around them, and the corners tucked in under the arms, leaving their copper-colored shoulders bare. Through the center of the town and parallel with the coast, runs the Rua Salvador Correa, about half-a-mile in length. This is the principal promenade, and it is worthy of the name, with its broad paved surface and wide walks down the center and on both sides, lined with small palms. Here were to be seen several carriages with fine horses and the half-dozen automobiles of which Loanda is justly proud—and two of them were American cars which had found their way this far off the beaten paths of trade. In front of one of the most modern-looking stores we saw a large sign "Machina de Escrivir Remington," and opposite, in a drug store of which any city might be proud, we noticed that the "productas farmaceuticas de Parke, Davis & Ca." might be had. We made a small purchase in another store—an American fountain pen which cost 2\$750 (2,750 reis) but in "real money" only about \$2.00, and imagine our surprise when the sale was rung up on a National Cash Register! all of which goes to bring up only more fully the interesting romance of trade.

Our meals in the garden of the hotel were a source of much conjecture, but any passing fears were soon allayed when our little bare-footed black boy, M'-ita, came up showing his white teeth in a winning smile and told us in good Portuguese what he had to offer. Delicious vegetable soup, strange fish caught by native women only an hour before in curious basket nets made by themselves, meat and chicken, salad and olive oil, and last "la fruta"—bananas picked from the "patron's" trees, luscious mangoes, with their faint but agreeable suspicion of a turpentine taste, oranges and pineapples, all gathered on or near the premises. M'-ita, who came from Landana, showed us a clever way to manage the mangoes without the immediate necessity of visiting the bath tub—they are so much more slippery than cling-stone peaches.

A delightful drive during our stay took us up to the "ciudad alta," where there are pleasant residences of painted stone with iron railings across the open windows, and a pretty plaza with a statute of the restorer of Angola—General Salvador Correa. On one side of the plaza is the long two-storied "palacio" of the Governor-General, and other government buildings. Still far-

ther around the crescent-shaped heights is the extensive hospital of Maria Pia, impressively located in ample grounds—a modern institution where both Europeans and natives are cared for. Coming down the other side are the fine buildings of the American Mission and the nearly completed church, built entirely by converted natives—the first Protestant church to be built in the Colony.



Along the sea front we discovered another church almost sunken in the sand, so old that it cannot be used. The bell still hangs in its little open archway of stone, and the date inscribed over the door is 1647, a momento of days when the Dutch sent out an expedition and conquered the Colony. They held it from 1641 to 1648, when it reverted to the Portuguese. At this time the country had its certain sinister importance because of the fact, as the histories tell us, about fifteen thousand slaves had been annually exported thence to Portuguese Brazil. Going back still further for the explanation of this thriving old world town so far from the other parts of the civilized world, it is found that Diego Cam first explored the coast in 1486 and that Loanda was founded in 1578.

Altogether we spent three months in Angola and made some interesting excursions into the interior where, within an hour from the seacoast towns, one finds almost unexplored tropical jungle, with occasionally a typical native village, often dirty and squalid, with its little bamboo or mud huts. Every day we made fresh discoveries in this West African land, and now that we look back upon it, we feel the fascination of the “Silent Coast”—having already forgotten the fever, the mosquitos, the torrents of rain and other disagreeable things, and remembering only the bright sun, the green palms, the cheerful pattering of native feet, and the laughing faces of the little pickaninnies.

When Spirits Walked.

Kirby Ingoldsby, '17

"**J** TELL you, she's a find! She's the best medium in the city!
Why she—!"

"Now, Norman, don't get excited. You know we've canvassed the situation thoroughly and we should have some one, but not this new and untried girl."

"You're both wrong! We can be our own mediums. Each of us can communicate with the spiritual world if we know how to put ourselves in a receptive mood."

"But we don't know how!"

"How can we learn?"

A babel of tongues descended on Mrs. Mann's library, where the Psychic Research Society was holding its weekly meeting. It was a pretty room, and looked very real and homelike; not at all an abiding place for spooks or spooky things. The only illumination came from the big fireplace, and lighted up the faces in the circle about the hearth. Mrs. Mann was a slight pretty woman, with dark hair, and eyes so youthful that one would never guess she was the mother of three grown girls. Her husband was a big man, whose twinkling blue eyes and ruddy cheeks belied his curly white hair, and stamped him as fifty years young.

The man addressed as Norman was a steel gray man, whose speech and manner were both abrupt. One would think him a New York stock broker, rather than a delver into the mystic. His wife was like him—gray of hair, gray of eyes, gray of clothes.

Next came Mr. and Mrs. Graham, seeking solace in communication with their only son, killed "somewhere in France."

Of the others in this group, two were looking for romance; one was only interested in the scientific side of the question; and one young man was mostly interested in holding communication with the three daughters of the house.

The latter's eye continually wandered to the place on the wall from whence three lovely pictured faces gazed down at him. First came Margaret, sweet and serious; Maude the magnificent; Martha the mischievous. Ah! if they would only grace these meetings, there would be no need of communicating with another world. Such thoughts as these floated through young Alan Henderson's mind when he should have listened to the discussion of the relative merits of the various mediums.

The Grahams wanted immediate action. They wished to hold a seance with the medium at once. In fact, they proposed to go to her instantly. Others wished to wait and verify reports. The studies for the evening were forgotten, because each club member seemed possessed with the desire to have some action on this particular evening. Professor Norman wished to experiment with calling up the spirits themselves. He had a book, which described the process of a trance completely. Finally, he prevailed, and the difficulty of getting someone susceptible enough began. Each one wished to try, but it was Mrs. Mann who was finally chosen, as the best fitted.

A chair was put out in the middle of the room, and she took her place on it. Professor Norman became master of ceremonies, and he fixed the fire and pulled the curtains. Then he made

a short and impressive address to the audience, admonishing them to be quiet, and not impair the success of the venture by sending out counter thought waves. He took his seat, and all was still. Mrs. Mann closed her eyes; her cheeks paled; she shuddered slightly. Nothing was heard save the breathing of the crowd; then faint rustlings. The atmosphere was charged, and finally one man leaned toward his neighbor, and whispered the sentiment of all—"The spirits are here! I feel them! They've answered our call." Simultaneously with this there came a long wailing call, like a siren. Mrs. Mann trembled, but kept her eyes tightly closed. Suddenly, there came a murmur, which rose to a shout.

"We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!"

Professor Norman shot a triumphant glance at Mr. Mann, who was beaming with pride on his wife, but no one uttered a sound. Again came the weird cry—

"We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!"

A terrified scream, and the sound of some heavy body falling tore the slight silence which followed the last call, and a clammy hand seemed to clutch at every heart in the room. The little medium's eyes flashed open, and the mother awoke and answered the distressed cry of her young. It was her agonized call of "Margaret" which galvanized every one into action.

Father Mann beat young Alan to the stairs by a good ten feet. As he thrust open the door of her room, he stopped, for there, a huddled heap on the floor, lay his dearest and oldest daughter. Only an instant did he pause, for he was promptly joined by his wife and Dr. Thomas, the scientist. While the work of restoration was going on, the rest of the company herded together in the hall, whispering as if fearful that some other danger threatened. Only Alan the dreamer stayed in the room, apparently lost in thought.

Margaret was not hurt, and was soon brought to, and when calmed a little she was asked why she screamed.

"Oh! it was horrible! I was writing at my desk, and suddenly, a big gray shadow fell across the paper, and grew bigger, and bigger, and I was so frightened I couldn't move. Something touched my shoulder, and then an awful voice downstairs called "We're here!" and another sharp movement at my back seemed to loosen my vocal chords and I screamed. Then I woke up and found all you people bending over me. Oh! what was it? I feel as if I had been seeing ghosts."

Margaret did not realize the significance of her remark, for she knew almost nothing of the meeting downstairs. But to the others, it was proof-positive that their summons had been answered, even though the reply was rather strenuous.

Mr. Henderson drew Mr. Mann aside and quietly displayed to him something of a very substantial material, which he had picked up on the thick rug behind Miss Margaret's desk. It made Mr. Mann look grave and thoughtful, and the cheerfulness with which he shooed the others downstairs was all assumed. Alan carried Margaret and very tenderly laid her on the lounge in the living room.

The nerves of the party were still very much shaken, but each tried to show a brave front to the world at large, and a fixed smile settled on their faces. They were just beginning to relax

when for the third time came the siren, followed by the call:

"We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!"

In the living room, it was as if an icy blast had entered the room and frozen every one to his or her seat. Alan Henderson was in the hall, however, and the foot which he had raised to put on the first step of the stairs came down suddenly, and he right-about-faced with the promptness of a trained soldier. Was it possible that he had heard a giggle? Was he dreaming, or did the call which had so frightened him and the others, only come from the other side of the big front door? In his haste to find out, he stumbled over a phonograph, placed in the middle of the doorway and saw running figures. Alan was not the champion long-distance man of California for mere fun, and he beat these shadows to the waiting auto in the driveway, and before the driver could even touch the self-starter, Alan had them headed for the house. Brute force and moral suasion were needed in this operation, as the culprits seemed very unwilling to meet their judges.

The statues in the library came to life when the procession entered, led by Maude, her proud head hung in shame, and to hide the giggles, and ended by Alan, who half carried and half dragged Martha. Explanations followed.

"You know, Mother, we wouldn't do such a thing to hurt anyone, but it was so funny. We had taken the phonograph down to the beach for a dance, and we wanted to get it back to the house without anyone knowing it, but you were having the meeting, so we couldn't. Then we heard you talk about the spirits, and we thought it would be such a joke. And you all looked so stiff and scared." Martha could go no further. Laughter choked her, and her companions could ill conceal their chuckles.

Mrs. Mann was mortified beyond words to think that her children should do such a thing. But as her eyes sought the faces of her guests she was most surprised to find toleration, and good humor. As her glance fell on Alan, that estimable young man turned and fled upstairs. She discovered Mr. and Mrs. Norman alone gazing hostilely at the young people, and she realized that the Norman twins were in the party. Mrs. Mann was not the only one whose children were in this sacrilege. Dr. Thomas was beckoning to his favorite nephew. Why, this was a neighborhood affair.

Upstairs, Mr. Henderson encountered the strangest sight, in Margaret's room. Mr. Mann was sitting very rigid, listening to the strange words of a stranger man. Alan slipped into a seat, and became the second witness of the confession of one of the most daring porch-climber, burglar, and general desperados of the West.

"—an' this was my first job after I come here. That mejum told me to be careful, but I thought she was stringing me. I got in that window and across to where the gal was sittin', and she was so busy she didn't hear nothing, an' just as I was going to clap my hand over her mouth, they yells, 'We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!' That stopped my hand, an' neither her nor I moved an inch. Then they yelled a second time, an' she screams, an' I dropped my gun, an' jumped for the closet there, thinkin' they mightn't find me there. You all coming up to

help the gal saved my life, 'cause you frightened them away from me. Yes, I'm willin' to go to prison an' serve my time. They can't get me there. I'm goin' now." The ex-burglar finished his narrative of blood and thunder, and looked out at the black night. Then he turned and said simply, "I wish one of you guys would go with me—I'm scared."

Alan rose and said, "My car is outside. I'll run you over to the station." And they walked out together.

Mr. Mann sat thinking, and then got up and closed the window which the maurauder had entered, and locked it. Then he went downstairs, and while the young folks were fixing the refreshments in the dining room, he told the Psychic Research Society what had happened.

"Yes, young Henderson gave me the first clue by showing me the revolver, which had fallen behind Meg's chair; then he pointed to the open window, and called my attention to the proximity of the closet. The man was almost hysterical, and was sobbing and praying; he was so grateful to me for being a man and not a spirit, that he told me where I could collect all the bounties offered for him. It seems he had met a medium in some of his wanderings, and she had invited him to one of her seances. One of his old pals came and talked to him through her, and warned him to be careful. He was impressed, and yet he felt that she was a member of some gang, and had chosen that way to tell him to get out of the city. Now he firmly believes that all the ghosts of the people he has robbed are after him, and will kill him. It looks as though our seance tonight had saved Meg's life."

But it was here that he was told of the children's part of the affair. For a moment, he looked chagrined, then bursting into a hearty laugh, he said:

"Bless their hearts! That sounds just like Martha!"

At the next meeting, Dr. Thomas told the other members that he had been investigating and had found that the burglar-ghost needed an operation to make him a normal-minded citizen. Science had discovered that criminals were caused by bone pressure or some growth on the head, and therefore—" and with this cause the Doctor delivered a lecture on the science of the matter.

It was finally proposed to collect the rewards offered for his capture and have the necessary work done. And to go ahead of the story a few years, this was done, and the burglar devoted his life to the study of the Psychic, and gained much information for the scientific world.

* * *

A group of women were seated on the broad hotel veranda, and toward this group came a young man. As he drew near, he heard one say laughingly to another:

"My dear Mrs. Henderson, you are positively uncanny. You take the thoughts right out of my mind. You should be a medium: you are so susceptible to thought waves."

"Yes, I'm like my mother in that," was the reply of the young woman.

And a few moments later to the young man: "Alan, why did you take me away so roughly? I thought you believed in spiritualism."

"Margaret, some day we'll discuss the subject, but on my honeymoon, I'm only interested in you."

To the Patriots of the Class of 1918

Anna Hallack, '18

WE ARE graduating in a time when one hears much of Americanism and Democracy. It is often thought that Democracy as a spirit, as an ideal, is new, that it is a creation of the present strife of humanity against imperialism. Let us not be deluded into this belief but rather, let us glory with pride as we search the annals of America, the land of ideals.

May we never think ourselves already sufficiently informed of the deeds of our Pilgrim Fathers. They gave America birth, impelled by the highest ideal that ever mortal might conceive, that of religious liberty. How strongly must that ideal have been imbedded in the hearts of that wonderful people! As they neared the bleak New England shore, no dramatic situation greeted them, spurring them on. They saw the dark, icy waves washing against a barren, desolate coast. How stronger could have been their ideal than, when harassed by hardships which threatened their existence, thir very lives, they looked upward for strength and, with renewed courage, pressed forward in their work?

The voice of history lauds always with greater zeal, the deeds of its generals than its statesmen. So we must draw from America's wars the ideals and principles most dear to her.

Towards the latter half of the eighteenth century, thirteen colonies, divided in social, political and intellectual interests, united against the Queen of the Seas. We should feel proud when we know that they fought for a principle, a principle which at times smoldered when it should have burned brightly in the hearts of the English people. How must they have thanked the Americans for keeping alive those principles of justice and taxation and representation so dear to the hearts of freedom-loving people everywhere!

Years passed and this powerful nation was fast becoming divided into two factions, one prospering under the doctrine of the equality and freedom of man, the other bound in iron fetters by an institution, the iniquity of which only God is able to judge aright. However State sovereignty, the right of secession, or unequal representation between the North and South may have immediately brought on the war, we know that there was a great principle involved, that of freeing thousands from servitude.

Then followed a period of tremendous, overwhelming, internal development. Railroads wound their way across the country as though coming into existence in a single night. Business became concentrated and industrial problems arose. Men were so busily engaged in speculation that government was neglected and graft crept in. Politics were developed to a machine-like perfection. Trusts and corporations monopolized different branches of industry. We had become a materialistic people. Rapid development and unusual mercenary advantages had made us sensible to only material interests.

In the midst of this incessant turmoil came a call for help from Cuba. The people there were struggling for self-government and their mother country used all possible cruelties in suppressing the rebellion. The sympathy of the American people was aroused to so great a pitch that it become necessary

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for the President to issue a proclamation of neutrality. The cruelties inflicted by Spain continued until our government recognized in the cries of those oppressed people, the call of duty, the duty of the strong to help the weak. Our government declared war upon Spain, not for conquest or gain, but because we wished to see the struggling Cubans enjoy those principles of liberty and freedom for which America stands.

This war has a significance which the people at large, engrossed as they were in economical problems, possibly did not comprehend. Spain, the mighty power of old, was possessed of a colonial policy which had successively lost for her her possessions in America. Our nation, founded upon principles of liberty and freedom, though very young, destroyed by this blow the intolerable, selfish, imperialistic colonial policy of Spain. America, entering the war for an ideal, not only succeeded in destroying a policy of tyranny, but gave liberty and freedom to a people who craved it.

We are now engaged in the greatest strife the world has ever known. In the course of our development as a nation, we have fought for many principles, but never for such broad principles as those concerned in this war. We know why we are in the war: that Democracy might live, and for the cause of humanity. Is it surprising then that there should be this great revival of ideals? For after reviewing these wars, their causes and results, we must agree that we are in a time of revived ideals, not new ones.

It is altogether right and justifiable that we should think of Democracy and Americanism as one great spirit for, during the time in which our country has developed from a few colonies to a nation, she fought and struggled for those principles of freedom and justice which are the essence of Democracy. And now, inspired with the same courage and strength of purpose which our Pilgrim Fathers brought forth, America is battling that all the peoples of the earth might live under the glorious principles of liberty and freedom which our country herself has established. It is a part of our duty to fully comprehend and appreciate these principles and ideals, and we must realize the necessity for keeping alive the spirit of true Americanism. Many of us may never play a spectacular part in the world's drama, but it is the constant daily living that is to keep alive these ideals of Americanism. May we, as workers for our noble America, the land of strength, principle and high purpose, do our part, however small, that these ideals shall never again lie dormant in the hearts of Americans.



Life at Great Lakes.

Gelston V. Poole, '16.

NO DOUBT you students of the Pontiac High School would be interested in knowing what training a "Jackie" is given at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. It is located about thirty miles north of Chicago.

Fifteen years ago a board, appointed by Congress, selected this site on the shores of Lake Michigan. Public spirited citizens of Chicago did their share by purchasing the site of 160 acres, at a cost of \$93,000, and donating it to the government. From a hamlet with approximately 1,500 inhabitants to a bustling city of more than 15,000 men has been the growth at Great Lakes since 1916.

A recruit passes his first three weeks in Camp Farragut, one of the detention camps, where he is thoroughly examined and furnished with a uniform, after having satisfied the physicians he is free from disease. Forty-eight men are housed in a barracks building, 24 to the unit. The men are isolated in the barracks buildings, where their food is brought to them. The dishes used do not leave the building, the washing being done by the men. Every "Jackie" is "shot" the first day he is in camp without even having the chance to see a German. The "shots" fired in this warfare are hypodermic injections of anti-typhoid serum, and in the bluejacket's language each injection is known as a "shot in the arm." A prick of the needle, a swab of iodine, a bunch of gauze taped over the arm, and it's all over. Possibly the victim may notice a slight stiffness for a day or so, with a loss of appetite over one meal. As a result of these treatments, typhoid and small pox are unknown at Great Lakes.

One of the most unique and practical contrivances for the education of bluejackets at Great Lakes is the "ship in the woods." This device is a dummy steering wheel, mounted on a bridge with a compass and other articles needed for the immediate navigation of a vessel.

A school has been established in order to train men for the quartermaster's work at sea. A quartermaster, not to be confused with the quartermaster or supply man of the Army, is the sailor who steers the course of the ship under the direction of the officers. He also must be a well-qualified signal sender and receiver, knowing all the forms of visual communication by day and night. Instruction in all these arts is given at the quartermaster's school. Particular attention is paid to the compass and its uses.

Great Lakes boasts of the largest single radio district in the United States and one of the best schools. The communication radius is approximately 2,000 miles, and has records of messages as far as Japan, Germany and Honolulu.

The radio school is located at Camp Perry. The beginners start by learning the International Code, which is used in wireless telegraphy. All depends on the beginner's ability to assimilate the "spark language." If he is alert and wide awake he should be able to receive ten words per minute after a few weeks' schooling. The pupil is then given an examination and is sent to Harvard University or Dunwoodie Institute, Minneapolis. There he attends one of the government's advanced schools,

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where the finishing touches are given before he goes to sea. While at Harvard the men are given practically the same accommodations as the regularly enrolled civilian students.

The band at Great Lakes is directed by Lieut. John Sousa. It numbers approximately 400 pieces, including 70 buglers and a fife and drum corps of 50. It is the largest naval or military band in the world. The Navy Department has given this aggregation the official name of “The Band of the United States Navy.”

The “Jackie” lives in the simplest manner. Hammocks, strung up six feet from the floor, are a welcome sight after a day’s hard work of laying tracks, unloading cement, or shoveling snow. No formality at the table, “grab and be thankful for all you can eat” is the “Jackie’s” slogan.

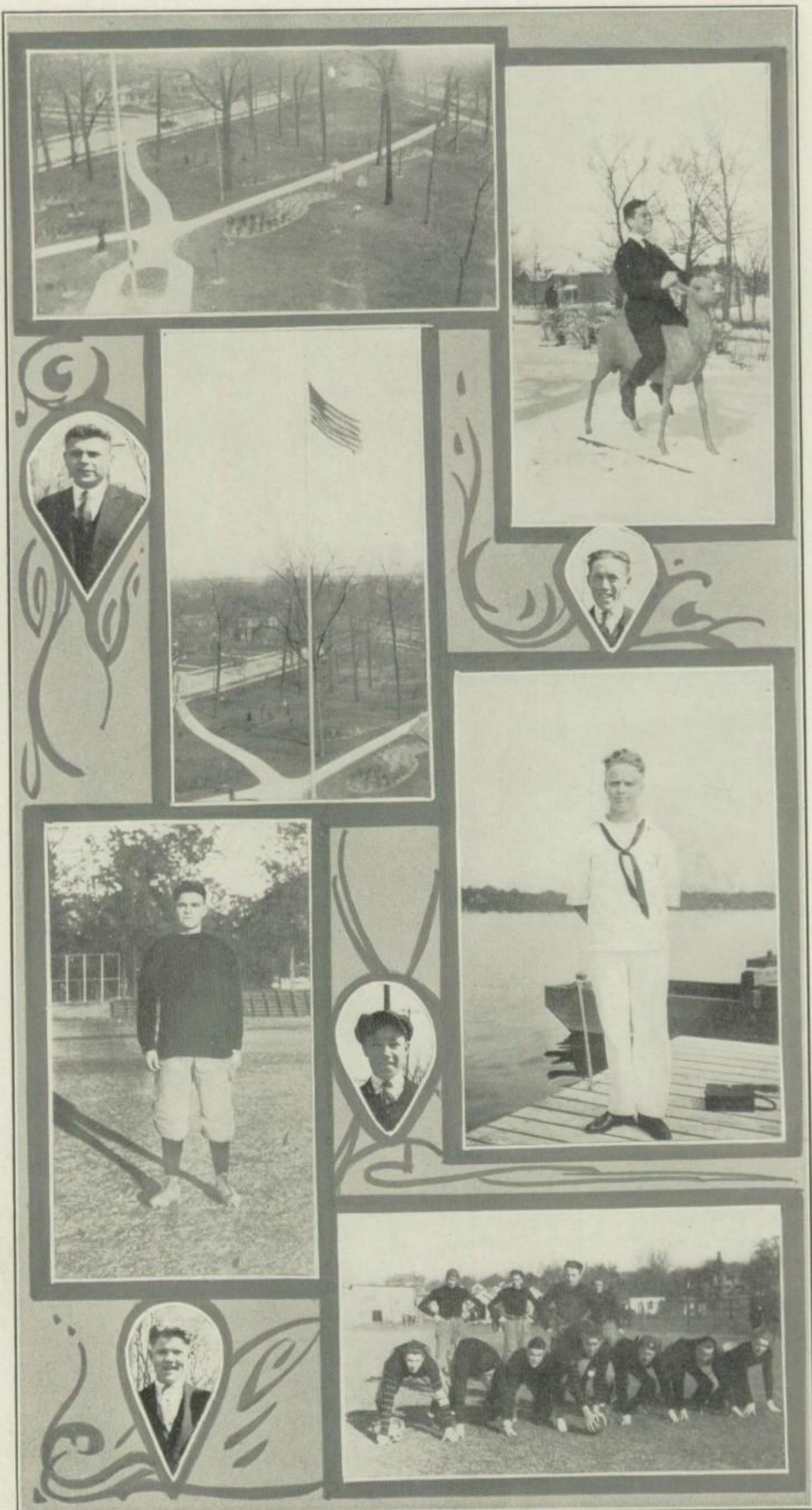
As I have been associated with only one branch, namely, the radio, of this great station, I have quoted freely from the “Souvenir History of United States Naval Training Station,” issued by the Athletic Association. This is an annual about the size of your “Quiver,” developed in practically the same style. I wish you success with your annual this year and thank you for an opportunity to do my “bit.”

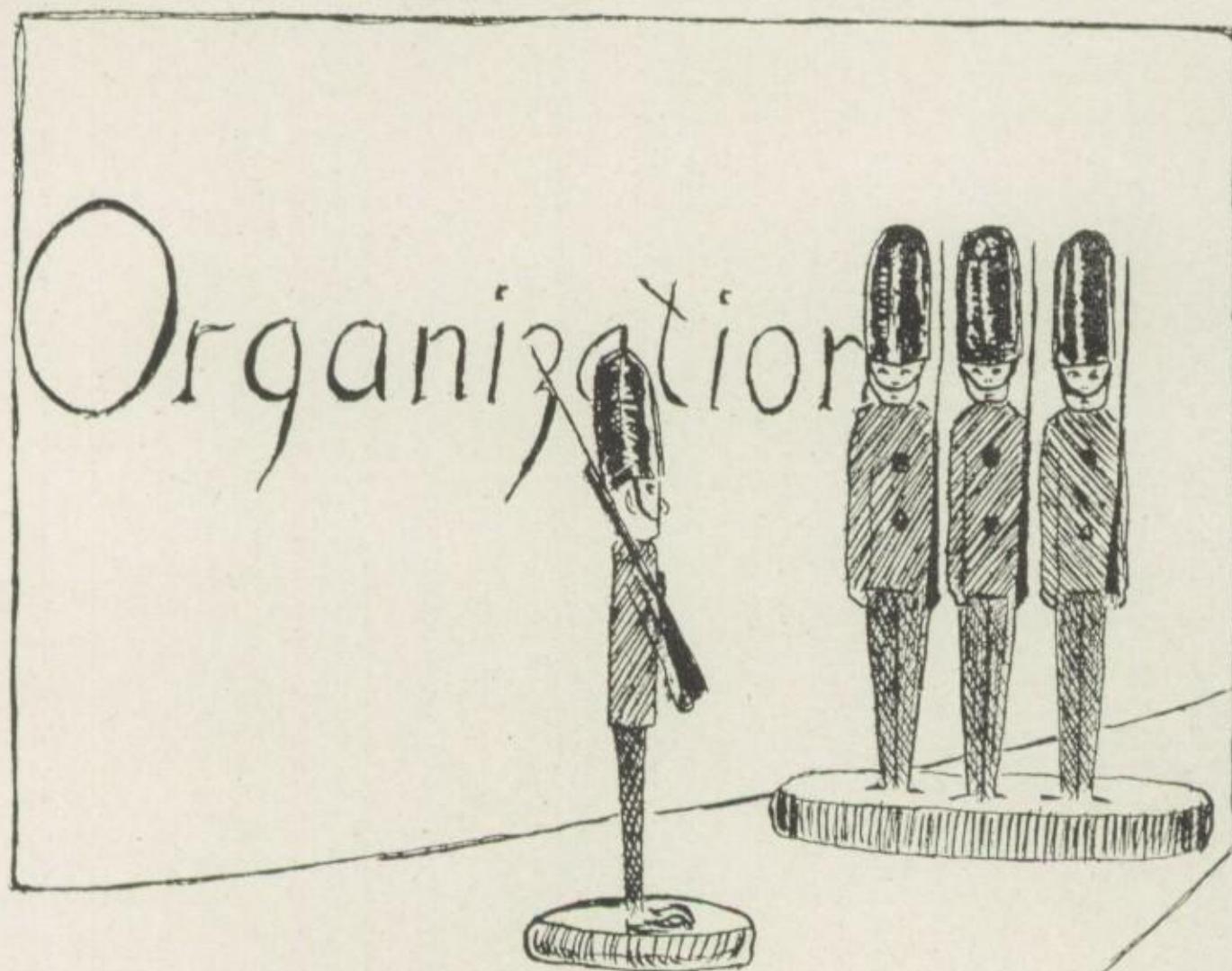


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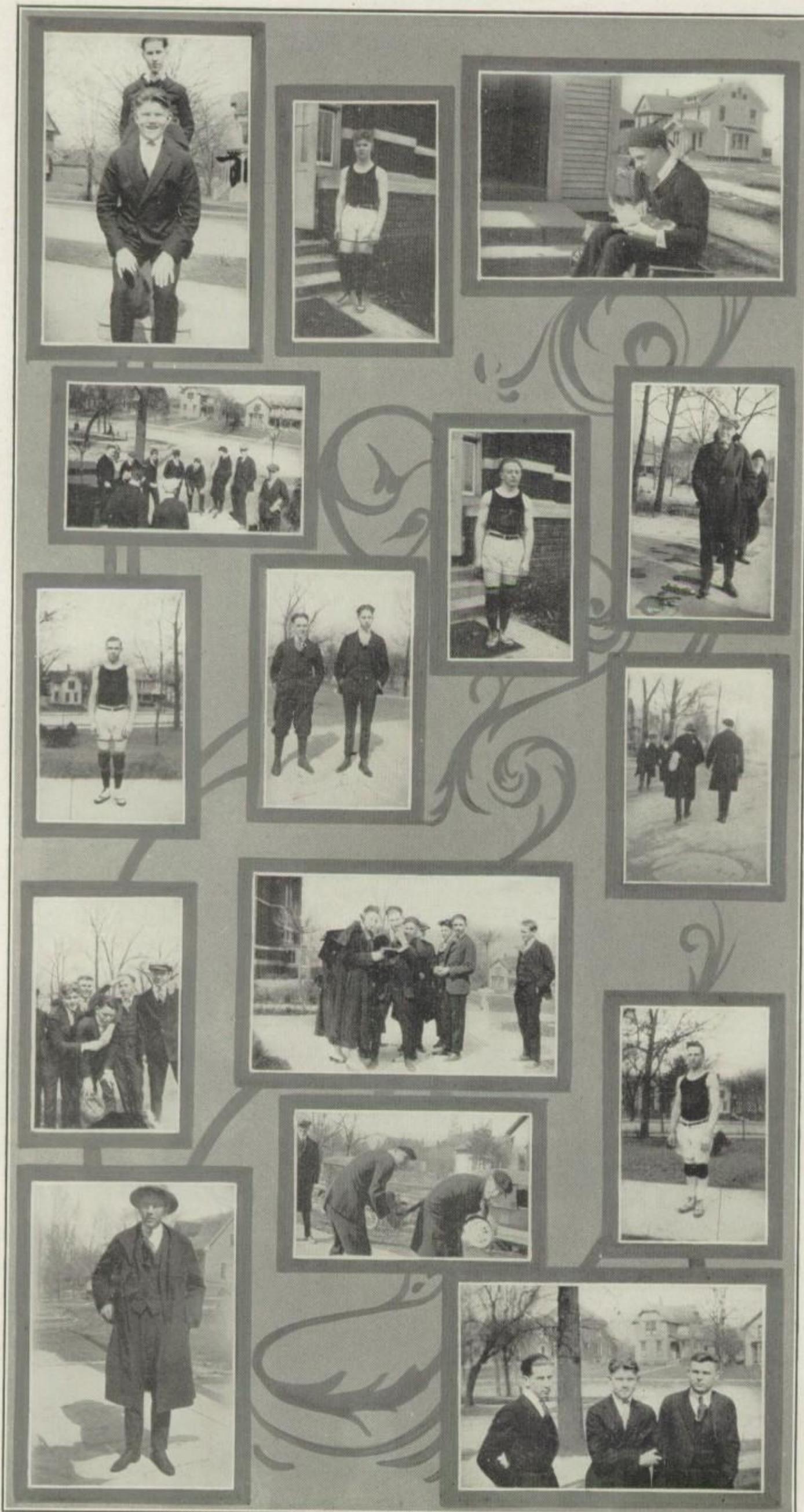


THE TOMAHAWK
THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC CLUB
THE IROQUOIS DEBATING CLUB
THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
THE GIRLS' BOOSTER CLUB
THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
THE ORCHESTRA
THE CHORUS
THE BAND

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The Tomahawk Board.

In reporting the year's work of the Tomahawk, we hardly know where to begin and where to end, our activity having been so vast during the months of the school year. If we are to begin with the election of officers early in the year, which is probably as good a place as any to begin, we would say that the board elected at that time seemed highly capable of editing a creditable magazine, and accordingly we set to work. The result has been four numbers, and as we give this to the Quiver we are threatening to put out another. The Tomahawk has been changed from a "monthly" publication to an "occasional" one, but notwithstanding this fact, we claim that we have gone in for quality rather than quantity this year, and the results have been very gratifying. We have received several compliments on our make-up and stories of which we are justly proud.

We want to take this opportunity to thank the students for the support they have given us, and I wonder if we might be excused for saying that it was mighty little that we got in the way of contributions. However, an editorial staff never grumbles, and that is not what we are writing this for. You who know the student body as well as we, have probably wondered where we got all our stories, jokes and articles during the school year with which we filled our pages, but this is no time for the divulging of secrets, and we will only say that we have had several faithful ones who have not been a bit particular as to what name we placed at the top of their excellent contributions; "Anonymous" or "Luke McLuke," it was all the same to them, and we are taking this opportunity of giving them our sincere thanks.

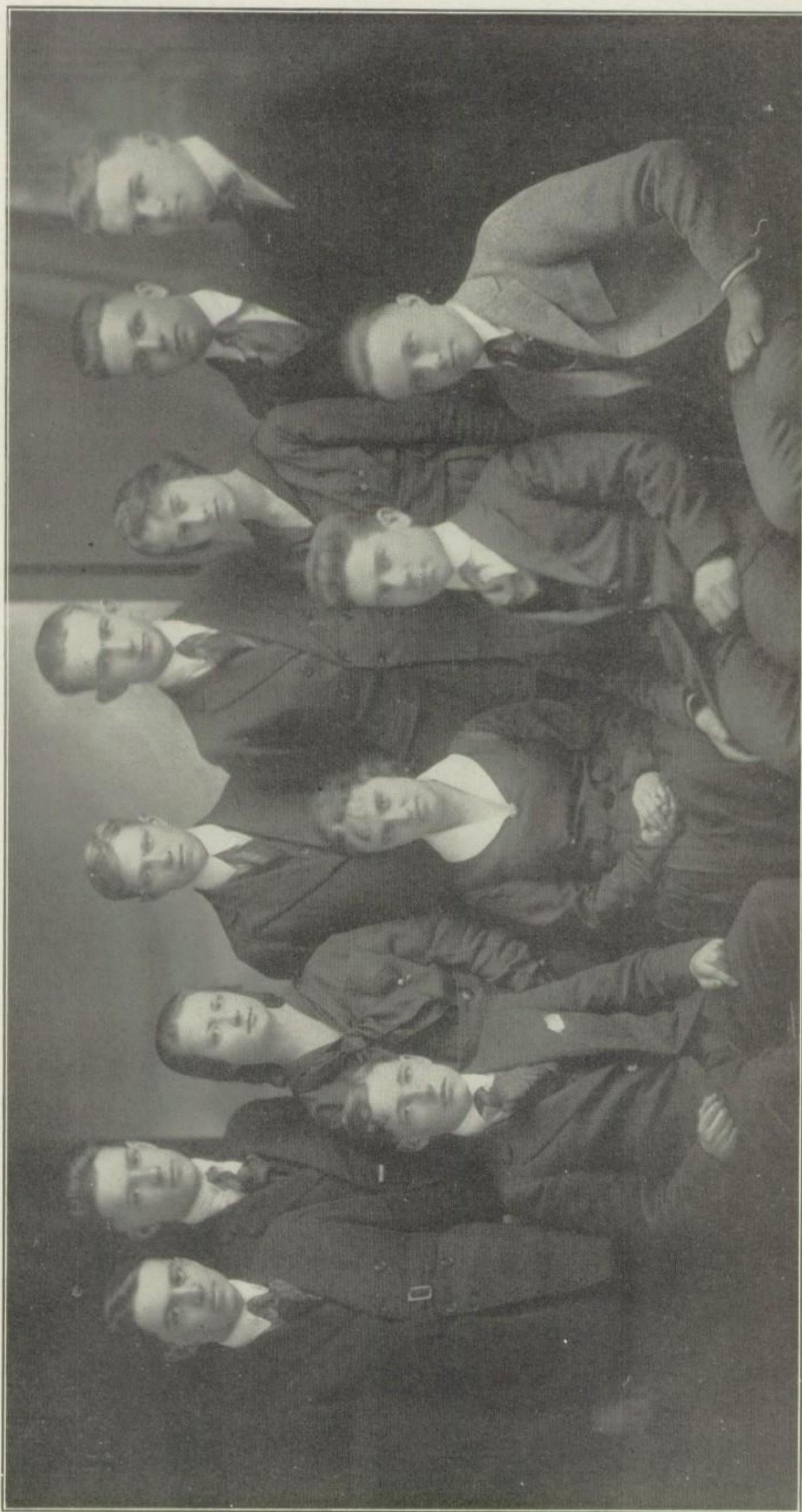
The Board

Donald J. McGowan, '19.....	Editor-in-Chief
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Norma Springer, '18.....	Assistant Editor
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Faculty Advisor.....	Miss Hinds

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Shakespeare Dramatic Club.

Early in September, the club met and elected officers at its initial meeting. During the year, practically the only thing which the club has done in a business way was the purchase of two sets for the auditorium stage, representing two dwellings of the period of Shakespeare. The club feels that the fifth year of its existence has been most successful.

Director—Miss Blanche Avery.
President—Stewart T. Beach, '18.
Vice-President—Katherine Beardslee, '18.
Secretary—Maurice M. Moule, '19.
Treasurer—Wm. H. Seeley, '18.
Business Manager—Donald J. McGowan, '19.
Property Manager—Marian Chamberlin, '18.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Following the example set by our predecessors, we began early in November to practice for our play, which we gave on Thursday, March 21, to a well-filled auditorium. We feel that the appreciation which the audience showed of our work, amply repaid us for the long practices which have been necessary. The tireless work of our director in preparing us for the play is well appreciated, and without her, the production of the play would have been impossible.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is probably one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays to present, in that it calls for considerable character work of a nature which can be produced only after long and careful study. The cast took hold of the play in an enthusiastic manner and left no doubt as to its success.

The club has enjoyed no social affairs during this year, the only times when the members have been together for anything other than business, having been the two suppers which we enjoyed in the lunch room on days when Miss Aevry did not dare lose track of us long enough to allow us to go to our homes.

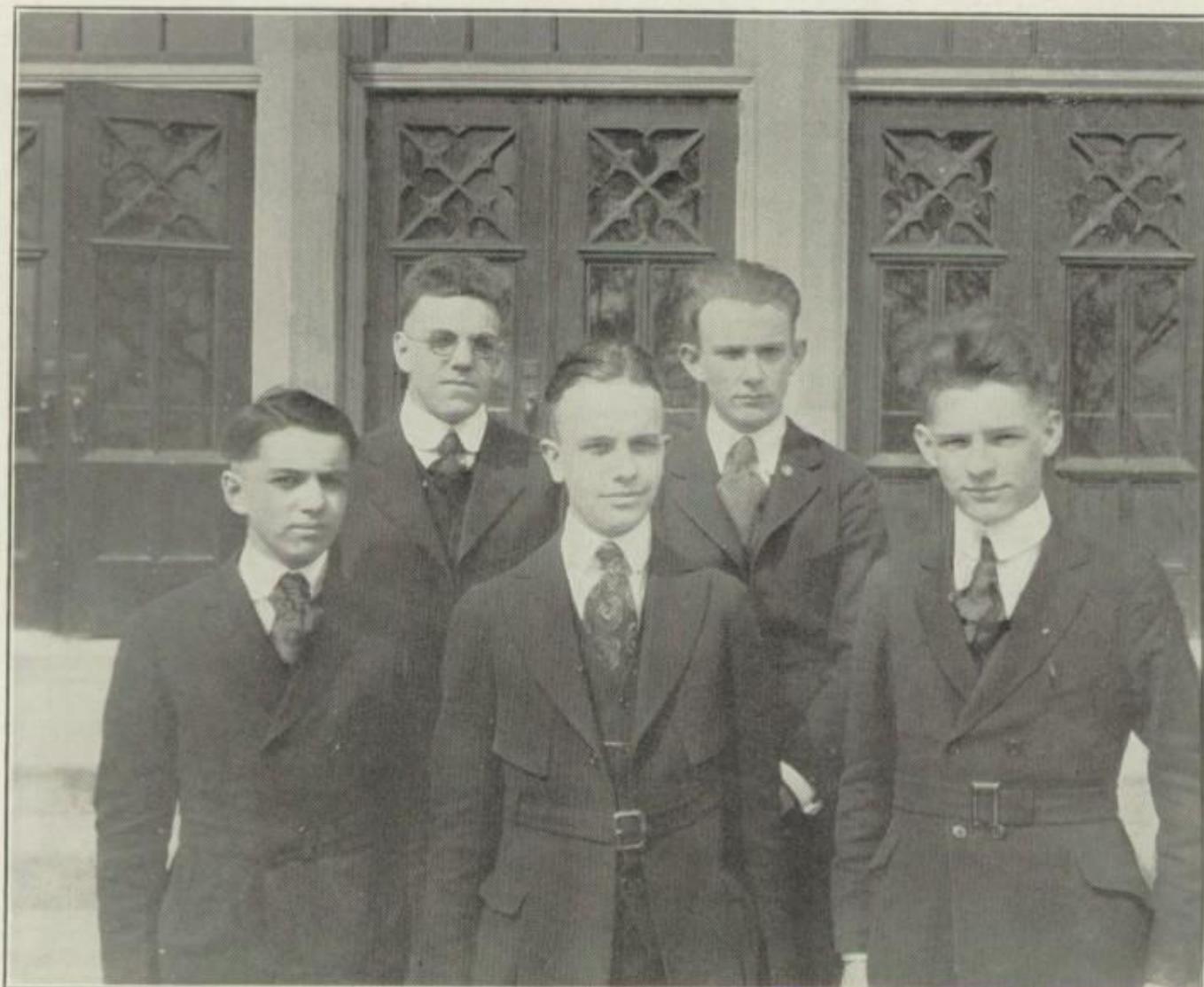
Following is the dramatis personae of the play:

Baptista.....	Stewart T. Beach
Vincentio.....	Bruce Buchanan
Hortensio.....	Raymond Tubbs
Gremio.....	William H. Seeley
Petruchio.....	Donald J. Bailey
Tranio.....	Donald J. McGowan
Biondello.....	Maurice Bombar
Grumio.....	Donald McGaffey
Curtis.....	Alice McKinnon
A Pedant.....	Merritt Lillis
Katherine.....	Madeleine Hazelton
Bianca.....	Dorothy Hanson
Widow.....	Katherine Beardslee
Tailor.....	Maurice Bombar
Haberdasher.....	William Armstrong
Peter.....	Donald VanStone
Philip.....	Donald McGowan
Nathaniel.....	William Armstrong
Joseph.....	Maurice Bombar

“QUIVER”



“The Taming of the Shrew”



Iroquois Debating Club.

While as an organization we have not been especially active this year, debating has flourished in the school this year as never before since the days of the old House of Representatives some time ago. Early in the season we got together and elected our officers, but it was found that our meetings were poorly attended. After a consultation of the executive board of the club and Mr. Dudley, it was decided to hold a series of debates during the regular chapel periods, and as a result of this, the first one took place on October 29, when a national constitutional amendment in favor of woman suffrage was discussed. The affirmative, with Messrs. Louis Stempfly, Donald McGowan and Maurice Moule as its representatives, easily took the decision. The losers were Donald McGaffey, Stewart Beach, and Bruce Buchanan. November 27 saw the staging of the second debate, this time with a progressive inheritance tax as the argument. Messrs. Townsend, Hallack and Jenks took first place with the affirmative side, with Messrs. Auten, Phillips and Marentay as the losers. The third tussle of the series took place on December 17, with the government ownership of railroads holding the center of the stage. Again the affirmative won, held up by the same team as in the second debate, while Messrs. Stempfly, McGowan and Moule were losers. The last of the school series was held on January 21, and was of a rather farcical nature. We never heard quite so many words expended to say nothing before in our lives. And it was no worse on one side than another. We felt after that debate that our school debaters would be good on the firing line, at least if gas warfare were to be used. It took the judges a good

"QUIVER"

long time to decide that there was any decision to be made, but finally the affirmative, represented by Messrs. McGowan, Beach and McGaffey, was awarded the decision. Jenks, Townsend and Stempfly were on the short end of the score.

On February 9, the official high school team journeyed to New Baltimore, to engage in the first interscholastic debate in which Pontiac has ever participated. Messrs. Jenks, Townsend and Stempfly made up the personnel of the team, with Donald McGowan going along as a sort of combined substitute, rooter, and press correspondent. We are sorry to report that the debate was not successful from our standpoint. Whether the boys were over-confident, or just what was the cause of the defeat, we are not sure, and as we are not good at alibis, we will just say that they were beaten because the other side had the better argument and let it go at that. Let us hope that those who will lead the school in debating next year will be able to guide our fortunes to the victory in the final contest for the supremacy of the state.

The officers of the club are: President, Stewart T. Beach, '18; Vice-President, Donald J. McGowan, '19; Secretary, Bruce Buchanan, '18; Treasurer, Maurice Moule, '19; Sergeant-at-Arms, Maurell L. Baxter, '18.





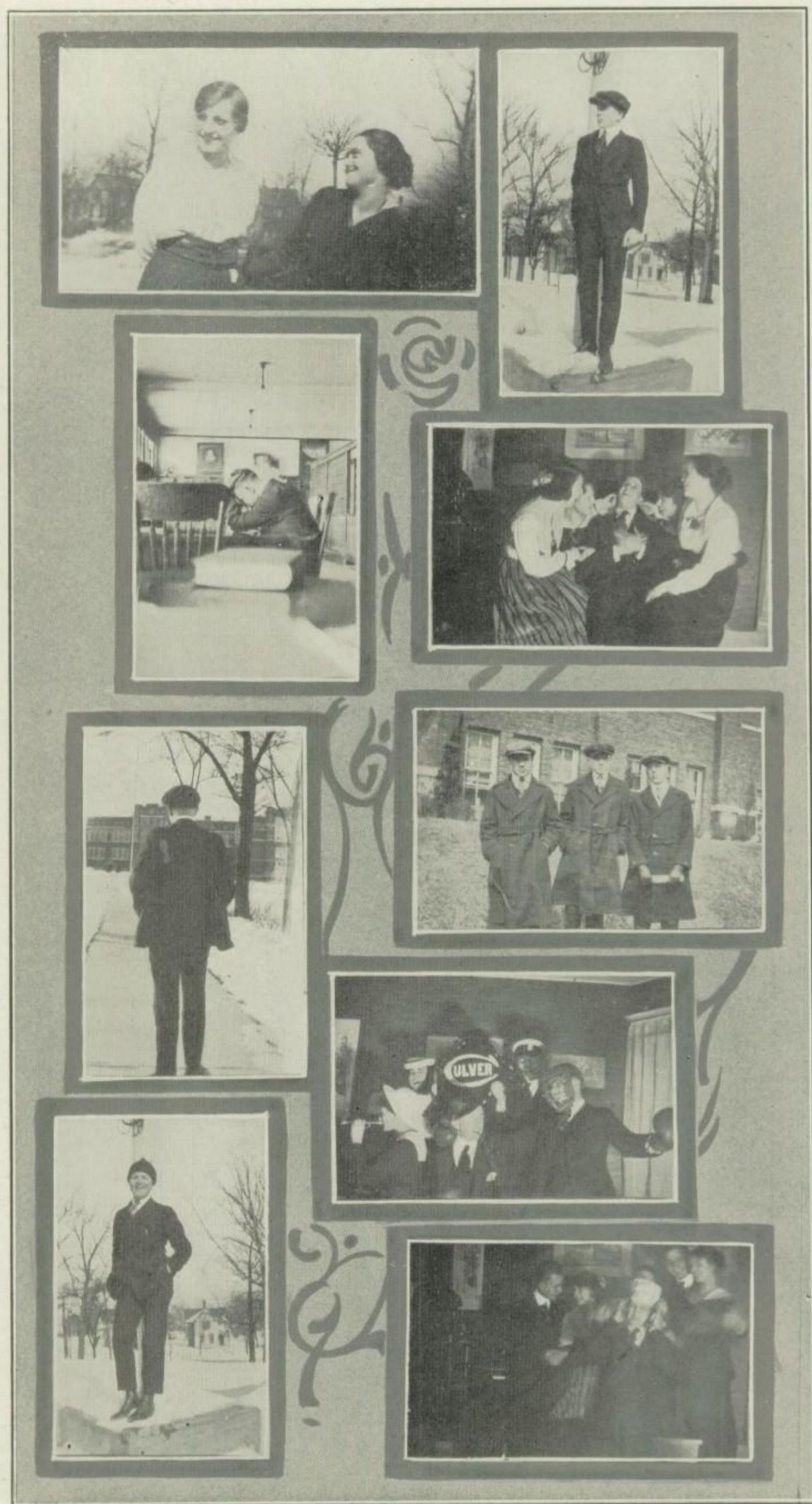
Girls' Booster Club.

During the past year, the Girls' Booster Club has done very little, owing to the various other school activities in which the girls have taken an active part. The club purchased a Liberty Bond during the First Liberty Loan campaign. Although our meetings have been few and far between, we still boast of the fact that our club continues to exist, while the Boys' Booster Club has long since faded into oblivion.

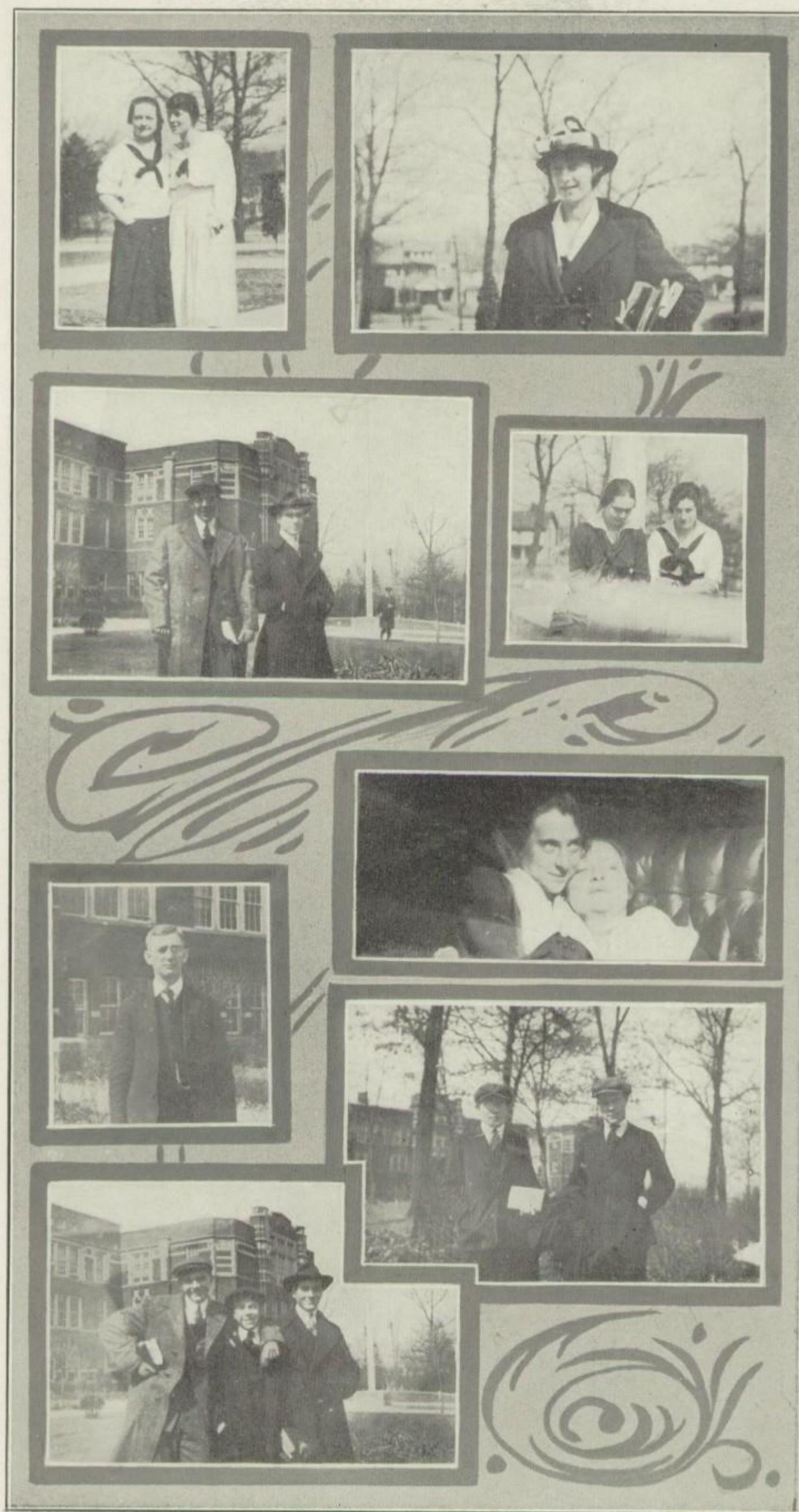
Early in the year the following officers were elected:

President.....	Ernestine Fisher
Vice-President.....	Elizabeth Henning
Secretary.....	Margaret Lynch
Treasurer.....	Lorraine Johnson

“QUIVER”



"QUIVER"



Girls' Glee Club

This year saw the organization of the first Girls' Glee Club of the Pontiac High School, and while its public appearances have not been many, it has been welcomed warmly by the public each time it has appeared. At a meeting held early in the fall, officers were elected and the club began its practices. The club made its first public appearance on October 30, when it gave a concert in the auditorium, the proceeds of which went to the purchase of a Liberty Bond. The concert was a success from every standpoint and was voted excellent by all. The girls' quartette, composed of members of the club, made its appearance during the evening. Its personnel is as follows: First soprano, Josephine Toynton; second soprano, Marian Willits; first alto, Thelma Spencer; second alto, Ruth Welch.

During the winter months, meetings of the club were held each Thursday afternoon, immediately at the close of school, but with the coming of spring, and with the work of the opera which the chorus is to give, taking up the time of the members of the club, it was decided to dispense with these meetings. The club is taking an active part in "The Bo'sn's Bride," which the chorus is to give as a part of the May Festival, all members of the Glee Club being in the chorus as well. We trust that next year, the work which has been so well begun may be carried out, and that it will be supported in as worthy a manner as it has been this year by the school. Following is the personnel of the organization:

Vera Baldwin, Marion Blakeslee, Gertrude Coleman, Harriet Coleman (President), Barbara Fisher (Treasurer), Ernestine Fisher, Lucile Hooper, Nellie Howard, Margaret Losee, Margaret Lynch (Secretary), Doris Moreland, Eva Pangborn, Helen Rudicel, Thelma Spencer, Josephine Toynton, Veda Ward, Ruth Welch, Marian Willits.

“QUIVER”





Athletic Association

The Athletic Association was not formed this year until a later date than former years, but since its formation it has carried on the work of looking after the athletic activities of the school in a capable manner. At a meeting held early in the year Raymond Tubbs was elected president of the organization. William Seeley received the vice-presidency, and William Lyons was made secretary. To Merritt Lillis, as treasurer of the association, the funds were entrusted, while Donald Fildew was again made student manager. Of course, Mr. Travis was re-elected faculty manager.

The Band

We haven't a better known nor a more useful aggregation in the school than our High School Band. I say better known because every one knows the band, whether they're in school or out. They can't help it, for we play loud enough for everyone to hear us. No, we don't save anyone's feelings. We play anywhere and everywhere, and every time anyone wants any music or just plain noise they call on the band.

We've been patriotic this year, too, in lending our services each time the draft men have left for Camp Custer. Rain or shine, we've sent them off on the eight o'clock train and we've made nearly as much noise as the City Band ever could.

At concerts we usually play "The Enchantress." We stopped calling it that two or three years ago, though, so we have to think of a new name every time we play it. The crowd doesn't know the difference—at least not all of them—and we don't forget what Lincoln said about being able to "fool some of the people all the time."

We haven't had many "pay jobs" this year, but then, when we just play for the fun of the thing, who cares about the money? The School Board lets us have a little bit when we need it, but we don't have to ask very often. All the same, we appreciate their good will and know that they're back of us all the time. That helps a whole lot. Sometimes we don't have enough uniforms to go around, because someone always leaves his at home, but that's how the people know us when we play downtown. If they didn't see someone without a uniform they might think it was the City Band, and that wouldn't be quite the thing, you know.

We're awfully sorry to lose some of our Seniors this year, but we hope they'll come back and play with us sometimes. We're sure, anyway, that they won't soon forget the jolly good times they've had with the High School Band.

THE ROSTER

CORNETS—Dudley, Lyons, Batchelor, Beach, Sadler, Moule.

ALTOS—Porter, Sovey.

TROMBONES—Burke, Smith, Gordon, Phillips.

CLARINETS—Linabury, Seeley, Nagengast, Glass.

SAXAPHONES—Stroupe, VanStone.

BARITONES—Fisher, Auten.

TUBAS—Starr, Schrage.

DRUMS—Graves, Davis.

DIRECTOR—S. M. Dudley.

“QUIVER”



The Orchestra

The past year has been one of the most successful which the High School Orchestra has ever enjoyed, and under the direction of Mr. Quayle, the Friday practices have been more than profitable to all those who have taken the work for the year. Between thirty and forty students reported for the work early in the year, and the addition of several horns lent color to the playing of the orchestra. Books were secured early in the year containing several numbers of a really difficult character and the manner in which the students took hold of the work of getting them into shape for public presentation was more than gratifying.

The orchestra has been able to help out this year at many of the performances of the school year and at all of the performances it has been well received. As few of those who have been leaders in the orchestra work this year will graduate, next year should be an even more successful year under the able direction of Mr. Quayle.

“QUIVER”



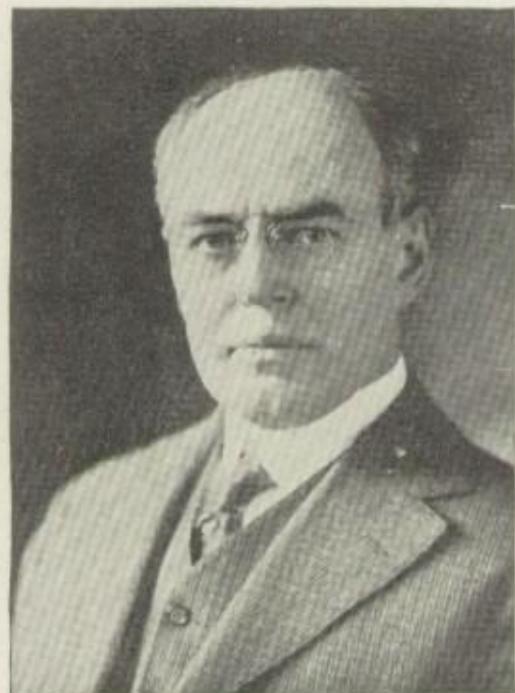
The Chorus

The year of 1917-18 has been a most successful one for the chorus and all who have had anything to do with it have felt that they have been amply repaid for the time which they have spent. The chorus was organized during the second week of school, under the direction of Harry Quayle, supervisor of music in the schools, and under his able direction, during the first semester, the pupils were given instruction in reading music, as well as in doing some two and three-part singing. The results were very gratifying, and the students took hold of the instruction in a way which could not help but bring success to their efforts. Many chapel assemblies were enlivened by the singing of some of the delightful folk songs and old time melodies, the learning of which was a part of the work of the chorus for the year.

At the beginning of the second semester, the study of an opera was begun, this year, “The Bo’sn’s Bride.” Though not a Gilbert and Sullivan piece, as has been presented in former years by the chorus, it follows the same rollicking style of those well-known composers, and the pupils enjoyed it very much. The culmination of the study of the opera was reached in its presentation, on June 7 and 8, before crowded houses. It was originally planned to have the opera but one evening, but popular demand decided that another performance was necessary. Both the principals and the chorus handled their parts in a manner which bespoke great interest upon their own parts, as well as tireless work by the director, and considerable praise is due them. The gratifying manner in which the chorus has entered into the spirit of its work this year promises great things for the chorus next year, and with the entrance of many Freshmen into the class, and the retaining of many of the principals of the cast, next year’s play should prove as popular as the “Bo’sn’s Bride” has done.

“QUIVER”





Under the Direction of Edgar J. Ebbels.

Department of Public Speaking

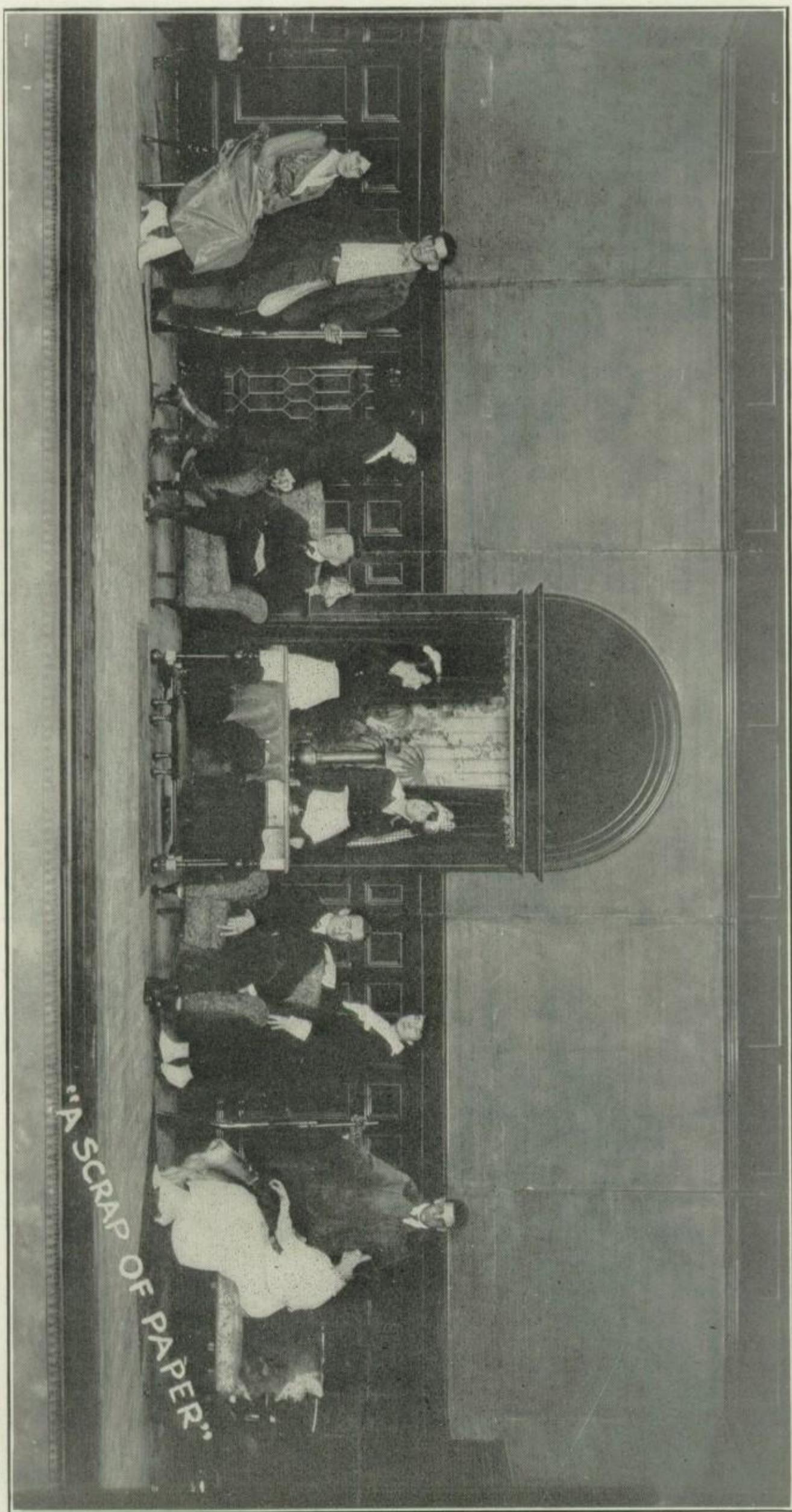
Enrollment of students in the public speaking classes for this year has been very large, and the interest taken in the work has been exceptional. As no credit is given for the work, the students are encouraged only by a real desire to learn something of the art of speaking in public to take up the class work.

Early in December, students from the classes gave a presentation of "A Scrap o' Paper," to one of the largest crowds which has ever been present at a high school performance. All members of the cast assumed their roles with an ease which gained for them considerable applause from those witnessing the performance. Several of the members of this cast also appeared in the production of "The Taming of the Shrew," and the training which they received in the earlier production aided them in their work in the latter play.

Donald J. McGowan and Miss Eva Pangborn were winners in the Lynch Medal oratorical contest and high school declamation contests, respectively. McGowan's oration dealt with the "third degree" of police court fame and was entitled "The Law of Force and the Force of the Law." Miss Pangborn chose as her topic, "The Independence of Cuba." The two were successful in the sub-district contest held in the local auditorium on April 19 and will now represent the school in the sub-district contest to be held on May 17.

Last year, Stewart Beach took first place in the State Oratorical Contest, while Miss Rhea Schlaack took second place in the declamation field. Pontiac High School now holds the peculiar distinction of being the first school to have two contestants in the State Contest for two consecutive years.

“QUIVER”

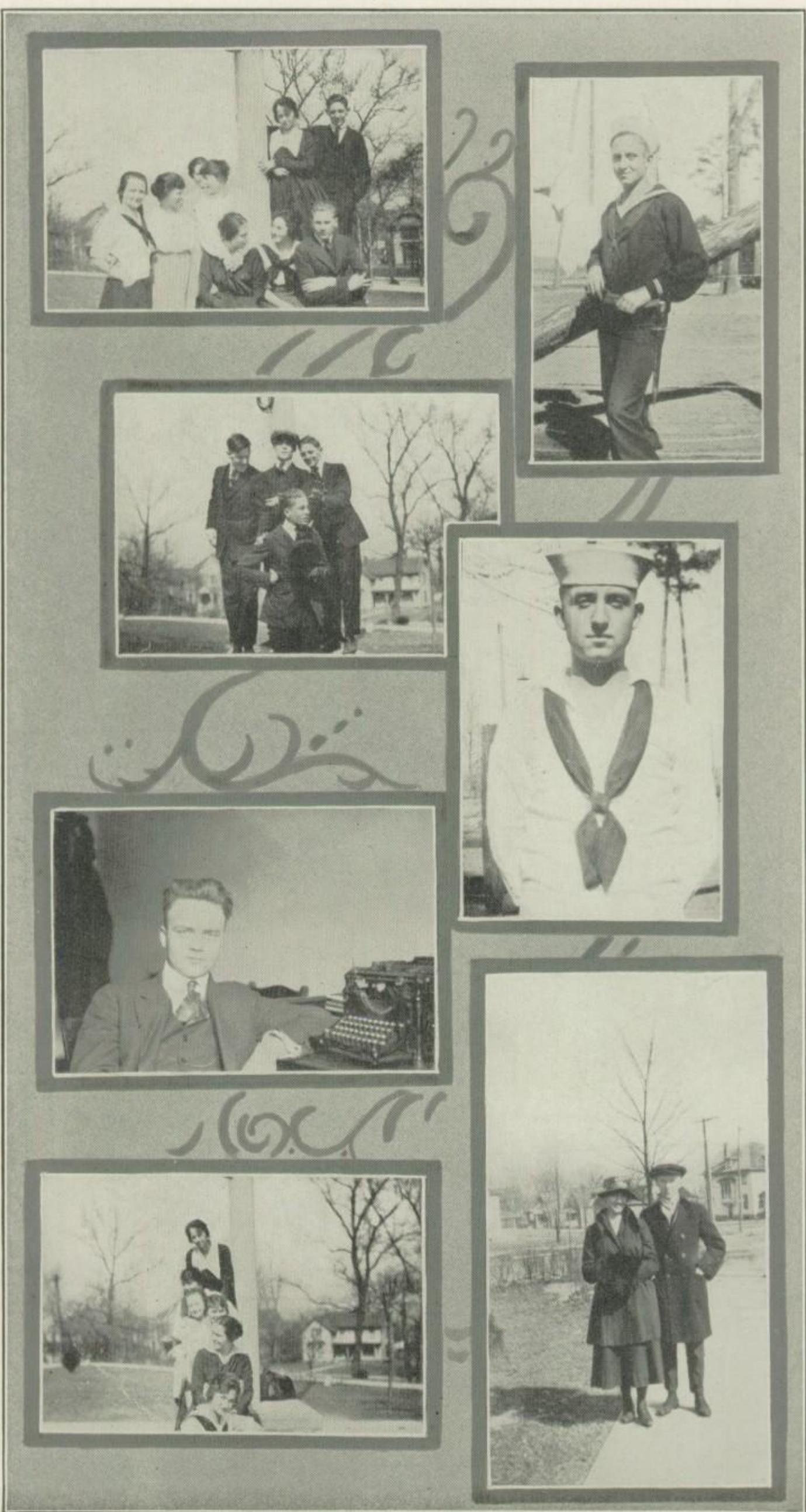


“A SCRAP OF PAPER.”

“QUIVER”



“QUIVER”





Athletics

FOOTBALL—FIRST TEAM

Dort (Here)

Pontiac opened its season on September 29th by defeating Dort High of Flint. Although the team had only been practicing a few weeks, they put up a fine exhibition of football, piling up 148 points while the visitors failed to make a count.

"QUIVER"

Ypsilanti (Here)

Ypsilanti was the next victim of the local scoring machine. Pontiac used straight line plunging during the greater part of the contest and found little difficulty in gaining ground by that route, scoring 62 points while Ypsi was held scoreless.

Monroe (Here)

Monroe was the next to go down to defeat before the attack of the Pontiac warriors, the score being 20-0. Monroe gave Coach Rogers' boys more opposition than any aggregation which had presented itself so far during the season. The visitors outweighed the locals considerably and showed plenty of fight, but their defeat was due to the fact that they were unable to break through the Pontiac line.

Northern (Here)

The next game came very near giving us an awful surprise, due to the over-confidence of our boys. A blocked punt recovered on our opponents' 70 yard line saved Pontiac from at least a tie game and a possible defeat. The visitors put up a plucky scrap throughout, but were beaten, the final score being 7-0.

Central (There)

Pontiac received its first defeat at the hands of Detroit Central, the final score being 14-0. The game was played in a sea of mud and water, and as Central presented the heaviest team, they naturally had the advantage. The Centralites got away with a flying start and gathered their 14 points in the first five minutes of play. After this our boys got their "sea legs" and kept the ball in their opponents' territory during the rest of the game, though unable to score.

Western (Here)

A brilliant finish by our team enabled us to defeat Western, 25-13. The Cowboys put up a scrappy fight, but were unable to stand the pace put up by the locals and could not hold out against the straight line plunging which netted Pontiac two touchdowns in the last quarter and likewise, the game.

Cass (There)

Cass Tech was badly beaten by Coach Rogers' boys on Goldberg Field, the final count being 40-0. The game was played in the morning, and this may have accounted in a measure for the slowness of the play. The Pontiac aggregation had little difficulty in beating the Tech boys, who were unable to even threaten a touchdown during the contest.

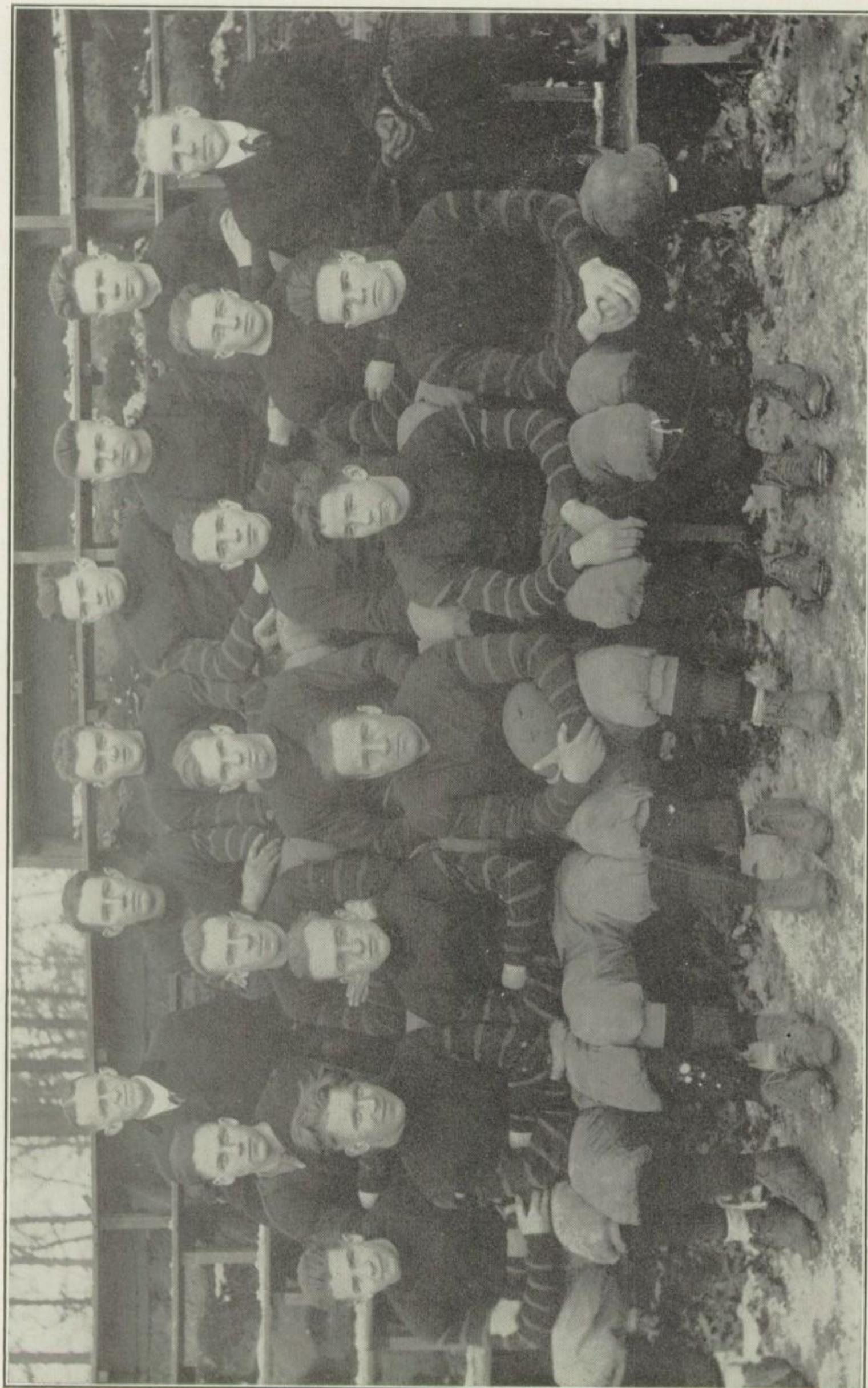
Ann Arbor (There)

The next game was with Ann Arbor and proved to be a slow and tedious contest due probably, as in the previous game, to the fact that the Pontiac boys were tired after their long car ride to the University City. Our boys scored their touchdowns early in the game and had little difficulty in holding the long end of the count. The final score was 13-0.

Flint (There)

This game was one of the hardest fought of the season and marked the second defeat of the Pontiac boys, this time by a score of 7-6. Our team made its touchdown early in the game, while the Flint outfit with several long passes placed the ball behind the posts in the last quarter, managing to kick goal and defeat the Pontiac boys.

“QUIVER”



Alumni (Here)

On Thanksgiving morning, the team closed its season with the annual Alumni game. Contrary to the usual rule, the game was hard fought throughout and the large crowd which turned out to witness the game was treated to an exhibition of good football. With several college stars in their line-up, the graduates managed to defeat the school boys by the narrow margin of 7-0.

Our Yell MASTER



“QUIVER”



SECOND TEAM.

Under the able coaching of “Doc” LeFevre, the second team presented an appearance which was hardly equalled by any team of its weight in the state. The team was light, there being few heavy men on the line and the backfield being almost in the featherweight class. The team had a most successful season, winning five out of the eight games played.



FIRST TEAM

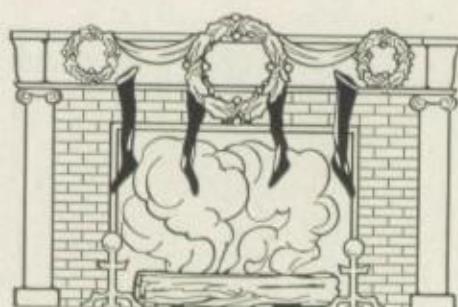
Basket ball practice began soon after the Thanksgiving vacation, with four veterans back from last year and plenty of good material from which to pick new men. On the whole, the season was one of the most successful which Pontiac High School has witnessed since the old days when the state championship came this way.

Fourteen games were played during the season and twelve of these were victories for the locals. Central was the only team which managed to defeat us, both games played with them being defeats for us.

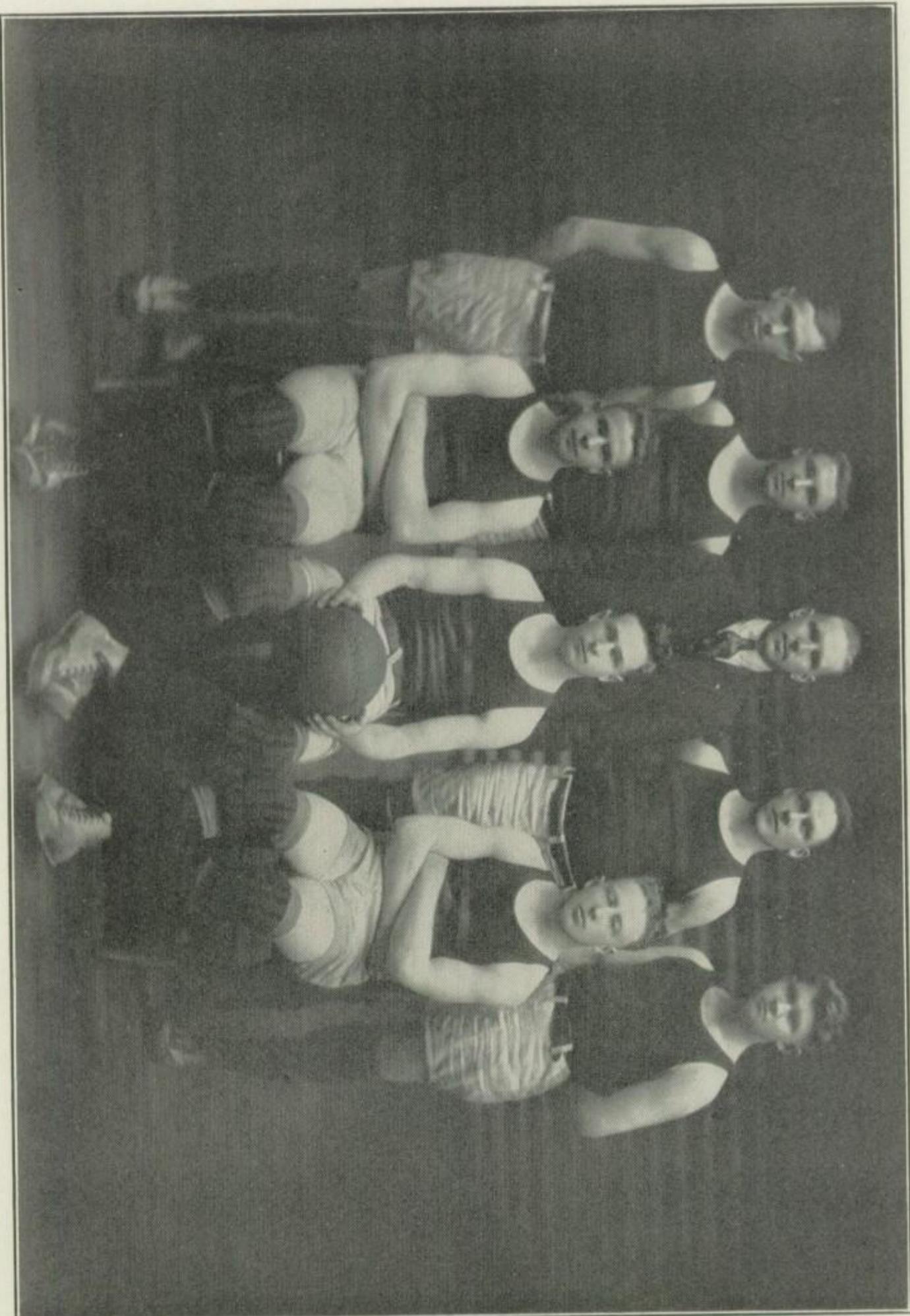
"Speck" Collins, who was elected captain of the team, left school early in the season to join the service, leaving a difficult position to be filled. Coach Goodloe Rogers appointed Kinney to the place left vacant by his departure.

The team loses by graduation this year, three of the men who have been its mainstays during the season. Captain Kinney, Kirby and Lillis have played their last basket ball as P. H. S. students, but it is hoped that in the wealth of material which the second team showed during the year, worthy successors to them will be found. No captain for the 1919 five has been elected as we go to press.

The line up of the team was as follows: Kinney, Kirby and Lillis, forwards; Pomfret, center; Starr, Vreeland, Watchpocket and Tubbs, guards.



“QUIVER”



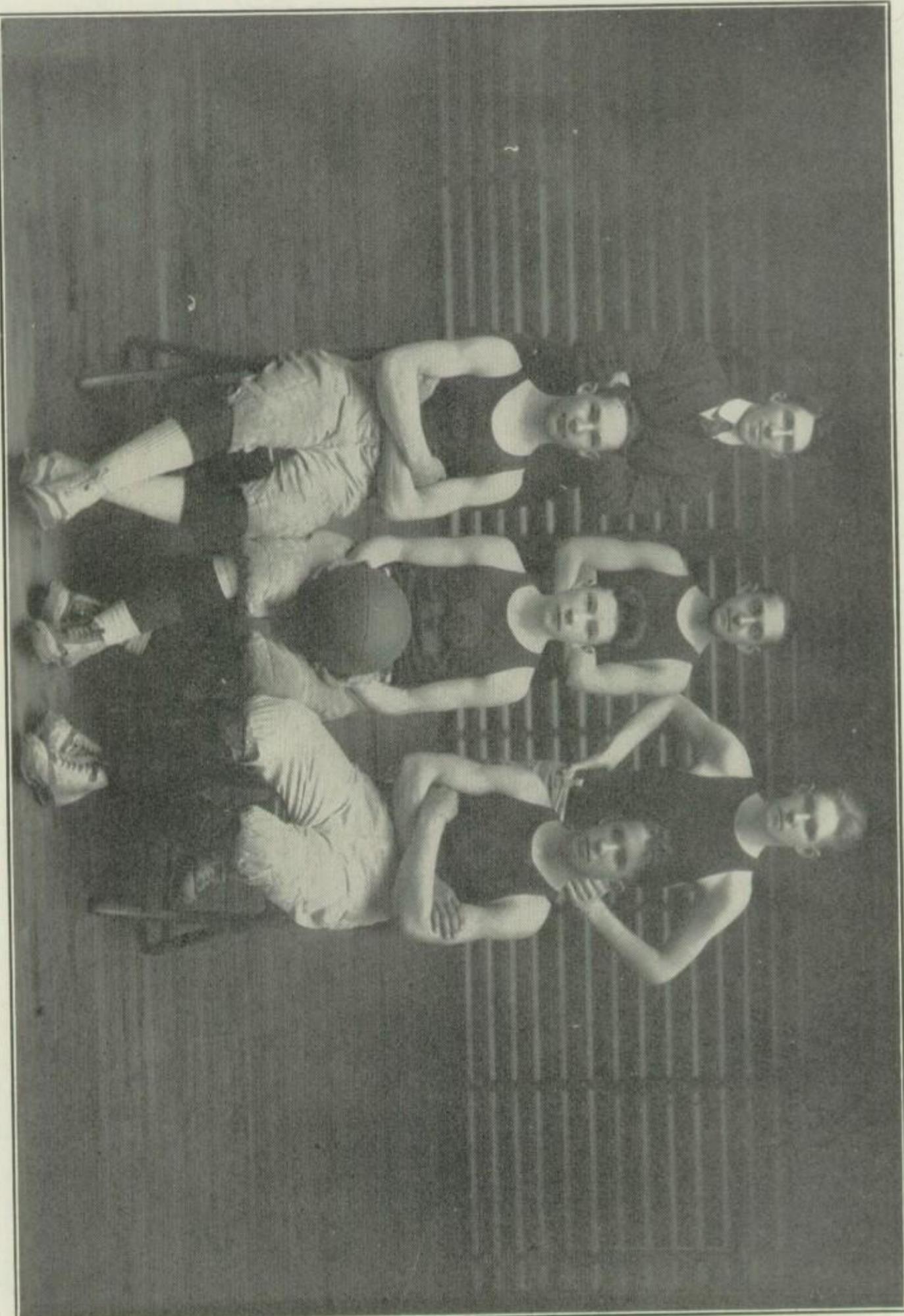
“QUIVER”

THE EVIDENCE

	Pontiac	Opponents
Holly at Pontiac.....	45	9
Alumni at Pontiac.....	22	11
Central at Detroit.....	13	28
Eastern at Detroit.....	16	8
Western at Detroit.....	10	7
Cass at Pontiac.....	25	16
Lansing at Pontiac.....	28	16
Central at Pontiac.....	13	23
Ann Arbor at Pontiac.....	15	11
Orchard Lake at Pontiac...	18	11
Northern at Pontiac.....	15	7
Ypsilanti at Pontiac.....	22	15
Western at Pontiac.....	22	15
Birmingham at Birmingham,	31	8
	—	—
	295	185

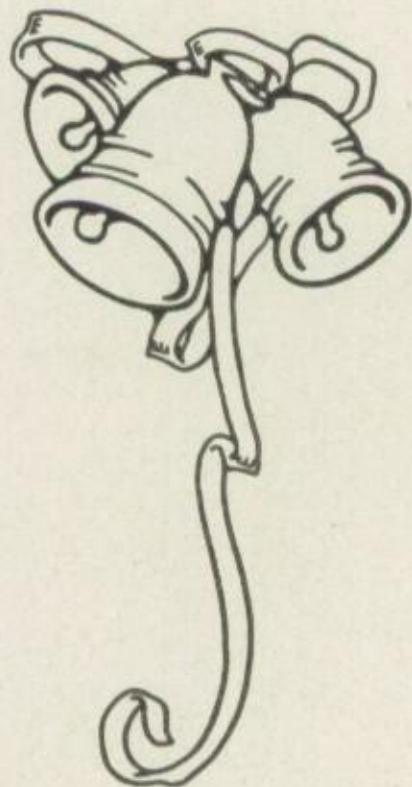
SECOND TEAM

We are justly proud of our second team, which we claim is the fastest and scrappiest aggregation of its weight which we have seen play this season. Although below the average team in weight, the "scrubs" had no difficulty in defeating the most of the teams against whom they were pitted. They were coached by E. R. Phelps, and after witnessing the exhibition of his work in the faculty game we did not wonder why his team attained the quickness and speed of play which it did. The team lined up for play as follows: McCallum and H. Soper, forwards; Baer and Sovey, centers; A. Soper and Boardman, guards.

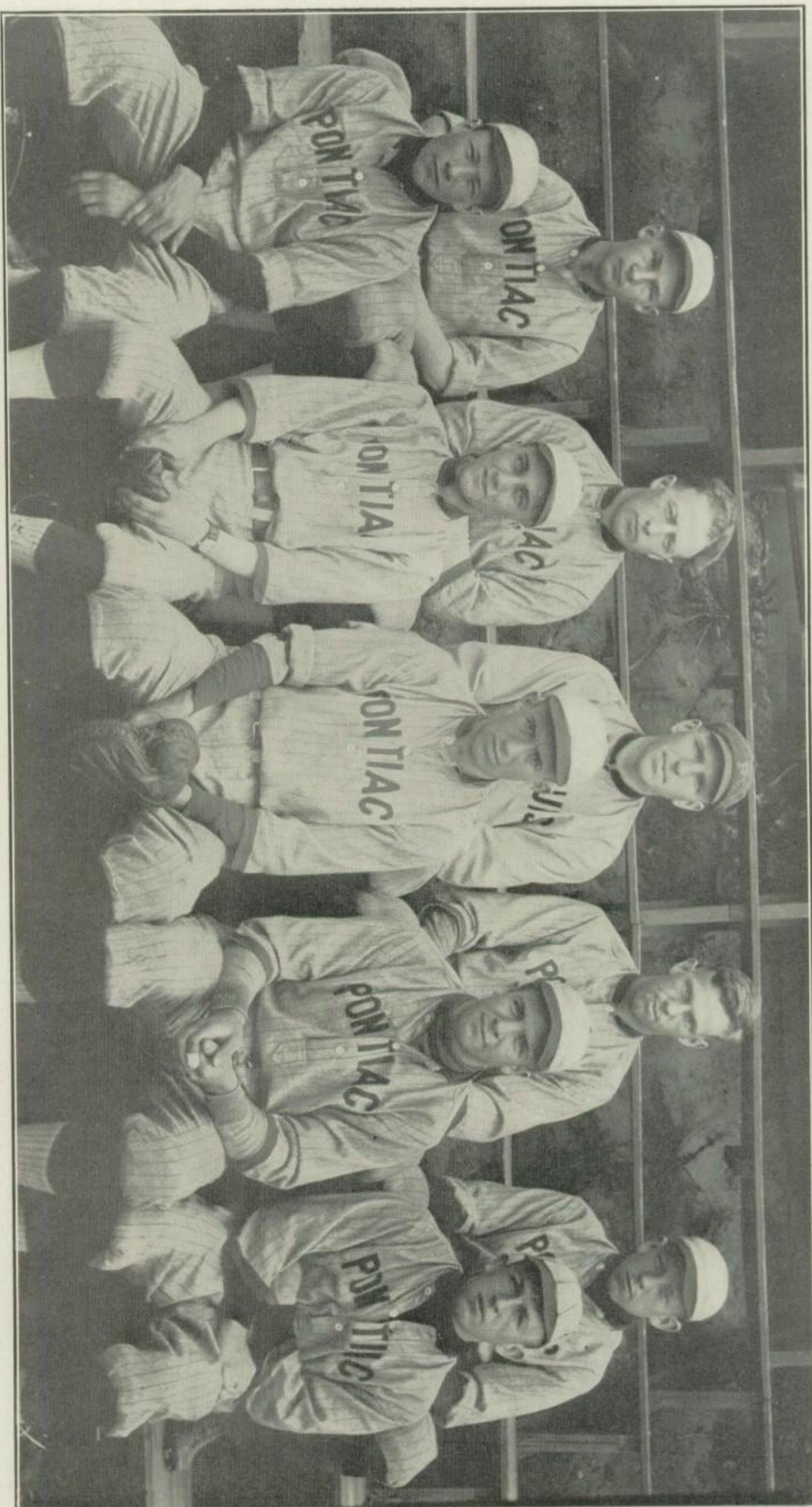


BASE BALL

As we go to press, the base ball team has been out a week, too short a time to make any predictions as to their ability. It has been planned to have a series of games between teams from the various classes and, following these, to start the varsity schedule. Owing to the fact that because of the war many schools are undecided as to their base ball for this year, it has been a difficult matter to arrange a schedule and at this time, it remains uncertain. Dates have been given by some schools, but it is not thought feasible to give these here, as they are not in a measure certain. Games have been arranged with the following schools: Birmingham, Fenton, Port Huron, Central, Holly, Northern and Western.



“QUIVER”



PONTIAC HIGH SCHOOL'S FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

Twenty-six years ago, when the first football team of the Pontiac High School took the field, conditions at that institution were not what they are today. As everyone knows, there is now no more efficient high school in the state. The faculty consists of upwards of twenty-five specialists, including a director of athletics. The gymnasium is equipped with everything a college athlete would want in the way of showers, lockers, etc., etc.

In the fall of 1892, when the first team was organized, there were but six teachers. The High School occupied the second floor of the old Grove School building, there was no gymnasium of any sort, no field for practice except the grove, and you athletes of today would have been disgusted with what little we had in the way of apparatus. But among the teachers there were two men who realized the value of athletics, and with the help and encouragement of Warren Smith, our principal, and Frank C. Arthur, of the business department, a team was organized and made up as follows: Captain Frederick A. Broad (deceased), E. C. Smith, Jr., now of the Smith Printing Co., Flint, Michigan; Reginald Pound, of the P. & G. Paint Co., Grand Ledge, Michigan; Walter W. Smith, secretary of the O. J. Beaudette Co.; William Strickland, of the United States postal service; Alexander Ray, attorney-at-law, Detroit; Arthur Spencer, farmer, Avon township; Louis Buttolph, who died in the United States service in Porto Rico, during the Spanish-American war; George Gibson, Manager R. B. Ridgley Co., Detroit; Harry Featherstone, farmer, Pontiac township; Robert O. LeBaron, M. D., Portsmouth, Ohio; Roy Wiest, M. D., Denver, Colorado; Louis McClellan, and Ross Stockwell.

Our only coach was a rule book which Captain Broad carried in his pocket. We had no second team to practice with and no chance for a scrimmage until we got into a real game. Our suits were mostly home-made, and with little or no padding in the pants, nose and shin guards were unknown. Moreover, as we had no athletic association back of us, each member had to go down into his own pocket and buy the ball and make up any and all deficiencies.

Our home games were played on the old Oakland County Fair Grounds, on Saginaw Street, where Fairgrove Avenue is now located, and when we played away from home, it was with the second team of the Michigan Military Academy. The first team at the Academy was in the big college class.

The essential rules of the game have not changed much except as to starting. Then there was no kick-off. When the umpire blew the whistle, the team which had the ball formed into V shape, the center leading, and the quarter back in the V enclosure with the ball, and started down the field to meet the other team, which could not start to meet the wedge until the team with the ball reached the middle of the field. When the teams came together there was a real clash and so many accidents occurred that this rule was soon abolished.

At this time there were no High School colors, but it may be of interest to note here that the first use of the Orange and Black was in the hose worn by several members of this team, which

“QUIVER”

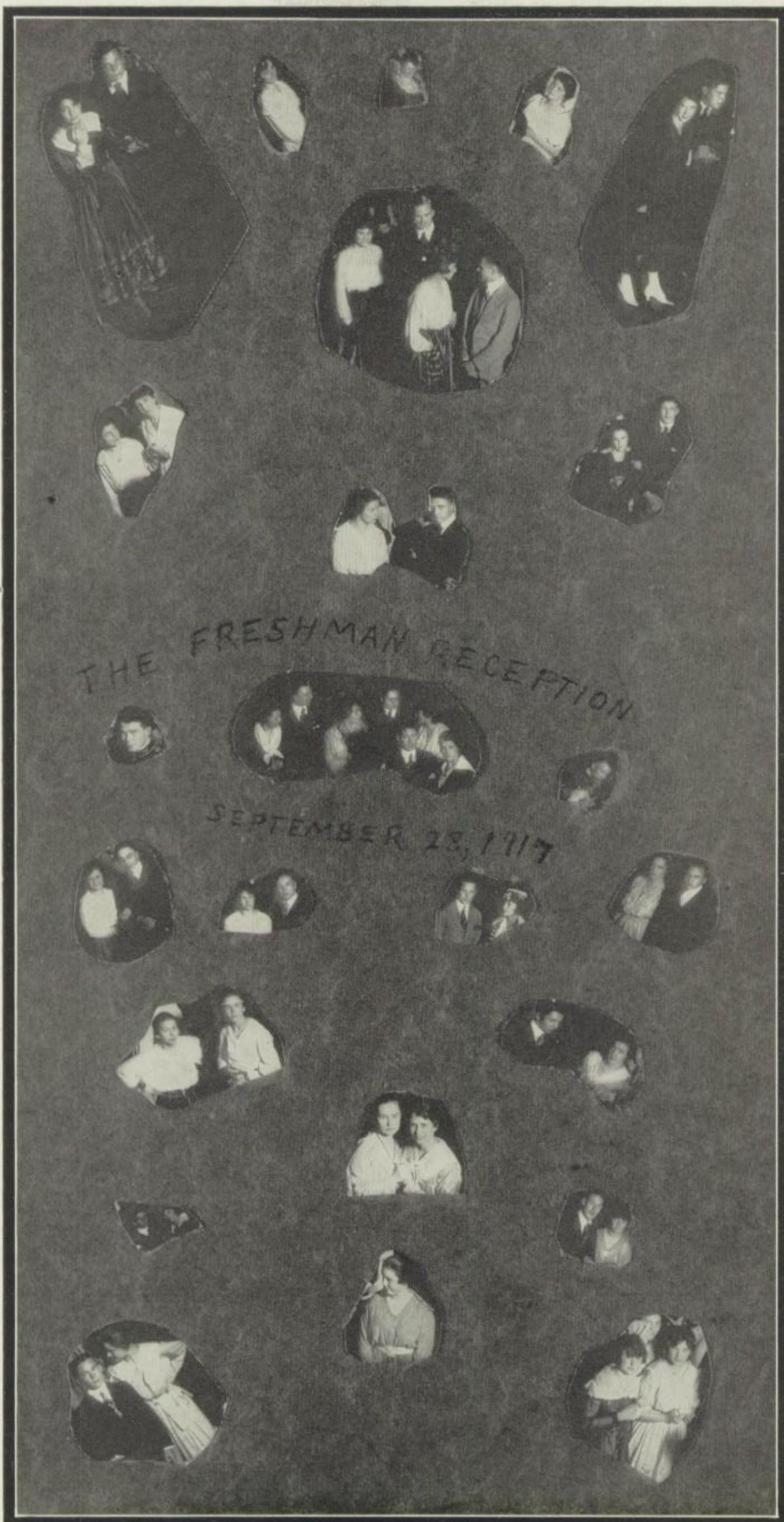
were knit by Mrs. Edward C. Smith, mother of one of the boys. Of course, we had a yell, and it was composed and taught us by Alexander Ray of the team.

This, then, was the beginning of Pontiac High's activities on the gridiron. We won no laurels as champions, but take to ourselves some credit for having set rolling the ball that has since won many for our successors.

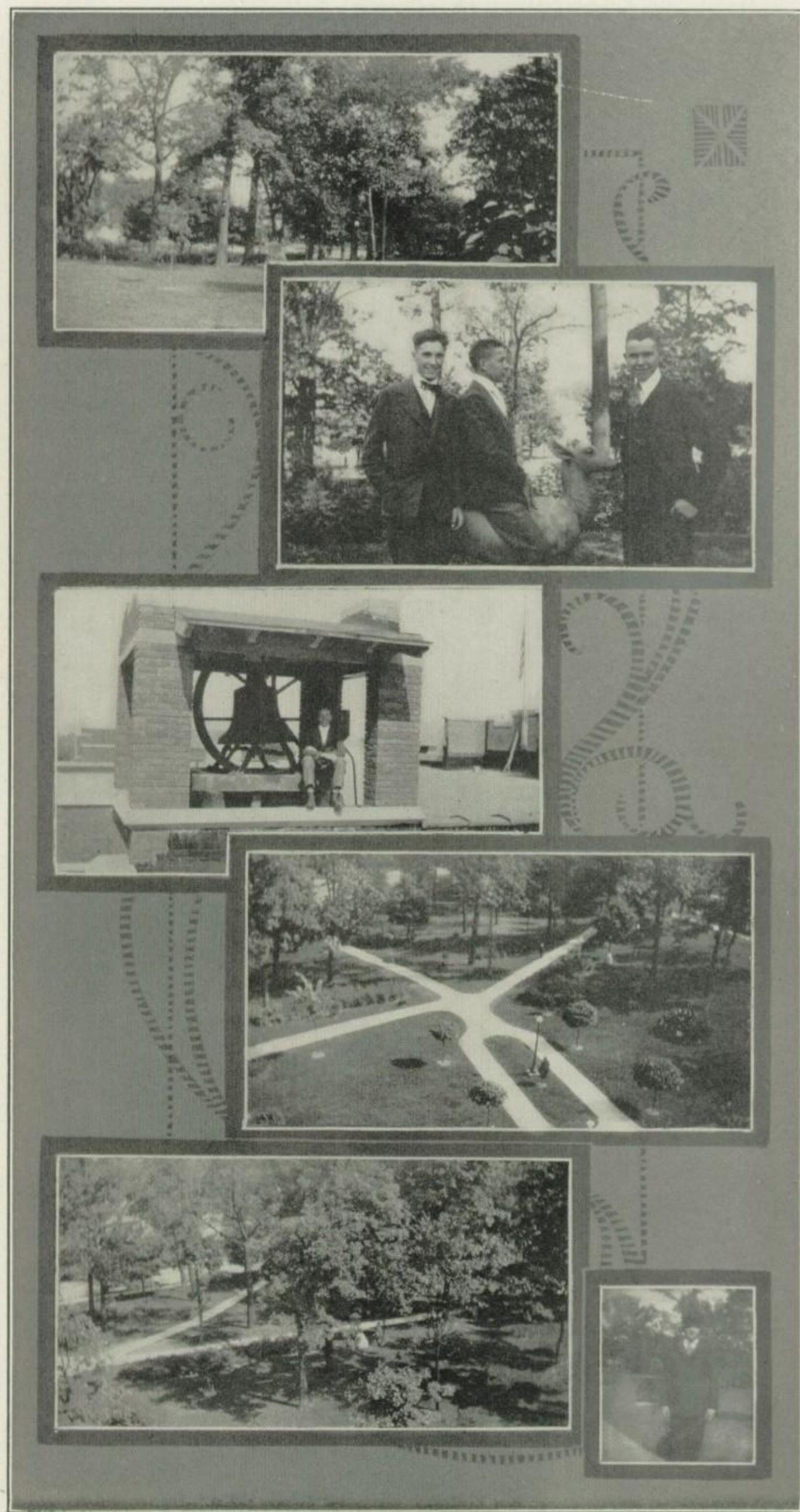


E. C. Smith, Jr., Pound, W. W. Smith, Broad, Strickland, Ray, Spencer, Buttolph, Gibson, Warren Smith, Arthur, Featherstone, LeBaron, Stockwell, McLelland, Wiest

“QUIVER”



“QUIVER”





Ticklings

“QUIVER”

Miss Barnett—"What was the Restoration?"

Freshie—"A fake. Papa is just as bald as he was before he used it."

* * *

From a Freshman English Paper: "The white people wore clothes made from the mother country."

* * *

M. Forsythe—"What's the second one from the end on the schedule?"

A. Lamb—"Beach—Eat'in—Gym."

* * *

Miss Heitsch (in English I. Class)—"Give a description of Gurth."

Freshman (intelligently)—"He wore a brass band around his neck."

* * *

Mr. Ebbels (in Public Speaking Class, while the thermometer plays with the zero mark—"We are going to read Ulysses and follow him in his wanderings through hell. Do you think that you will enjoy it?"

Kenneth Slater—"Yes, I guess we all will."

* * *

The full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel blue rays. It was late, but Clyde showed no signs of departing.

"It is said that the moon is dead," he said, dreamily.

"Is that any reason why we should sit up with the corpse?" asked Lorraine.

* * *

Bombar—"How did you like the stage hangings in Hamlet?"

Shearer—"There weren't no hangings, you boob,—he killed 'em with a sword."

* * *

Mr. Buttolph—"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?"

Miss McCarroll—"I would put it stronger than that. I may say he is actually stranded on them."

* * *

Mr. Travis (translating)—"He feeds his mind upon the empty picture."

* * *

Ed. Rockwell—"The reason why some of us can't make fools of ourselves is because nature got ahead of us."

* * *

Lillis—"Quit running into me. Do you think I look like Stearns?"

* * *

Mrs. Christian (in Free Hand Drawing Class)—"Can you draw, Miss Scott?"

"Yes."

"Cartoons?"

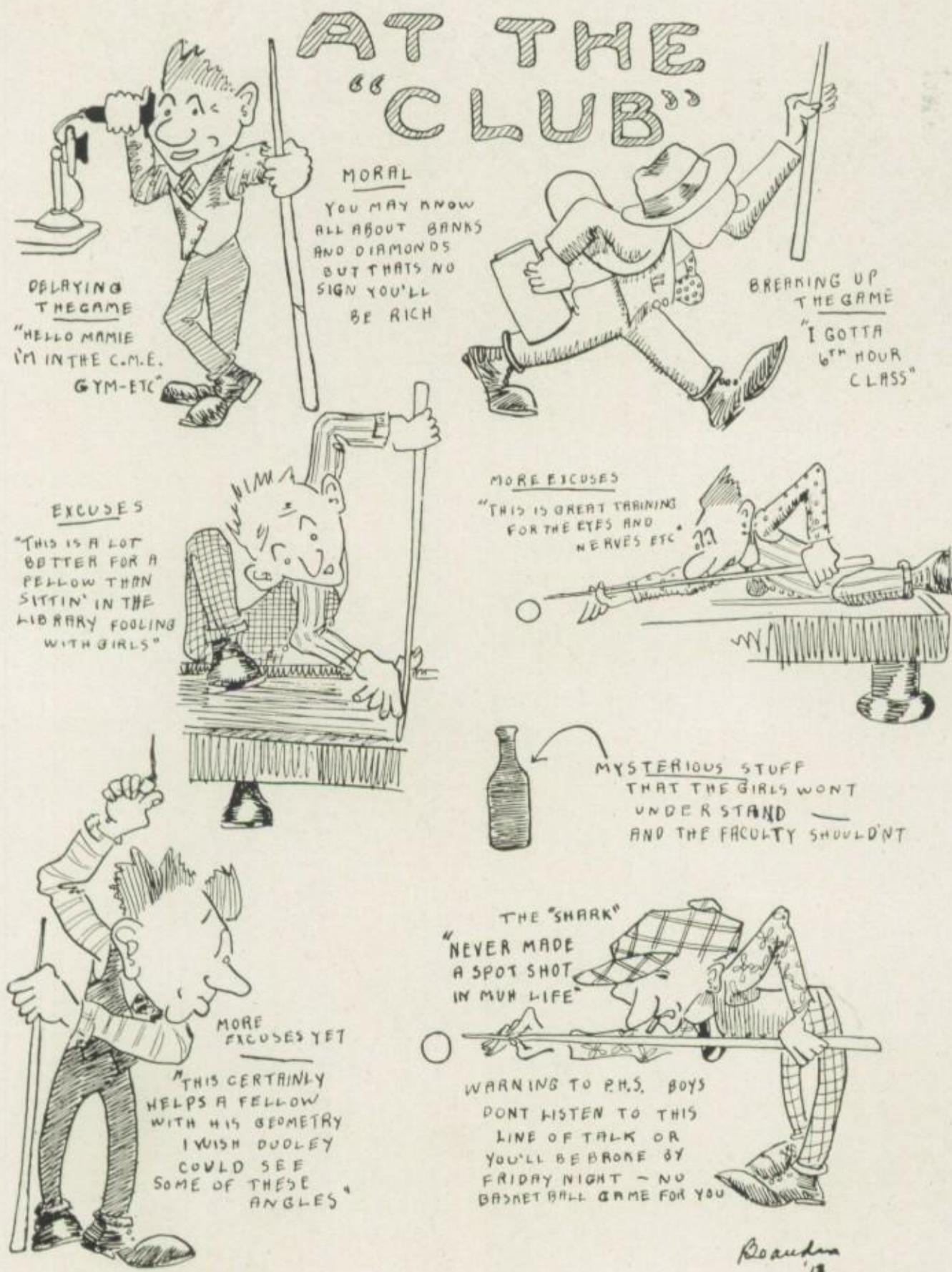
"No, but I can draw a breath."

* * *

Claribel Ferguson (translating in French IV.)—"Tears and kissing began."

Miss McCarroll—"That's enough! We'll stop right there."

"QUIVER"



Phil Sheridan—"Did you hear about the pool room here in the High School?"

Inquisitive Freshie—"No! Where is it?"

Phil—"Under the gym, they swim in it."

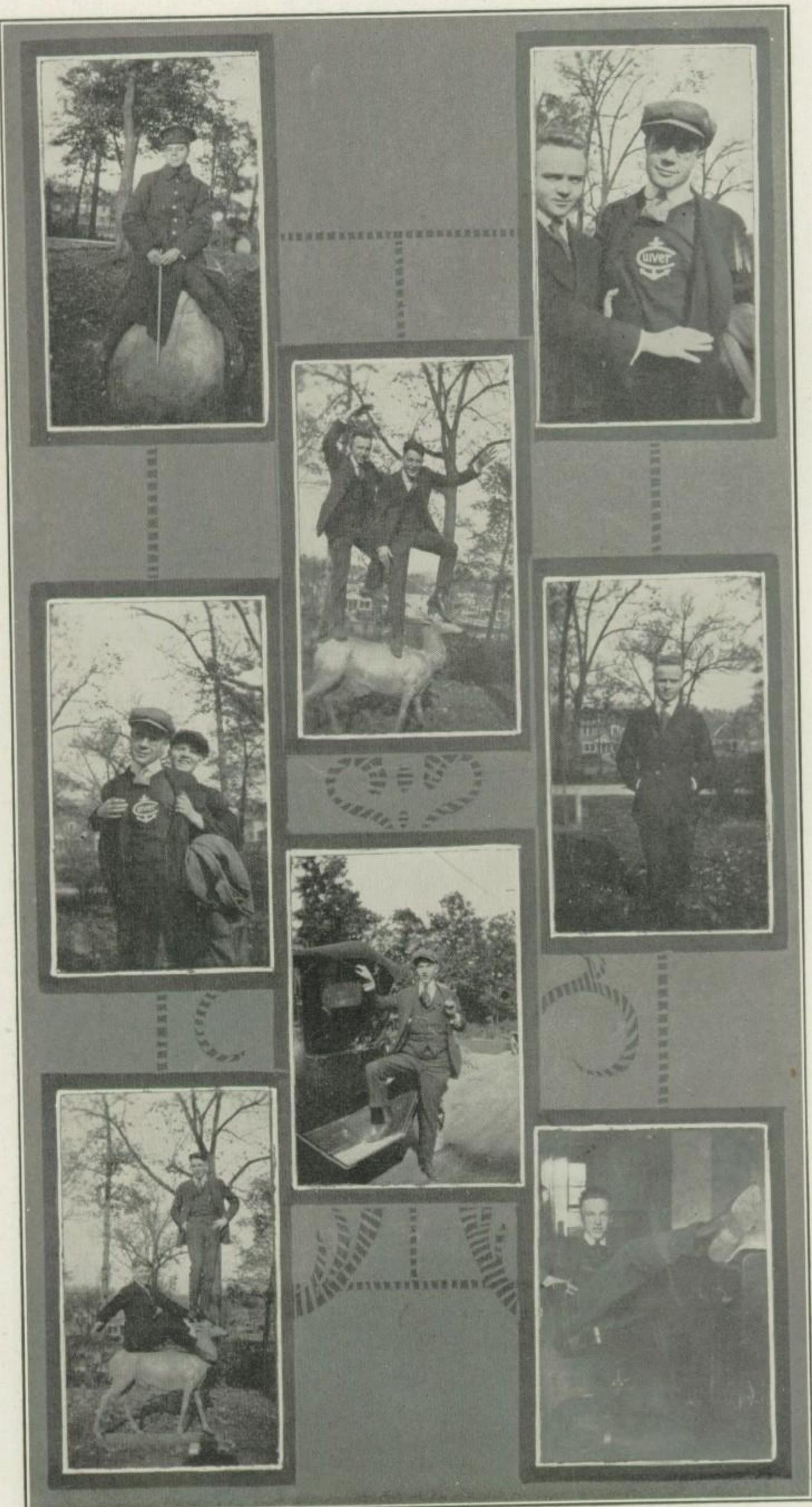
* * *

Miss McCarroll attempted to work out a new system by which her English Lit. class might remember the names of the various poets.

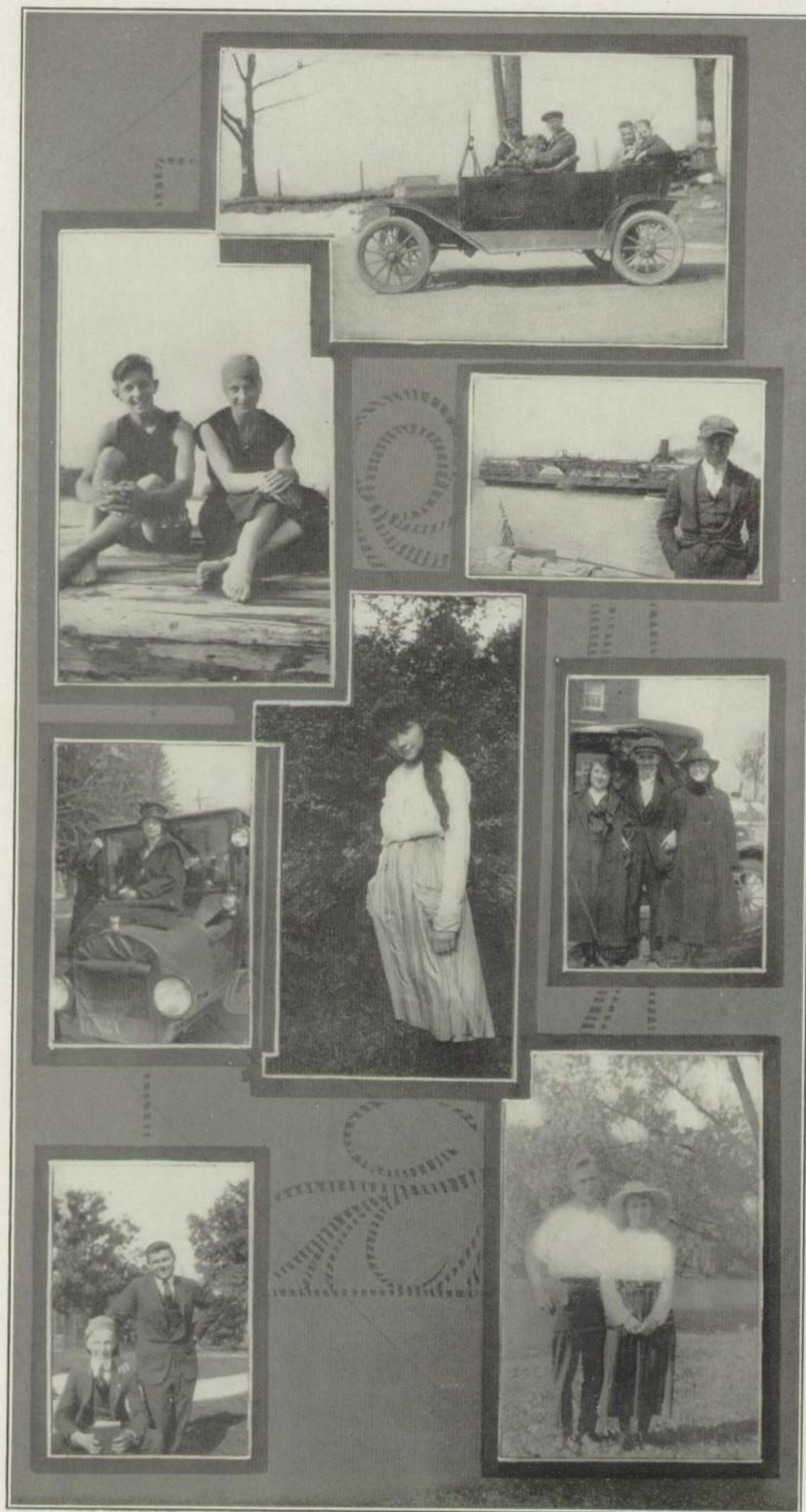
"Now, for example," she said, "suppose you wish to remember the name of the poet Bobby Burns. Fix in your minds a picture of an English policeman in flames. You know they call their policemen 'bobbies,' and there you have it. See? Bobby Burns."

"Yes," replied Anna Hallack, "but I never use slang or nicknames, so that, to me, would mean Robert Browning."

“QUIVER”



“QUIVER”



"QUIVER"

Jim Guillot, to Donald Bailey—"How's everything?"
Bud—"Oh, I'm all right."

* * *

Margaret Poole (hurriedly)—"Conductor, from which end of this car do we get off?"

Conductor (amused)—"Either, they both stop."

* * *

Nellie Howard—"Come here a minute. I want to show you a painting I am just finishing."

Jessie Scott—"Good looking painting, but I would take out a little of that dark coloring in this corner," and extended her hand carelessly toward the lower right corner.

Nellie—"Be careful! Don't you see the paint isn't dry yet?"

Jessie—"That makes no difference. I've got my gloves on."

* * *

Maiden, endowed with musical talent (after having her voice tried out)—"Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

Mr. Quayle—"In case of a fire it might be convenient."

* * *

Barbara Fisher (regretfully)—"Everyone says that I look so much like Ernie."

Dorothy Houghton—"Never mind, Bab, as long as you're healthy."

* * *

E. Fisher (entering Grinnell's with H. Coleman)—"Why don't you get the 'Jelly Roll Blues?'"

Harriet—"I don't want that kind of stuff."

Ernie—"Why not? Did you think it was some kind of pastry?"

* * *

Seeley (endeavoring to finish his ice cream before the bell sounded its final tap)—"I'm going to put this down if I have to take it upstairs with me."

Auten—"Drop it."

* * *

Customer—"I want to get a shirt."

Clerk—"How long do you want it?"

Customer (indignantly)—"I don't want to rent it, I want to buy it."—Ex.

* * *

Stew Beach—"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Milton Orman—"Don't you suppose I'd try it if I knew?"

* * *

Porter—"Don't you know how to drive a nail yet without smashing your thumb?"

"No," snapped Pomfret, angrily, "and I don't think you do, either."

Porter—"Well, I guess I do. Take your hammer in both hands."

* * *

Miss McCarroll startled her French class and caused the entire session room to stare at her in open-mouthed amazement the other day when she uttered the vile oath, "By Gosh" (baggage).

PHS GIRLS



ENCLOSING YOUR PICTURE WITH
INQUIRIES TO MISS FAIRFAX WILL
RESULT IN OBTAINING PROMPT
SATISFACTORY REPLIES

Dear Miss Fairfax -
How can I get acquainted
with the remaining boys in
school with whom I have not
yet had dates.

Bashful

ANSWER - PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD MAKE YOURSELF
MORE ATTRACTIVE AND
DRESS CONSPICUOUSLY

Dear Miss Fairfax -
I do not seem to
attract masculine
attention. I think
possibly because I
am small and too
feminine. What course
must I pursue?

Petite

ANSWER = HAVE
YOU TRIED FORCE



Dear Miss Fairfax -
I am very fond of society
and outdoor sports but do not
seem to attract the boys.
Do I lack anything?

ANSWER - IT MUST BE
YOUR IMAGINATION
THE OTHER GIRLS ARE
PROBABLY JEALOUS OF YOU.



Dear Miss Fairfax
I am 13 years old but old
for my age and am deeply
in love with a man of 40.
She too old for me? What
shall I do?

Experienced

ANSWER = ASK DAD - HE KNOWS



Dear Miss Fairfax
I am considered very
attractive and a good
dancer but somehow I
seem to lack partners.

Gracefull

ANSWER - DONT GIVE UP HOPE
EVERY MAN IS EXPECTED
TO DO HIS BIT. IN THESE TIMES



Beauding

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg?" said the veteran.

"What's that?" asked a friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

* * *

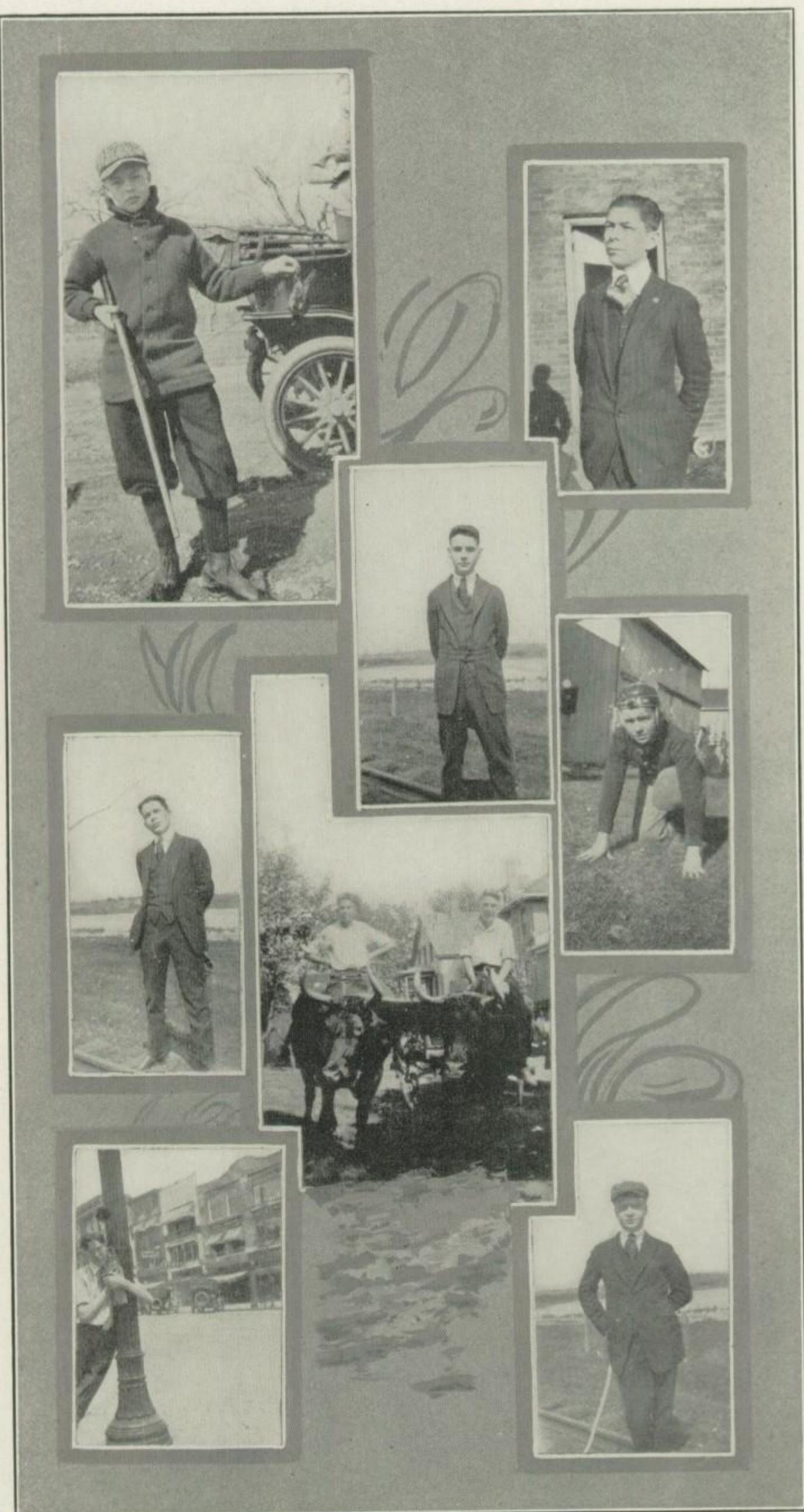
Bill had a bill board. He also had a board bill, and the board bill bored Bill. So Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill. After Bill sold his bill board, he paid his board bill. Then the board bill no longer bored Bill.

* * *

"Father, what kind of beasts were the rams they used in the Civil War?"

"They were probably the ancestors of the U-boats or today, son."

“QUIVER”



"QUIVER"

Miss Walker—"Where is the Red Sea?"

Freshman—"I don't know. I thought they were all blue."

* * *

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I see by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."—Ex.

* * *

Madeleine (hurriedly)—"I heard the best joke yesterday, but for the life of me I can't remember it."

Joke Editor—"Can't you keep anything in your head overnight?"

* * *

One of the Members of the Faculty—"Young man, what profession are you expecting to follow when you become a man?"

'18—"I'm going to be a dentist," (taking out a notebook and pencil). "May I solicit your false teeth?"

* * *

Father—"I noticed you had company last night. Who was here?"

Daughter (Class of '18)—"Only Jennie, father."

Father—"Well, tell Jennie she left her pipe on the sofa."

* * *

Betty (translating in Latin VII.)—"On all sides the seven youths rushed into view...."

Mr. Travis—"View the remains?"

* * *

Mr. Phelps (explaining the forces of holding a kite in the air)—"Now, where will the string go?"

Kenneth Slater—"I should think it would go down the wind pipe."

* * *

Little Willie was allowed to sit up to the table with his fond mother on the occasion of a little luncheon.

"Willie, you ought to use your fork."

"I know it, mother," said Willie, plaintively, "but this one leaks like the deuce."

* * *

Ivan French—"You are the sole aim of my life."

Marjorie—"Well you won't make a hit unless you get closer to the target."

* * *

Senior (studying Physics)—"What kind of a motion does a couple produce?"

Fellow Student (absently)—"Couple? Married or single?" married or single?"

* * *

Harriet Coleman—"What are you doing, Mamie? Making deviled eggs?"

Marion Willits—"Something devilish."

* * *

McGowan—"Why so sad?"

Preston—"Oh! I'm drowning in debt."

Don—"Well, I can't swim, so we'll probably go down together."

Centralite—"Are there enough seats for all the crowd?"

Stew—"I should say not."

Centralite—"Any more standing room?"

Stew—"No."

Centralite—"Well! Don't you make any provisions for a big crowd like this?"

Stew—"Why, the band can play 'Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here,' without the music."

* * *

First Tourist—"What's the name of that cable car in Los Angeles? 'The Devil's Stairway?'"

Second Tourist—"No! 'Angels' Flight.'"

* * *

Miss Barnett—"Mr. Rockwell, you seem to be wandering in your mind."

Voice from the Back Row—"Well, he can't stumble on his brains."

* * *

"The doctor says I must quit smoking. One lung is nearly gone."

"Oh, John, can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for the dining room rug?"—Ex.

* * *

Porter—"You ought to see Shearer's lip. He had a scrap with their cat and the poor puss fixed his lip up fine."

Kinney—"Cat scratch, nothing! You saw the forthcomings of his young mustache."

* * *

Seeley—"Why does a blush creep into a girl's cheek?"

Tubbs—"If it ran it would kick up too much dust."

* * *

Miss Christian suspected that some cheating was going on in the Spanish class, so she arranged the class in the first two rows. M. Lynch, finding herself upon the first row, rather demurred, but said, "Oh, well! I've just had an hour and a half session with Dudley, so I'm ready for anything now."

* * *

Miss Harris—"Give a word illustrating common gender, Mr. Harris."

Thone—"Dear."

* * *

Bud Bailey (Eng. VI.)—"We cannot dedicate, we cannot concentrate, we cannot hallow this ground."

* * *

Miss Fisher (in Botany Class)—"Mr. Buckley, is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

Ed.—"Yes, hash."

* * *

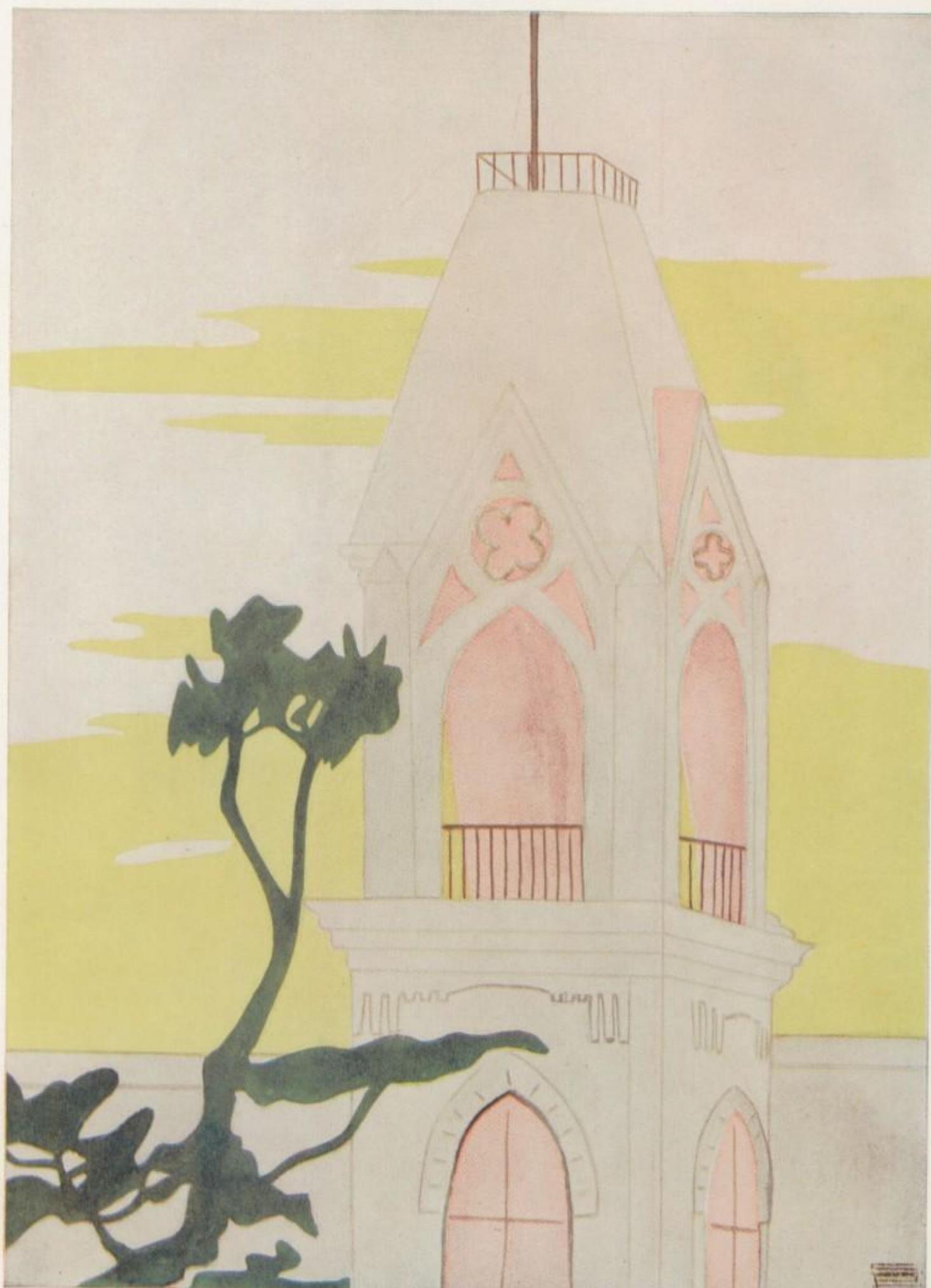
"I do not like your heart action, young man," said the doctor. "You've had trouble with your Angina Pectoris."

"You're partly right, only that ain't her name, Doc," he replied sheepishly.

* * *

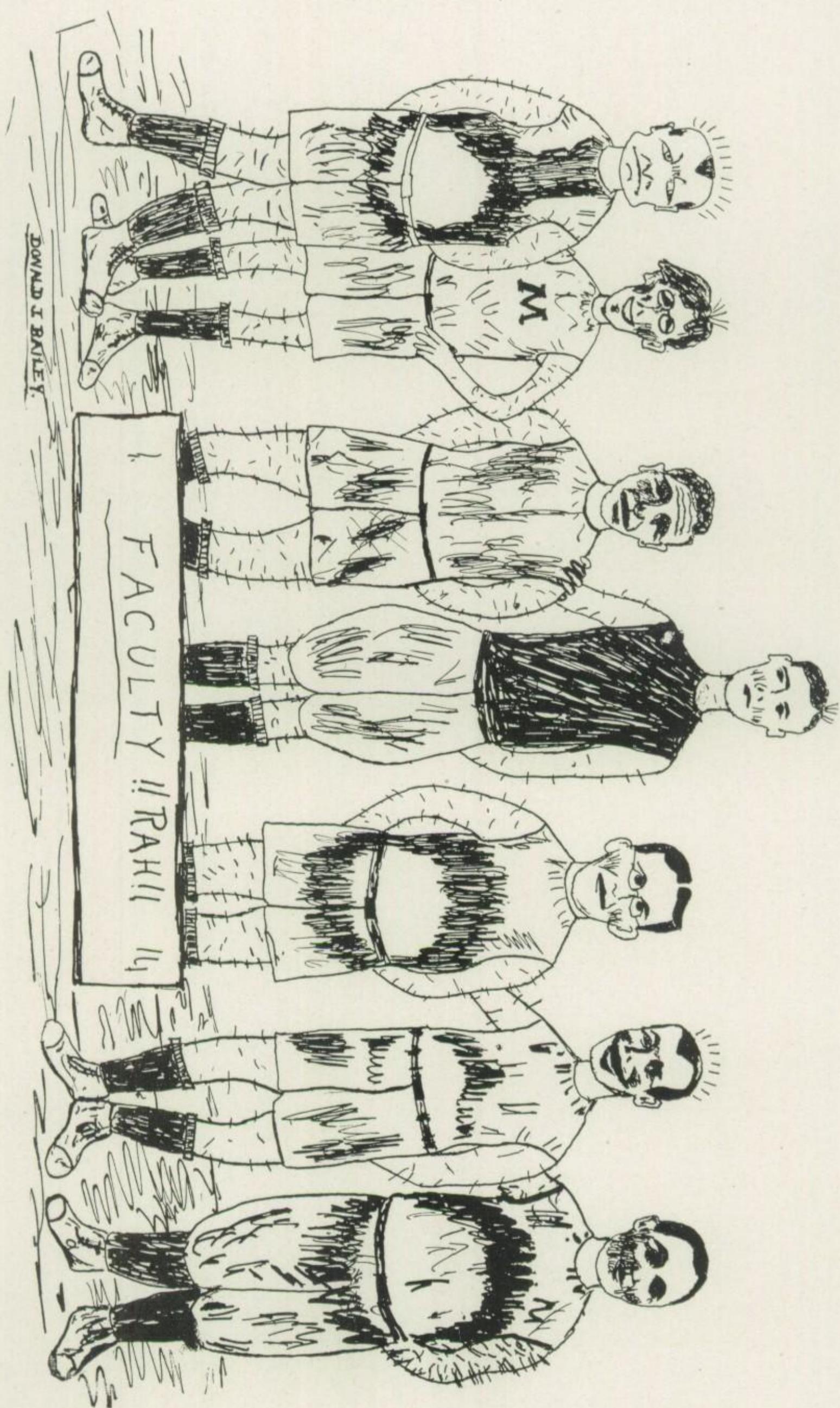
"Fat" Vreeland stood gazing longingly at the latest things in a clothing store window. A friend stopped to ask him if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas.

"Gosh, no," replied Fat. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."



OLD PONTIAC HIGH SCHOOL

"QUIVER"



THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

"My son, come here and tell to me,
About the things that you did see,
When as a Freshman tall and thin,
You did your High School days begin.

"And has it changed much since the time
Your daddy up those stairs did climb?
Is Mr. Dudley at his place,
And has he still a smiling face?"

"Oh! papa, 'tis a wondrous school,
And every room is nice and cool,
Electric fans placed 'round the wall
Waft cooling breezes to us all.

"And when we're on the second floor,
And wish to go up one flight more,
We do not labor up a stair,—
An elevator takes us there.

"Now Mr. Dudley's desk and chair
Are battered up by constant wear,
And in the room which all did dread
Is placed a candy-stand instead.

"And in the lab where students toiled,
With H-2-O and acids boiled,
No desks or bottles now are found,
But billiard tables there abound.

"Between our classes, if we like,
To this dear spot we take a hike,
And buy delicious chocolate creams,
Of which the King thought in his dreams.

"Then when we all our lessons know,
Up to the billiard room we go,
And play a game with some fair lass,
To clear our brain for next hour class.

"The teachers say it's surely fine
To forget our lessons for a time;
It makes us all quite fresh and new,
And better work we're sure to do.

"No permits do they make us show,
But on our honor let us go.
Yet seldom does a student skip,
Or go down town just for the trip."

"In '18 schools were not so good,
Howe'er, I did the best I could.
My son, I hope you'll grasp the chance
A modern school gives to advance."

—FLOYD L. McDougall, '18

THEY DO SAY:

Miss Barnett—"Egg-sactly."

Mr. Dudley—"Now, students—" etc. etc.

Mr. Phelps—"I'm afraid you haven't quite got the idear."

Mr. Allen—"Tubbs, you may be excused."

Miss Carpenter—"Is it not?"

"Bud" Bailey—"I used to know a fellow in Culver—" etc.

"Chick" Baxter—"That Buttolph has more luck."—(Sobs).

Clare Burke—"Well, fellows, I'm going to turn over a new leaf and study."

* * *

Mr. Phelps (in Chemistry)—"Calcite has the same properties as whiskey. Makes you see double."

* * *

Miss Barnett (U. S. History)—"Who counts the local option ballots?"

French—"Bartenders and preachers."

* * *

Bailey (U. S. History)—"The vice-president died, which never happened before."

* * *

"Chick" worries a bit in Chemistry—"I'm afraid this curve isn't very straight."

* * *

Marentay—"What's the difference between a golpher and a gopher?"

Tubbs—"An L of a difference, old man."

* * *

"Bud" while reciting in English VI. gets thirsty and a bit mixed up on the words when he urges the class "to take hope from Bordeaux wines."

* * *

Mr. Phelps names the three kinds of waters,—"Hard, soft, and fire."

* * *

Miss Barnett—"Did you look up Alaska?"

French—"Yes, but I went too high and overlooked it."

* * *

BOOKS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

"Dri-Foot—Its Uses and Abuses"—Donald McGaffey.

"Handwriting, and How It May Be Deciphered"—S. M. Dudley.

"From Office Boy to President—An Autobiography"—Clyde Townsend.

"Pugilism,—Its Application to Daily Life"—Goodloe Rogers.

"Personality,—Its Effect on Your Audience"—A Debater's Handbook.—Steve Jenks.

"The Art of Perpetual Sleep."—Navarre Marentay.

"Female Impersonation in Three Lessons"—Thone Harris.

"Business as Usual"—D. C. Allen.

"How to Get By"—A Bluffer's Manual—William Buttolph.

* * *

Mr. Phelps (Chemistry II.)—"What is hard water?"

"Chick"—"Ice."

* * *

Conductor—"Did I get your fare?"

Guillot—"You must have. I didn't see you ring it up for the company."

"QUIVER"

Mr. Phelps (Physics II.)—"I should like to have some one report on aeroplanes. As for myself, I have never followed them up."

* * *

Guillot reaches across the table in the lunch room and helps himself to the sugar.

Mr. Allen—"What's the matter, Guillot, haven't you a tongue?"

Guillot—"Sure, but it isn't as long as my arm."

* * *

Chick Baxter has a grudge against the railroad. He told us confidentially the other day that he was going to fool them, though. Sh-h—Don't tell anyone. He's going to buy a round trip ticket to Chicago and he isn't coming back.

* * *

Kinney—"How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?"

French—"Two seats away."

* * *

Riker—"Say, Mac, what'll you take to lend me a jitney?"

Whitfield—"A nickel."

* * *

Little words of Latin,
Little lines to scan,
Make a mighty language,
And a crazy man.

* * *

"There's always more than one way of looking at a thing," remarked the small boy as he climbed the fence of the ball park.

* * *

A net, a maid,
The sun above,
Two sets we played—
Result: Two love.

* * *

"Chick"—"Gee, but I had a funny dream last night!"

Beach—"I know; I saw you with her."

* * *

Englishman (in British Museum)—"We have a book here, sir, that Cicero wrote."

American—"Pshaw, that's nothing! We have a pencil in one of our museums in America which Noah used to check off the animals."—Ex.

* * *

Jacobs—"What's the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl?"

Burke—"Me—next to a girl."

* * *

Bill—"What makes you think Preston would be a good soldier?"

John—"You can treat him but he never retreats."

* * *

Mr. Phelps (in Physics Lab.)—"Now, class, go back to the tables and spread out."

* * *

Miss Derragon explains a difficult scene from "Macbeth." "Now, class, if you have that in your head, you will have it all in a nut-shell."

“QUIVER”

E. Millis (Latin VI.)—“Do you take Greek and Latin before you study medicine?”

Mr. Travis—“No, not necessarily. I took medicine long before I took Latin.”

* * *

Heard in sewing class:

“Ripped your neck off yet?”

“No, I haven’t got around to it.”

* * *

Allen—“Who was that who laughed aloud?”

Riker—“I did, but I didn’t mean to.”

Allen—“You didn’t mean to?”

Riker—“No, sir; I laughed in my sleeve and didn’t know there was a hole in my elbow.”

* * *

Travis (translating Latin)—“Where is your horse?”

Brace (a bit excited)—“Here under my book, but I wasn’t using it.”

* * *

Bill—“May I confide a secret in you?”

Marian—“I’ll be silent as the grave.”

Bill—“I need fifty cents pretty badly.”

Marian—“Don’t worry, it is as though I heard nothing.”

* * *

Marentay—“So you want to take a pharmacy course in college?”

Rockwell—“Naw, I’m not going to be a farmer. I want to work in a drug store.”

* * *

Bailey (U. S. History)—“Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a log cabin he built himself.”

* * *

Seeley—“My barber told me a clever story this morning.”

Guillot—“Illustrated with cuts, I suppose.”

* * *

“Failed in French and flunked in Trig,”

I heard the Sophomore hiss,

“I’d like to find the guy who said

That ignorance is bliss.”

* * *

Her Father—“Young man, we are accustomed to put the lights out in this house at ten o’clock.”

M. Bombar—“Suits me all right. Don’t stop on my account.”

* * *

Teacher—“I’m not so old as I look.”

Pupil—“You couldn’t be and live.”—Ex.

* * *

Pa—“What’s that old hen eating them tacks for?”

Son—“Perhaps she’s going to lay a carpet.”

* * *

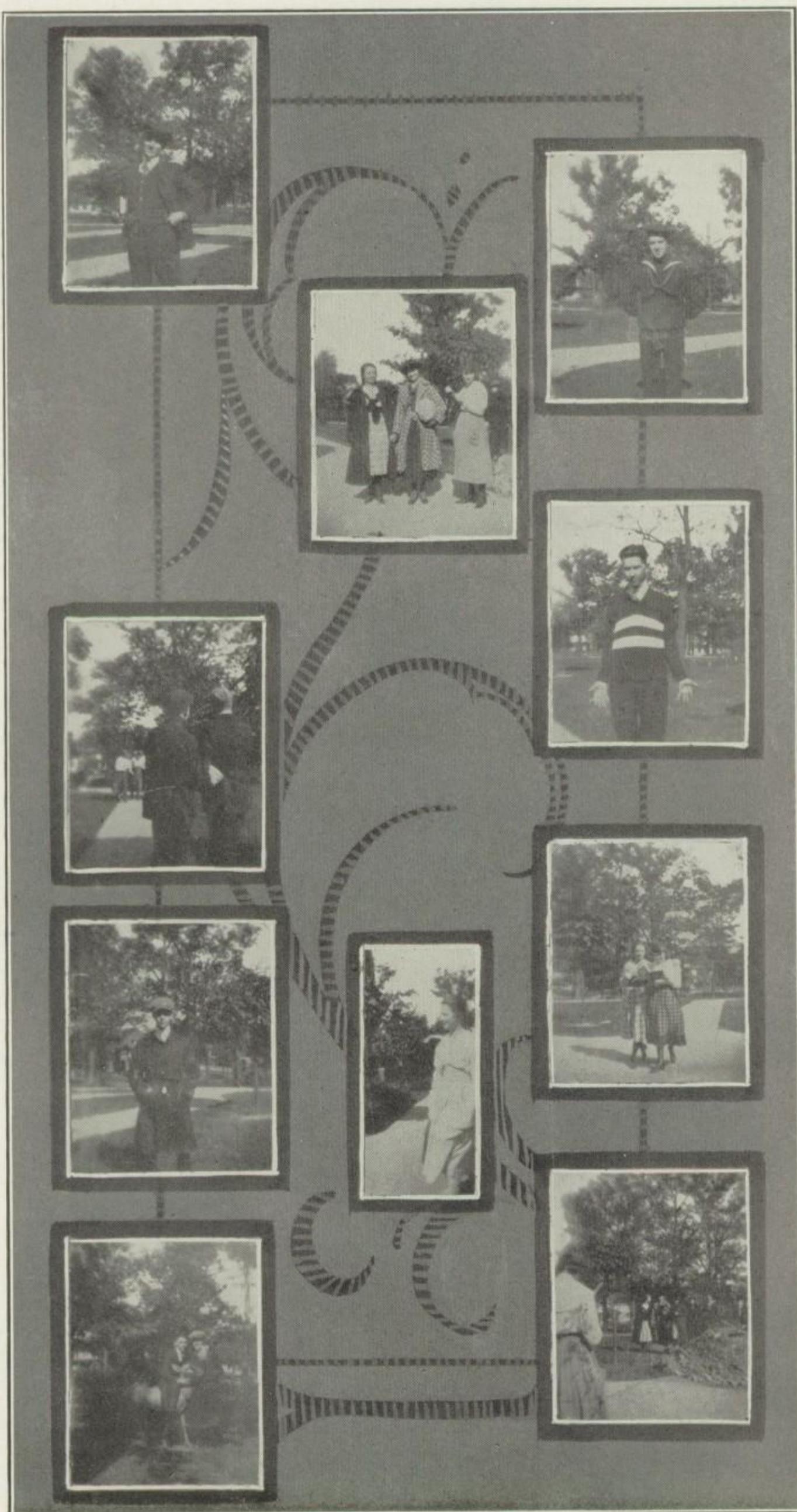
“Pray let me kiss your hand,” said he,

With look of burning love.

“I can remove my veil,” said she,

“Much easier than my glove.”

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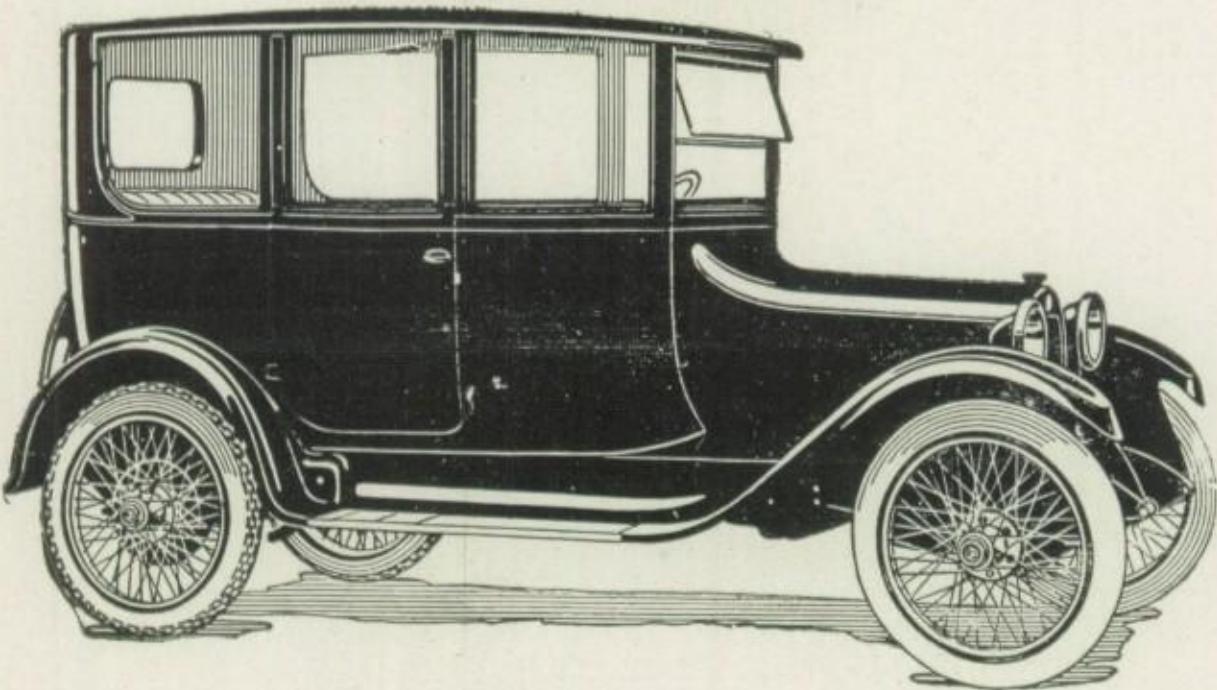
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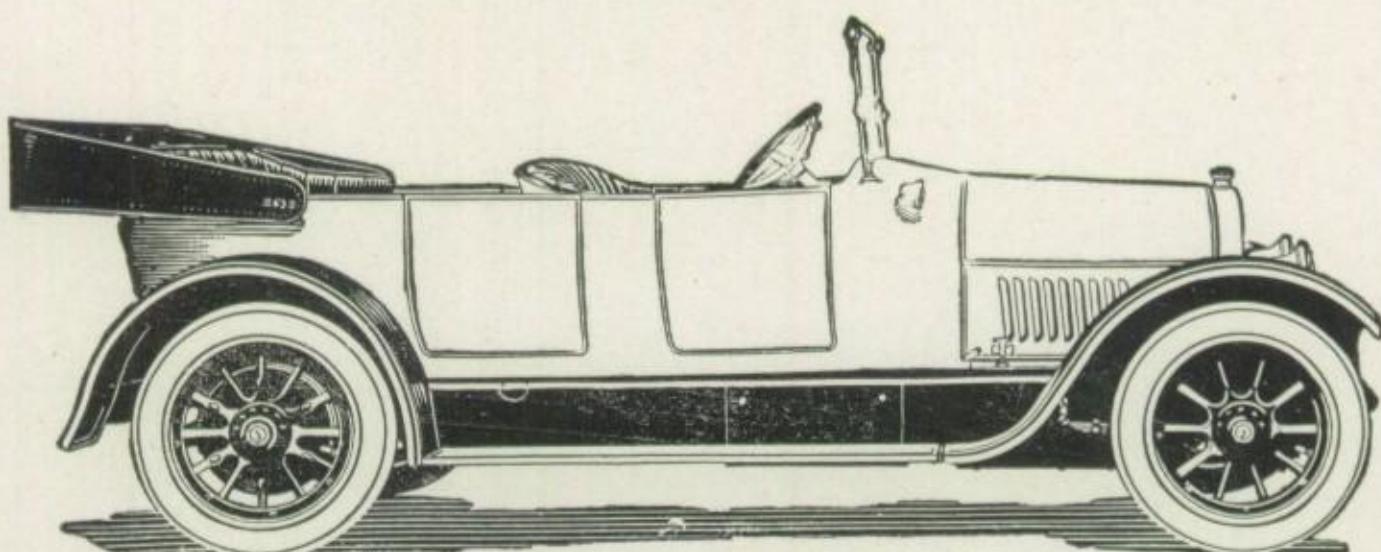
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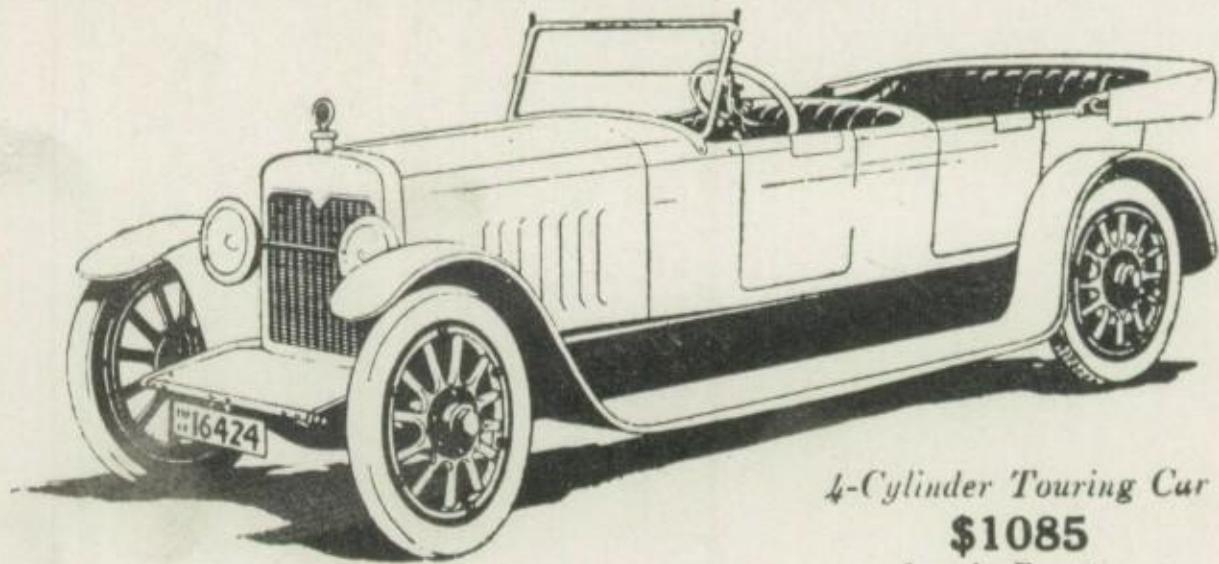
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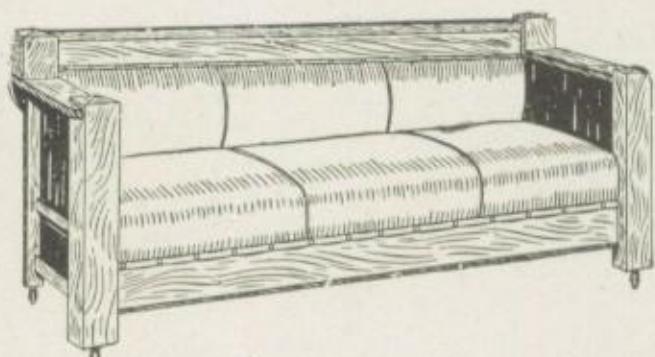
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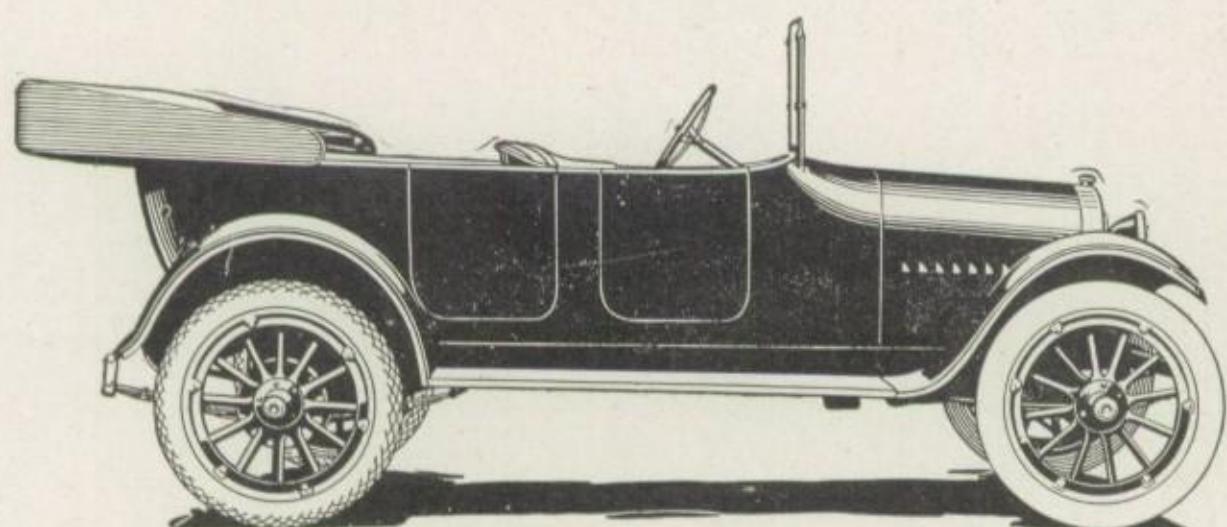
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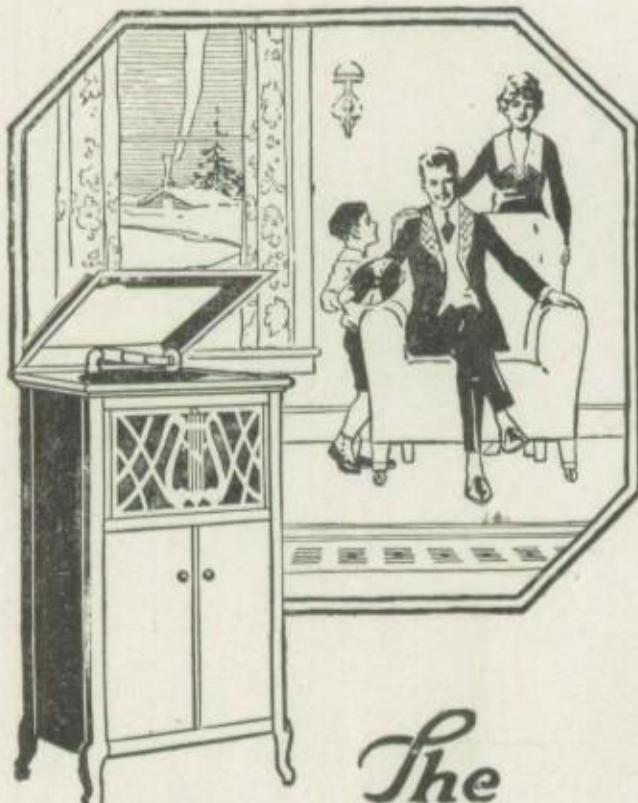
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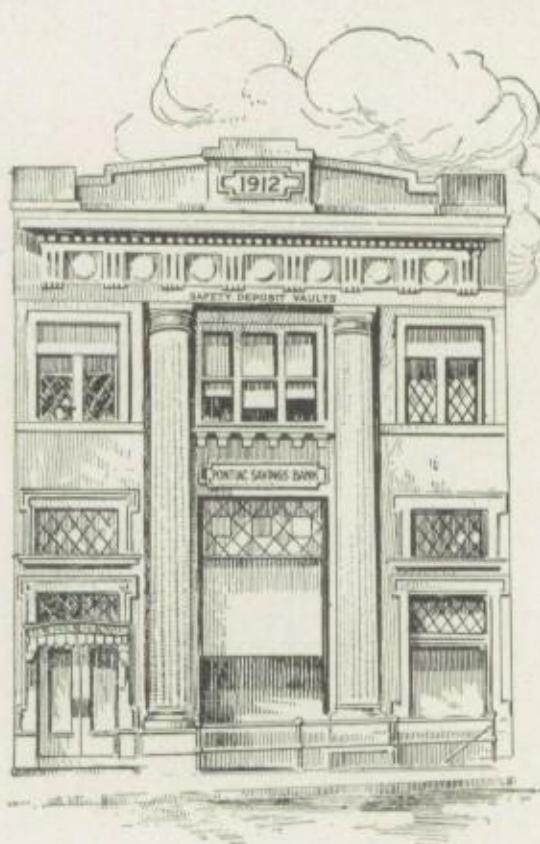
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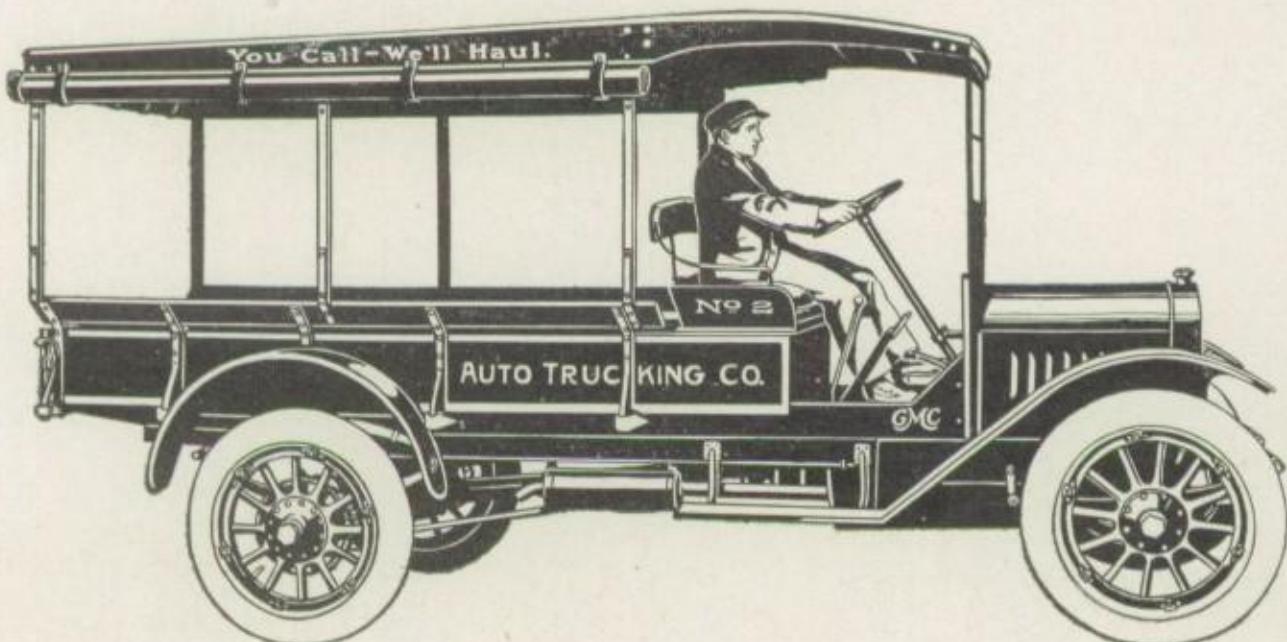
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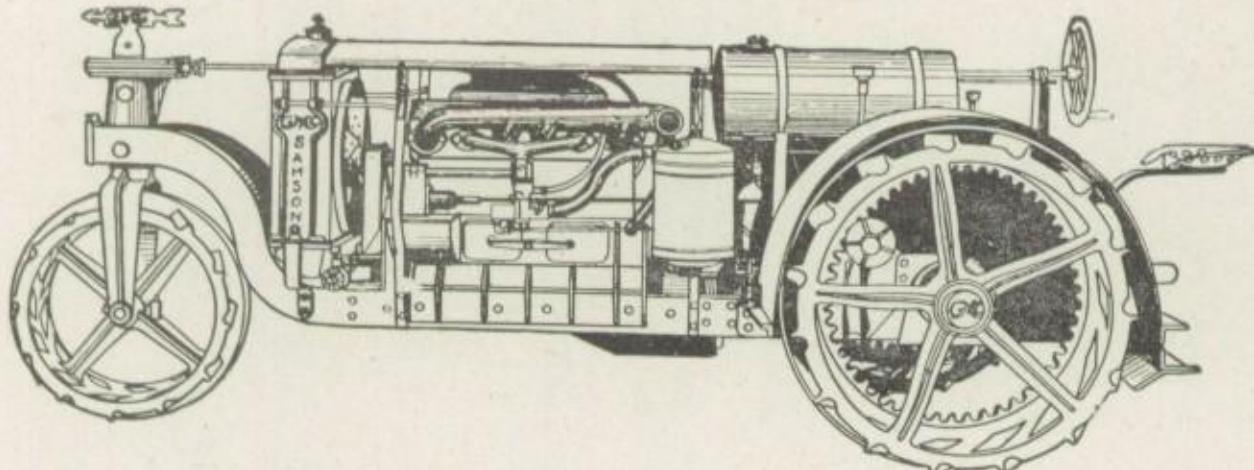


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SARAH LE ROY PAINE
ALBE LULL
MICHAEL LILLIS*
MAGGIE McKAY VALIANT
EUGENE McGREGOR
JULIA TAFT BEACH
HATTIE TAYLOR JACOBS
MABEL TURNER HARRINGTON
BERTHA VAN HOOSER
LIZZIE VOORHEIS CANAN
MINNIE WALLACE BRACE

Class of 1881

JULIA CANNONS
ELLA CROMBIE GOULD
JANET DAWSON HEITSCH
JAMES H. DAWSON
WILL DENISON

ELIZA KING
EMMA ORMSBY CLEVELAND
FRED J. POOLE
T. HORTENSE SOPER
FRANK T. LULL
LULU WEBB ROCKEY

Class of 1882

EDWIN ALLISON
HENRY ALLISON
COLONEL E. BENJAMIN
ROSE BRODIE*
ELLA DAWSON
WILL McCACKEN
KATE McVEAN
FLORA McVEAN MOULE
OLIVER MENARD
ADA NELSON HOFFMAN
LUCY SNOWDON
LOUISE TREGENT*
JENNIE WALTERS
JENNIE WEBB McLEOD
FRANK WELCH

Class of 1883

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD WINDIATE*
WILL HARRIS
MARY KING*
MARY LE ROY HATCH
EVELYN LOOK NAGGENGAST*
EDWARD A. MERRITT
EVA MORRIS TROWBRIDGE
MAGGIE NORTH LOSEE
EMMA PALMER SEELEY*
BIRDIE PITHER WEBSTER
THOMAS SEVERANCE*
MARY VOORHEIS POOLE
WILL WALTER
FRED B. WIXOM*

Class of 1884

AUGUSTA BALDWIN CHRISTIAN
GEORGE BOSTWICK*
MAY COWDIN
LUCY FOOT
CARRIE HILTON*
FRANK JOHNSON
LUCY KITCHEN HOWELL
ALICE LOOMIS
JAMES H. LYNCH
HOMER PARSHALL
JOSIE PERRY
EARNEST SMITH
LILLIE WEBB HEALY-SEELEY

Class of 1885

ALICE BIRD
AGGIE BIRD HICHLAND
NORA HIXON ANDERSON
BIRD TURNER*
DELL WALDO EWERS

Class of 1886

ETTA BEACH CAMPBELL
ELECTA BROWN
ELIZABETH CROFOOT
LUNA CURTIS CHURCH
GEORGE DRAKE*
BLANCHE EARL ADAMS
CHAS. FISHER
CARRIE GROW FOX
HATTIE LIGHTBODY
JULIA NEWTON
NEWTON NOTT
LOUIS SEVERANCE
CHARLES TAFT
JESSIE TODD*
ALICE TYLER KNOX
ANNA V. URENN PERKINS
PHEBE M. VOORHEIS RANDALL
EMMA WEBSTER VAN BUSKIRK

Class of 1887

BERTHA ALLISON STEVENS
CHARLES D. ANDERSON*
KATHERINE CLARK
ROSE CALKINS PHILLIPS
PEARL CLENDENNING
GRACE GALBRAITH HARRIS
MAY HARRISON ROCKWELL
ROSE HORTON*
HELEN LE ROY MONROE
MAUDE McGREGOR VAN DEVENTER
JAMES McCACKEN

KATE MORGANS MORELL
CLARA O'RILEY INCH
ABRAM RIKER
LIZZIE RUST
HARRY SNOWDON
ANNIE TODD*
ALICE SMITH
LIZZIE URENN
A. D. VAN WAGONER
RUBY WIXOM
BURT MORONEY

Class of 1888

CHARLES BIGELOW
FANNIE BOSTON
ANNIE BOYD
DELLA DEWEY*
MORRIS ELLIOTT
MATTIE HARDILL
MARY KELLY MILLIS
GRACE MATTISON LAMBERTSON
DAVID NEWTON
MINNETTE OSMUN SCOTT
ALICE SHATTUCK
A. B. STANTON
FRANK WILLITTS

Class of 1889

FRANK COVERT
RICHARD DAVIS
DICK DEWEY
FAY DONALDSON
LIZZIE EFFERTS
ANNA EDDINGTON COFFE*
EUGENIA ELLIOTT
CALVIN ELLWOOD
WILL FISHER
WARD HAMMOND*
ARCH McCACKEN
LILLIE NOTT BURLINGHAM
ELMAE OSMUN
STUART PERRY
JESSIE PHELPS
LOTTIE RICH ALLEN
HATTIE WEBB BARR*
CHLOE WEBSTER JACOBS

Class of 1890

EUGENE C. ALLEN
W. B. ANDERSON
EMMA BACHMAN
LUCY BACHMAN
JAY BRUCE
MARY DAWSON DALY
MABLE M. DUNLAP
OLIVER EARL*
EDITH LE BARON DRAKE
MINNIE McKEAND ALLEN
IDA PERRY
CHARLOTTE POUND
LILLIAN WEBSTER
MARY I. WEBSTER
LORA M. WINDIATE

Class of 1891

JENNIE CLARK HOWARTH
CHARLES CUMMINGS
EMMA HINCLEY MOORE
EVA HOSSLER STRUTHERS
MILTON HUNTOON
CLARENCE JOHNSON
SARAH E. LE ROY
JAMES McCARROLL
WALTER McCARROLL
MAUDE POUND CLARK
GRACE E. TYLER ANDERSON

Class of 1892

JOHN ALLISON
ANNA BELGER
WILLIS BUTTOLPH
JAMES BURKE
CHARLES CARPENTER
WILL HARRISON
KITTIE HICKEY
MARY McGINNIS
GERTRUDE McVEAN
BELLE OWEN STANTON
ELIZABETH THORPE
JOSEPHINE McGINNIS LESSITER
ERNEST SMITH
ELMER VOORHEIS
GUY CALLOW
HERBERT STITT

Class of 1893

CARRIE BORER HAOKYNS
MAY FITZGERALDS
LENA HARGER
ALICE HARRISON FRASER
DE WITT HUNTOON
MAY LE BARON
JAMES LE ROY*
CABOT LULL
LETTIE NOTT
NELLIE NOTT
MABLE POUND LE ROY
ALICE STEWART RANDALL
MINNIE THOMPSON BLOUGH

Class of 1894

EVI BENJIMAN
HARRY FEATHERSON
FANNIE FITCH
ELIZABETH HARGER
MAX R. HODGDON
MAUDE HOLLOWAY EBNER
LOTTIE STANTON BLACKSTONE
MABLE VOORHEIS WOOD
IRENE SEVERENCE
ALEXANDER M. REA
HOBART CORWIN
CLYDE ELWOOD
GERTRUDE EAGLE HICKLEY
MAE HARRIS
ABBIE HILL RANDSEL
BYRON KELLEY
PARK LYONS*
AGNES McCOTTER SNOOK
LEILA McCOTTER
JEANNETTE ROSBY LYONS
MINNIE SMITH

Class of 1896

JOHN BERRIDGE*
LENA HIRD
ALICE BURKE
HARRY CRAWFORD
PEARL CUMMINGS
FRANCIS CUMMINGS ROBERTS
ALICE CURTIS
JULIA CURTIS
SARAH DAVIS
IDA MAE DURKEE
GEORGE GIBSON
LULA GREER
EVA HILLMAN JOHNSON
GERTRUDE JENNINGS
MILDRED KEITH
ROBERT LE BARON
CALVIN McCARROLL
WILL NORTH
FLORENCE OWEN STANTON
CARL PELTON
CLOTIE PARKE
RENA RAYMOND
LAURA TODD HARGER
ADA WEBSTER SHARP
SUSIE VOORHEIS DAWSON

Class of 1897

LULA BECKER
ELLA BIGELOW
WILL CROSBY
GRACE FOSDICK
HARRY GOING
KATE HALL*
MARY HOUSTON
KATE JONES WHITFIELD
KATE JEWEL ORR
CLARA LULL ROBINSON
BRUCE MATTISON
CLYDE McGEE
CLETIA PARKE
OLIVE POPPER DICKIE
MYRTLE NOYES MILLER
CLARA STEWART
JOHN SNOOK
MABLE THORPE SMITH
GEORGE TREMPER
MAY WATTLES

Class of 1898

FRED O. THOMPSON
FRED G. DEWEY
LIZZIE SAWYER STOCKWELL
PAULINE HARRIS
LUCY ELLIOTT
HOWARD SCHUGG
MARVIN BEACH
IRENE CALLOW

CHARLES MATHEWS
JOHN LINABURY
DUELL ROCKWELL*
JACOB WEIST*
MARY BAIN VEENBRER
MARY LE ROY BROMLEY
CARRIE BACON ABBOTT
GRACE HODGE
HENRY RICHMOND
MARGARET WALLACE LEHMAN
GEORGE LISSITOR BIRD
SCHUYLER BACKENSTOE
EDITH CRAWFORD
GRACE COLE
MYRTLE ELLIOTT
HARRIETT WINDIATE
CLARENCE POOLE
BLANCHE AVERY
HARRY DRAKE
WILL CLEMENT

Class of 1899

CORA BEARDSLEE
SUSIE BLOOMBURG
ALICE HADSELL SMITH
WILL HOUSTON
LOUIS KREAMER
W. FRANK THOMPSON
TRACY SMITH
CALVIN SHOEMAKER
BRUCE BROAD
ZELLA BEATY WILSON
ROSE BRADLEY
JENNIE CUMMINGS THORPE
JESSIE LEWIS
ELMER VAN TINE
ELIZABETH SPENCER HEWITT
ELLA L. SMITH
MARION PORTER ANDRES
GEORGE F. CRAWFORD
GRACE FAUROT CROSBY
HENRY BUTTOLPH
LORENA ENGLISH

Class of 1900

ROLLIN CLARK
JOHN DOWLING
HARRIET KELLEY
HERBERT POUND
MAMIE CHAPMAN
ALBE SMITH
LUCILE SAWYER DRAKE
HARRY ANDREWS
LUCILE AVERY
JAY BREWSTER
MAY BACON PARKER
ALVARDO CORWIN
FRANK DOTY
NINA DOTY
EULALIA DICKINSON AUSTIN
LOLA JENNINGS
MAY HITCHCOCK McCALLUM
WILL HALL
ARTHUR POUND
ETHELYN SHAUT
HARRY WAKEMAN
MAUDE WAKEMATH
ALFRED SMITH

Class of 1902

MAUDE ALLEN
OLIVE AXFORD-PARKER
ENOLA BAKER
ORPHA BURT*
MAY BROWN
DAISY CALLOW-PHOLPS
GRACE CHEAL
DAMERIS COLE
MAUDE COLVIN
CLAUDE CUMMINGS
LE ROY GIBSON
ALBERT HALL
LILLIAN HODGE
ROY JENNINGS
BLANCHE McVEAN
GEORGE MALCOLM
HARRIET PARKINSON-VAN TINE
WHITNEY PRALL
ALICE PRENTICE HARRIS
KATE SAWYER
ALICE E. SMITH*
BESSIE STEERE
GEORGE WHITE
EDITH WHITFIELD JAY

Class of 1903

EDITH ANDERSON BARWELL

LILLIAN ANTHONY
GEORGE BARWELL
EDWIN BEACH
GRACE BREWSTER THOMAS
CHARLES CHAPMAN
ELSIE CLARK
ROY CUTHBERTSON
WALTER EMERY
ADA FESDICK
WILL JENNINGS
MATT O'DEA
BESSIE RICHARDSON
WILLIAM STAFFORD
CHARLES SMITH
LEO THOMAS

Class of 1904

MAY PRENTICE PARKER
EVA WEBSTER BROWN
MAY HOLSER HARGER
ALICE SATER PARDEE
CECILE CLOONAN
FRED HAGLE
HIRAM WALTON
MASON GRAY
ROY SUTTON
JOHN D. SMITH

Class of 1905

RENA ANDERSON
BESSIE BAUM SMITH
JENNIE BREWSTER PARKER
MAMIE BERGE ADAMS
LENA CALLOW WALTON
INEZ CRILL
MILDRED CRILL RANDALL
JOHN DE CONICK
RAY DAVIS
EVA DEWEY TERRY
LAURA EFFERTS
BEATRICE FULMER YOUNG
MILDRED GARVAI
EDITH GILLOE RODGERS
ELMER GRAY
HOWARD GREEN
GRACE HEITSCH
BRUCE KNIGHT
LOLA KYLE-JENNINGS
ETHEL LEIGHTERNESSE
FLORENCE KRAMER KILGORE
ETTA McVEAN
FRANK MORRIS
MABLE NYE STOCK*
CLARA NUSBAUMER
RALPH PARDEE
HAROLD POUND*
CLARA STACEY
VIVA THOMPSON MINCHIN
THOMAS TURK

Class of 1906

ELVA ANDREWS
FLORENCE ANDREWS
JESSIE AXFORD
WILL BACKENSTOE
GEORGIA BACON WOOLFENDEN
MAY BASSETT
VINCENT BORER
GEORGIA BONDAGE SEELEY
BESSIE CARPENTER
MARY CARPENTER
AARON CHAPMAN
DELLA COLVIN PEARL
RUTH COLVIN McADAMS
ELIZABETH CRAWFORD
ELMER DEWEY
GLENN DONALDSON
VERNE FANGRONER McCALL
LENA FEENLY LEVIN
CARRIE FOSDICK
ROBERT HEITSCH
BESSIE HUNTOON QUINE
GEORGE JACOBS
BERTHA KING
ETHEL MARSH
GEORGE MAXWELL
ELSIE ROFE YOUNG
GLEEN SEELEY
INEZ SLATER
LILA SMIDLEY STORM
GENEVA STUART
BESSIE STULL
MARGUERITE WISNER WARD

Class of 1907

IRENE ALLISON GERLS
GLENNIE BONDAGE

GLADYS BONDAGE
MARGARET BONDAGE PEPPER
EDITH COLE
ALTA COLLARD
HILDA COREY
GEORGE CRAMM
OLIVE DEWEY
IRENE DE CORNICK
HARRIET DOUGLAS
SARAH FINK
ELSIE FINK
HARRY FULLER
LEON GERMAN
MYRTLE GROW GREEN
ISABEL HEITSCH MERCER
MYRA HODGE
LUCILE HUFFMAN PARDEE
GERTRUDE HUNNAWELL
RUTH JACOBS REMINGTON
WINNIFRED JENNINGS
ELANORE KNIGHT LEGGETT
JESSIE LOONEY
CHARLES McKIBBEN
ETHEL McHENRY
MAY MORRIS
LLOYD PARDEE
FLORENCE SEELEY SELDON
ARTHUR SELDON
MARK SHATTUCK
STANDISH SIBLEY
HARRY YOUNG

Class of 1908

EUGENE DERRAGON*
MAY B. DERRAGON
VERA DONALDSON ROWLEY
WM. J. FARRELL
MARK R. FISHER
MARY A. GIDDINGS MERZ
RUTH E. HALL BROWN
LUELLA HERRIMAN
R. WALTON HOGUE
FRED HOGLE
LULA HOLSER
HAROLD HUGHES
CLARENCE M. JAY
GLADYS R. GENNEY BERNARD
LENA M. KNIGHT CRAM
GRACE M. KYLE
MABLE E. MAXWELL
GRACE M. NORTHRUP
DONALD S. PATTERSON
EMMA PETERS
WINNIFRED REED SIBLEY
CHARLES H. SCHEARER
GOLDWIN A. SMITH
DELLA STRUTHERS
GEORGE A. SUTTON
MAY B. SUTTON WEAVER
EDMUND P. STANFORD
CATHERINE B. STANFORD
HATTIE A. SCOTT
R. CYLDE SCOTT
HAZEL F. SEELEY
GLADYS E. TURNER MacCLENTHEN
CHARLES M. VAN AUKEN
ETHEL C. WEBSTER

Class of 1909

GLENN ANGLE
ALPHA BEAUDETTE
HAZEL BLAIR CULP
FLOYD BOWLES
GLENN BOWLES
MARIAN BRACE
ROBERT BROWN
EVA CRAWFORD
HELEN M. CRILL
WILBUR CROTTY
LEMAN CRUCE
FRANK DA FOE*
MARCIA DAVIS RANNEY
ROSE DAWSON SLEEMAN
WARD EAGLE
EARNEST FARRELL
FRED FERGUSON
ALICE HARPER
LUCILE HARRIS GREGORY
CHARLES HUBBARD
HUNT HILL
GERTRUDE JOHNSON
HELEN KESSELL
LORETTA LILLIS
FLORENCE LOONEY
CATHERINE LYNCH
JOHN MARTIN
EDWARD MOSMAN
MARJORIE NOLSON-BISHOP
BEULAH PALMER

INA RICHMOND
GOODLOE ROGERS
CECELIA SMITH
MARJORIE STRUTHERS WILKINSON
MINNIE THOMPSON
MAMIE THOMPSON
RUTH VOORHEIS COLTUS
BEULAH WALTER
HARRY WINKLER
FLOSSIE WICKWARD WALKE
NORMAN WOODRY
NELLIE WOODWARD LEMON

Class of 1910

ARCHIE ALLEN
HOWARD ALLEN
FANNIE AUSTIN McGREGOR
LEO BEAUDETTE
ESTELLE BARLING
HAROLD BLACKWOOD
BRUCE BROMLEY
MILDRED BUCHNER
IONE BURCH
DOLLIE COLE HILL
RUTH COOMER*
MATTHEW DANTON
AZALIA FLAGLER
EDNA GREGORY
FLORENCE HAGLE
ESMA HARGER GREEN
RUTH HARGER ALLEN
PAULINE HARGER
BERYL HOLLOWAY
HENRY HILL
MARGUERITE HOGLE
MYRNA HUNTOON
FLORENCE HUBBARD
LENA KUDNER
JOHN LEGGETT
AGNES LYNCH
DONALD McDONALD
EARL RANNEY
GLADYS ROFE
STANLEY REYNOLDS*
JESSIE ROYAL HARRIS
FRANK STULL
CLARENCE SPRING
VIDA SWARTHOUT
WALTER TEPPENNING
RUTH TREGENT
PEARL WALTON
CHARLES WHITFIELD
HAZEL WICKWARE DOTY
MAMIE CHAPMAN

Class of 1911

LYLE ARNOLD
HELEN AXFORD
VICTOR BURCH
HENRY BACON*
WM. BLACKWOOD*
AVIS BLAKESLEE
FRANCES BURCHELL
LILLIAN CARTER PREVETTE
HARRY COTCHER
FLOYD CRILL
ESTHER COLVIN*
KATHLEEN DE CONICK
IONE DOIG
BELLE FARMER KEMP
JULIA FINK
HARRIET FINK
CHARLES FOWLER*
MILDRED GUETSCHOW
MAY GERMAN BEARDSLEE
MABLE GRAVES
GLADYS HILL
LE GRAND HILL
HELEN HEITSCH*
CATHERINE HOGLE
HANNAN HUBBARD
EDITH KUDNER MONTGOMERY
ELLA LONG
RUTH McVEAN GOTTSCHALK
WILLBUR MacGREGOR
DAHUE RIKER
CLARA ROBINSON SMITH
EDITH ROGERS
RUTH ROGERS
GLADYS RULE
MABEL SEELEY REEVES
GLADYS SHERMAN AXFORD
ESTHER TRAINER
ETHEL TYER PARKINSON
HAZEL TUBBS GERALDS
FLORENCE WILLIAMSON HUBBARD

Class of 1912

HAZEL ADAMS

LEA ALLEN
MAURICE BARBOUR
AGNES BARLING
RUSSELL BASSETT
HAROLD BUTTOLPH
GLEN CAMPBELL
SUSIE COFFIN
GOLDIE CONNELL
EDNA DAVIS
ZOLLA FARRAR CHUBB
MAUDE FLAGLER
ETTA FREEMAN
MAURICE HARRISON
MARGARET HANSON
HUBERT HEITSCH
WILLIAM HEITSCH
BERNICE HOLLOWAY
FLORA HORNER
DONALD HAGUE
HALE GARNER
KARL JACKSON
ADA JOHNSON
HOWARD MARSH
VICTOR McCALL
VIOLET McCLETHAN
DUNCAN McVEAN
JOHN MONROE
EMILY NORTHRUP
ELEANOR PHILLIPS
HARRY PRALL
GLADYS PURSER
JOSEPHINE RANDALL
DUNCAN RULE
ELIZA ROBINSON
TILLA ST. BERNARD
JOHN SCHEARER
WILSON TAYLOR
FRED WALLS
LUCILE WILSON
GLADYS WOODELL RIKER
BEULAH BROWNING
RUTH BEARDELEE BEACHMAN

Class of 1913

CHARLES ANDERSON
DONALD ARTHUR
EDNA ARMSTRONG
OLIVE BUSH
CARRIE BRADFORD
JOHN BEAUDIN
ALICE BAKER
ALMA BAKER
DITMAS BROMLEY
EUGENIA BONDAGE WESTON
ETHEL BARNES
VIOLET CRAWFORD
WRIGHT COLLIER
GRACE CHRISTIAN
ARTHUR COTCHER
ANNA DICKINSON
FRANK DOHNER
CLARENCE EVERETTE
HAROLD FREEMAN*
VIVA HALL
HORNER HAIRE
HAROLD HAYES
IRENE HESS
HELEN HILTON
MYRA HOOD
AGNES HODGES
EDWIN HALLETT
ORABELLE HUBBARD
PHEBA JENNINGS
VERA KEYSER
AGNES LOTIMER
MARTHA MAURER
JESSIE McKENSIE
LILLIAN NETZORG
GRANT OGDEN
STEWART UPDYKE
DONALD PORRITT
ALIA PAINE
BEATRICE PURSER
CLARENCE PATTERSON
AARON RIKER
EVART REID
IVANELLF RENWARICK
BEULAH PHILLIPS
LENA SMITH
ORRIN STONE
ESTHER STEWART-GREEN
LEONE SUTTON
HELEN SPOONER*
GLADYS TYRER
WILLIAM VLOIT
EVA WOOD
EVA WOODELL
ARCHIE WALLS
MAURICE WHITFIELD
ELLA WILLIS

JAUNITA YOUNGS
THOMAS WRIGHT
MARVEL WHITING
PERRY REYNOLDS
VEDA ROSS

Class of 1914

ARCHIE ALLEN
FRANCIS BACON
MARGARET BEACH
FRED BECKMAN
ALICE CARR ROWLEY
ASENATH CASTLEMAN
DOROTHY CHRISTIAN
STEPHEN COLLIER
CECIL COFFEY
DOROTHEA COMFORT
ESTHER CROHN
IRENE DAWSON
LEO DE CINICK
RALPH DERRAGON
HUGH DICKIE
MARY DICKIE
PAULINE DOUGLAS
KATHERINE EATON
EUGENE ELLIOTT
BLANCHE HARGER
ESTHER HARTUNG
ELIZA HARRIS
WARREN HOYT
CARL HOOD
GEORGE HOOD
GEORGE HUBBARD
CLIFTON HUNTOON
LETA KITCHEN CHEAL
LLOYD LAKE
BRUCE LEGGETT
EARL MACK
IRVING MACK
RUSSELL MAYBEE
CAROLINE MEANS
JULIA ROCKWELL
HAROLD SHERMAN
EMMA SPEARS
ELINA STEWART
BEULAH STEPHINSON
HARRIET TAFT
MORRISON TAYLOR
ESTHER VAN WAGONER
BERNICE WHITE
VALE KELLEY
BERNICE SMITH
ELIZABETH ST. BERNARD

Class of 1915

EUGENE SMITH
DAISY FOWLER
PORTER HITCHCOCK
GRACE HATHWAY
LEWIS CHEAL
MARION LOONEY
PAUL HAGLE
ELSIE LEIGHTON
JEANETTE PURSER
MILTON COLLARD
MARY ELLIOTT
BESSIE WOOLEY
MARY HEITSCH
VARNUM STEINBAUGH
GLADYS BLAIR
MARGARET MILLIGAN
MARJORIE HINMAN
LEONARD COFFIN
GRACE DERRAGON
CATHERINE CASHIN
GARLAND ELLIOTT
HELEN INCH
GLADYS STEWART SLY
WILLIAM PATTERSON
MARIE SNYDER
NANCY PORTER
VIOLA KERR
GRACE KEASEY
CHARLES HODGES
ROSELLA BOTTOM
IDA COBB
MANLEY SHAW
ETHEL FEENLEY
MARIE FARMER
WALTER PARLE
FLORENCE SHERMAN
GLADYS KNIGHT
HAROLD STRUTHERS*
MARION HEITSCH
OLIVE KUDNER
FRED STEINBAUGH
ROY HAMMOND

Class of 1916

JAY BALLAGH
HELEN BEARDSLEE
DOROTHY BEARDSLEY
CHARLOTTE BEATTIE
WILLARD BEATTIE
VIRGINIA BRADFIELD WARD
JOHN BUTTOLPH
RUSSELL BUSHA
VERA BURKE
FANNIE CROHN
OLIVE DE PUY
FRANK DENNIS
WADE DE VRIES
DORIS DUNHAM
JOHN DAVIS
EMMA DAVIES
LYNN EVERETT
HAROLD FAUST
HAROLD FLICKINGER
DOROTHY FERGUSON
GLADYS GAGE
WENDALL GREEN
ALINE GREGORY
GERTRUDE GRAHAM
KENNETH GARDNER
GEORGIA CLASS
CLAIRE GAUKLER
JOHN GRONER
EMMA HORMER
GERALDINE HAYNES
MYRTLE HEWSON
GENEVIEVE HANSON
GENEVIEVE HAUSE HALLETT
JOSEPH HOWELL
EUNICE HILL
PAUL HAMMOND
ARVILLA HARGER
JAMES HARPER
MAYBELLE JOHNSON
MARGARET JOHNSON
PAULINE JOHNSON
PRUELLA JOHNSON
WILMA JOHNSON
BASIL KIMBALL
LENA LANGDON
GLADYS LETTS
LOYAL LUMBY
ILAH LUMBY
HAROLD MULVEY
FRED MARSH
WIXOM MARSH
EARL McHUGH
EMILY McGILVERY
GRACE McKINNON
MILDRED NOTT
GELSTON POOLE
ASENATH PORRITT
HAROLD PIGMAN
CARLETON PATTERSON
EMELIE PARKINSON
ALICE ROCKWELL
RUTH ROSS TOOKER
LOUIS SCHIMMEL
IRENE SPRINGER
JESSIE STEVENS
GOLDIE TERRY
AMY TYRER
ELTON TYRER
HARRIET WALES
CLARE WALTERS
CASS WINDIATE
KATHLYN WHITFIELD

Class of 1917

EARL MILES
MAYNARD SLATER
MARJORIE ELY
IRVING RONK
FRED BOARDMAN*
DOUGLAS CAMERON
VERA CAMBREY
RUTH BRADLEY
MARGARET CASHIN
HUDSON COVERT
ETHELYN HAYNES
EARLE KNEALE
KIRBY INGOLDSBY
EARL McCALLUM
GLADYS JOHNSON
MURRAY VAN WAGONER
MILDRED VAN CAMP
HAZEL CAMPBELL
MILDRED RICHARDSON
REGINALD STRANG
EDITH JOHNSON
MOLLIE PURSER SLATER
CLAUDE OSBORNE

MARIE FERGUSON
MAYNARD A. NEWTON
HAROLD G. HAINES
HELEN JOSSMAN
IRENE SMITH
MARJORIE HOWARD
MARTHA KIDD
KENNETH RYEL
RUSSELL COWAN
BEULAH MYERS
ALBERT SARGENT
VIOLA VERNIER
DOROTHY CALLOW
HILDA DARLING
JOSEPH JENNINGS
FLOYD VERNIER
FRANCIS TOWNSEND
MARION WELLMAN
SADIE SUTTON
MARIE SCHIMMEL
MARIETTA PELTON
CHARLES WATSON
ETHELYN WINKLEY
MYRTLE WOOLEY
IRENE BARNES
MARIETTA SPRING
ARTHUR LOCKWOOD
WINONA MOORE
MYRTLE CLEVELAND
GLADYS TANNER
GLADYS COOK
EVERETTE EDWARDS
NELLIE MORTON
NORMA SIMPKINS
RONALD VAN TASSEL
EDNA LOCKWOOD
WARREN KUDNER
MARION INCH
WILLIS BAKER
CLARA BURT
RAYCHEL BEATTIE
BESSIE BOARDMAN
FLORENCE CASEY
RUTH GRANGER
JEANETTE MAURER
ELIZABETH KINNEY
RHEA WARD

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ESTHER RENSHAW
MARIAN CHAMBERLAIN
EDWIN KINNEY
MARIAN PATCH
HELEN HUBBELL
MARGARET POOLE
LUELLA MILLER
FLORENCE CARROLL
FLOYD McDougall
ETHEL LYTHE
GLADYS FLICKINGER
MERRITT LILLIS
ARTHUR FERRAND
RALPH HUMPHRIES
ANNA HALLOCK
HARRIET COLEMAN
LORRAINE JOHNSON
HAROLD DECKER
MARIAN STEVENS
MILDRED FORSYTHE
DONALD FILDEW
KATHERINE BEARDSLEE
WILSON LYONS
MARGARET LYNCH
CLYDE AUTEN
WINAFRED NEWTON
MADELEINE HAZELTON
JAMES C. GUILLOT
EDITH PERRY
ALBANY KIRBY
WILLIAM BUTTOLPH
HAZEL SNIDER
BRUCE BUCHANAN
THONE HARRIS
FERRIS WALKER
HELEN ROCKWELL
MORLEY CAMERON
GALEN BLAYLOCK
GEORGIA HARRINGTON
MINNIE ST. JOHN
PAULINE SPRING
CHARLES PORTER
GRACE DOUGLASS
PAULINE SHATTUCK
OLIVE BOARDMAN
CLARIBEL FERGUSON
RAYMOND TUBBS
ERNESTINE FISHER
GRACE SEARLES

BRUCE ELLIOT
JESSIE SCOTT
NAVARRE MARENTAY
HELEN TAYLOR
MAURELL BAXTER
RUTH VAN CAMPEN
GEORGIA KIMBALL
RUTH TYRER
GUY PHILLIPS
LEONA DAWSON
EMMA CONROY
AVERY SHEARER
HELEN STROUPE
JEANNE JUDD
GLADYS HORN
RUTH ALLEN
KENNETH SLATER
PAULINE WEYDEMAYER
EDNA COBLEY
ADDIE LAMB
ELIZABETH HENNING
IVAN FRENCH
JANE BAILEY
NORMA SPRINGER
MAURICE BOMBAR
ELIZABETH DAWSON
ZOE VAN TASSELL
GLADYS ANSCOMBE
WILLIAM H. SEELEY
DONALD YOUNG
CLYDE TOWNSEND
STEWART T. BEACH
ARNOLD SOPER

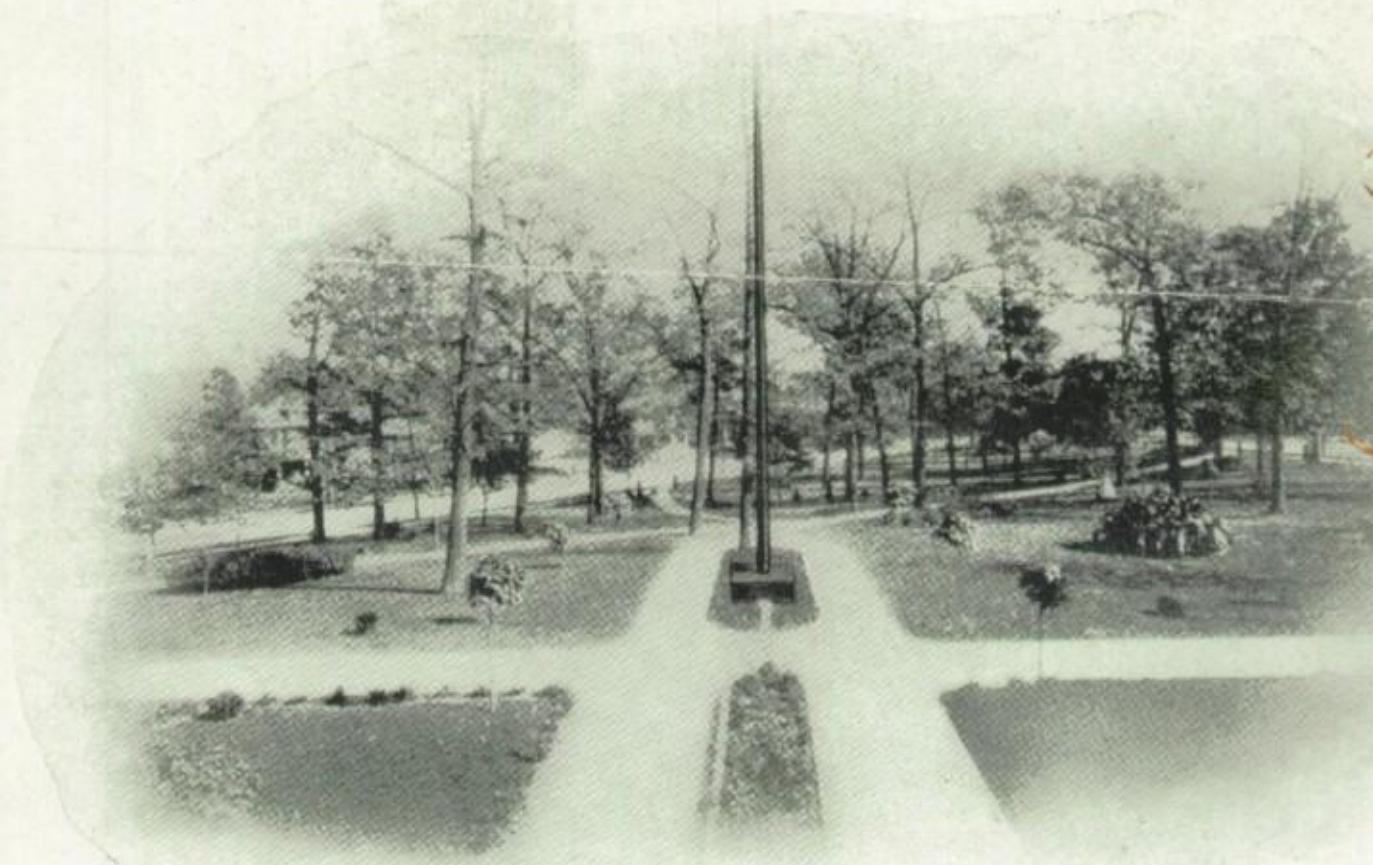
Class of 1919

WINAFRED WEBB
HELEN CALBERT
RAY C. MEDDAUGH
HAROLD CLARK
JEAN MATTICE
MARIAN ROGERS
DAVID PRESTON
CARMON V. MILLER
ORPHA HAZELTON
HELEN COOK
MARY HOWLAND
NELLIE HOWARD
MARY CRAWFORD
HOMER PORRITT
WARREN WIXOM
ALVINA CHISSUS
WINSTON MATHER
SINCLAIR DICKERSON
MILDRED GIBSON
CATHERINE EVER
HAZEL BOTTOME
DORIS TYRER
LOIS McCALL
RIEIA SCHLAACK
WILLIAM ARMSTRONG
ARTHUR KROSS
LORRAINE TERRY
HAZEL SUTTON
LUCILE MILLER
DOROTHY HANSON
GLADYS PETTENGILL
KNELLA SCHRAM
CELIA WILLIAMSON
STEWART STROUPE
DONALD VAN STONE
RUTH WESTBROOK
ALICE McKINNON
FRED HEINECKE
RUTH BROWN
JUSTINE HICKS
MARJORIE CONGDON
MARIAN WILLETS
LUCILLE WHITFIELD
FRED NAGENGAST
DONALD J. McGAFFEY
VIVIAN PORRITT
ETHEL JOHNSTON
HAROLD ANDREWS
ALICE HOWLAND
BEATRICE WETHY
ISABEL LAWTHFR
PAULINE BAILEY
HARRIET BEARDSLEE
ERWIN POMFRET
GEORGE BURCH
JOSEPHINE WALTERS
EVELYN DENNIS
ALBERT LINABURY
LEITHA SCOTT
MARIAN PATTERSON
HAZEL BAILEY
GLADYS TEGGERDINE
DONALD J. McGOWAN
C. GRAY ROBERTSON

Class of 1919—*Continued*

MAURICE M. MOULE
GLADYS HOSSACK
RUTH MILLS
BUELL STARR
HELEN CHAPMAN
LOTTIE ANNETTE MILLER
VIRGINIA POOLE
CAROL WALTERS
ELSIE BOYD
OLIVE ROHN
THELMA SPENCER
THOMAS P. BRADFIELD
MARIE PHILLIPS
HELEN PERRY
IRENE HIGH
MAE RYDER
MARIAN STEVENS

ESTHER HOYT
JOHN KERR
ALICE MacINTOSH
FANNY BROWN
HELEN MORGAN
DONALD J. BAILEY
HOWARD NOODEL
JULIA TAFT
WINIFRED BEATTIE
LODOWICK JACOBS
IRENE ROSS
MARIAN HOLLOWAY
MILDRED LAWRENCE
JOSEPHINE CORR
BERNICE LAWSON
EDWARD LOGIE
DONALD C. MILLARD
FLORENCE E. SCOTT



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